FLIGHT INTO HELL—A Saga of American Heroes and Battle in the Air

JUNE 19,
1937

★ Liberty

5¢

By
GOV. FRANK MURPHY
WHAT'S AHEAD FOR INDUSTRY AND LABOR?

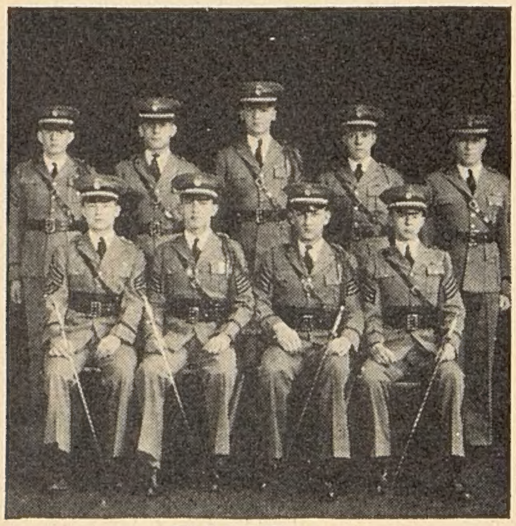
Lebanon
Tenn.

CASTLE HEIGHTS
MILITARY ACADEMIES

(Endowed by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation)

SENIOR ACADEMY

250 Cadets



Cadet Officers

CASTLE HEIGHTS SENIOR ACADEMY is situated on a delightful 150 acre campus in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains. The school plant comprises ten modern buildings of brick and stone.

Class work is aimed not only to teach subject matter acceptably, but to develop character as well. An honor system administered by the cadets and reinforced by fine traditions maintains high standards of conduct.

In addition to usual high school courses, there is a post-graduate year and also a two year course in Business Administration open to high school graduates. The Academy is fully accredited.

A unit of the Reserve Officers Training Corps functions, not primarily to make soldiers, but good citizens. Every boy is on an athletic squad daily, and the well known Macfadden System of Physical Training obtains.

JUNIOR ACADEMY

100 Cadets

Junior Academy Building

THE JUNIOR ACADEMY, which embraces the grades from the third through the eighth, holds an enviable position among the better private schools of the country. Situated on a fifty acre campus of its own, it is often referred to as the most beautiful Junior School in America.

A modified program of military training, the requisite amount of school work, long periods of play in the open air, instruction by men teachers, meticulous care by competent house-mothers, and special stress upon character training are the fundamentals upon which the school is based.

Because Castle Heights is a part of the generously endowed Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, the tuition is very low. The rates are $675.00 for the Senior Academy, $575.00 for the Junior Academy, with provision for monthly payments—there is only a comparatively small extra charge for uniform and incidentals.

Early enrollment is advised. Our capacity has been exceeded the past two years. For further information mail coupon at right.

Col. H. L. Armstrong, President, Dept. L 6-19
Castle Heights Military Academy,
Lebanon, Tenn.
Please send me detailed information regarding Castle Heights Military Academy.
My boy is . . . . years of age.
Name . . . .
Address . . . .
City . . . . *State* . . . .

A Lady Getting Ready for a Yale Prom can't take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"

Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

SOME future day, this charming young lady will stampede the stag lines. For even at six, she has begun to guard that winning, scintillating smile. She is practicing, daily, the dental routine her teacher taught her—*regular massage of the gums for sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums.*

For many modern dentists and modern teachers are stressing the threat of present-day soft foods—foods that rob our gums of exercise, of stimulation. They become flabby, weak, tender—until, sensitive and "touchy," they flash that warning signal *"pink tooth brush."*

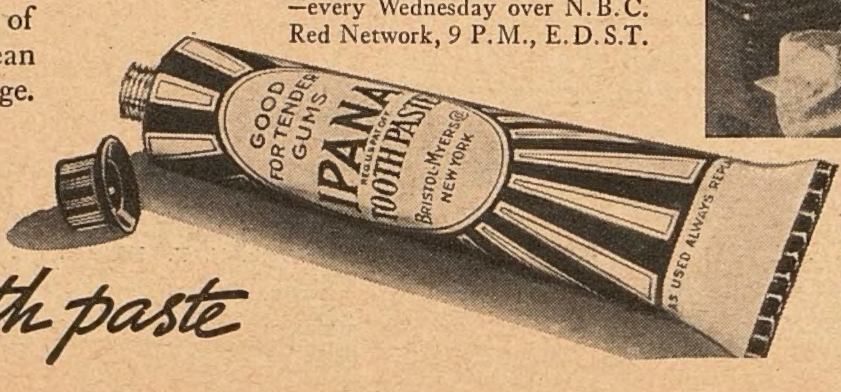
The first time you see that tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist.* It may not mean trouble, but your dentist is the best judge. Usually, however, he will blame it on lazy, underworked gums. And probably his verdict will be "more work and exercise," and often—very often—"the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues. Gums tend to become firmer. They show a healthy response that tells in the *looks* and *feel* of the gums themselves.

Many dentists encourage the double use of Ipana (1) to clean the teeth (2) to massage the gums. Change to Ipana and massage—today—and help keep your smile *winning, attractive.*

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight" —every Wednesday over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

- In classrooms all over the country, teachers are doing much to help the future oral health of their pupils by instructing them in the technique of gum massage.



IPANA—*tooth paste*

JUNE 19, 1937
Liberty
VOL. 14, NO. 25

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

FUNDAMENTAL *American Principles* SHOULD GUIDE US

DISCUSSIONS of labor troubles are crowded and obscured by a multitude of misunderstandings . . . and because of this the most important factor of all has been overlooked; that is, the ultimate price which the consuming public must pay for manufactured goods.

To arrive at any solution of this struggle, we must realize that as a nation we must deal with American fundamentals.

Yet we are constantly inveigled away from these basic principles by false doctrines of alien origin, emotional appeals of theorists, and public exaggeration of demagogues.

Now suppose we look beyond this deviation from what should be termed a common-sense and just view of our inherent American ideals.

Our experience as a nation and the nature of the American capitalistic system teach us that—

We must seek an equalization of wages on the basis of intrinsic value—or comparable pay for similar services—and not through any arbitrary legislative mandate.

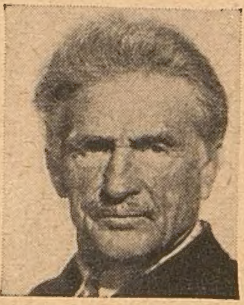
We must maintain a free flow of labor and labor adjustments. There is too much differentiation in wages, and a better balance should be secured through the natural functioning of our economic system.

It is unsound reasoning to crystallize any rigid national standardization of hours and wages, for this does not permit necessary adaptation to vastly different conditions existing in our complex system. And furthermore, there is no such thing as standardizing wages as far as buying power is concerned, since wages are measured entirely by purchasing value, which varies greatly from year to year and even from week to week.

Collective bargaining must carry with it dependable responsibility for the fulfillment of contracts and agreements.

Labor legislation and employer-employee arbitration, to be truly democratic—fair to both sides—must impose an equality of responsibility upon both employers and labor organizations.

Labor organizations should not be allowed to control the administrative functions of business. Our American system vests this control in the employer. He must assume this authority, and the development of any business depends upon intelligent management by executives who are thoroughly imbued with their individual responsibility.


BERNARR MACFADDEN

The general consuming public has every right to be interested in labor disputes because of their effect on prices. The buying public is compelled to pay advanced prices when the cost of quarrels between labor and capital must be met. Racketeering and violence on the part of either employers or labor organizations should be vigilantly prohibited . . . and as labor organizations and methods take on more and more of a governmental character, foreigners unfamiliar with our democratic system, often imbued with a fanatical zeal for untried theories, should not be allowed to serve as labor officials or organizers.

It is not generally understood that labor organizations are neither civilly nor criminally responsible under the law for their actions. On the other hand, the employer is held legally responsible for every agreement made.

No one can deny that labor has suffered many abuses, and every possible effort must be made to see that they are corrected; but lasting industrial co-operation and peace cannot be secured by allowing labor to infringe recklessly on the law.

Furthermore, the price which the public is willing to pay must ultimately determine the wages that can be paid. It is commonly supposed that the amount of wages paid depends entirely upon the employer. This is incorrect.

Wages must depend upon what the public is willing to pay for the merchandise turned out by labor. Arbitrary methods controlled by government and labor organizations will never satisfactorily settle quarrels between employers and employees.

We sadly need a more complete and better understanding of these sound American principles which in all cases provide the only equitable guide for a solution of these grave problems.

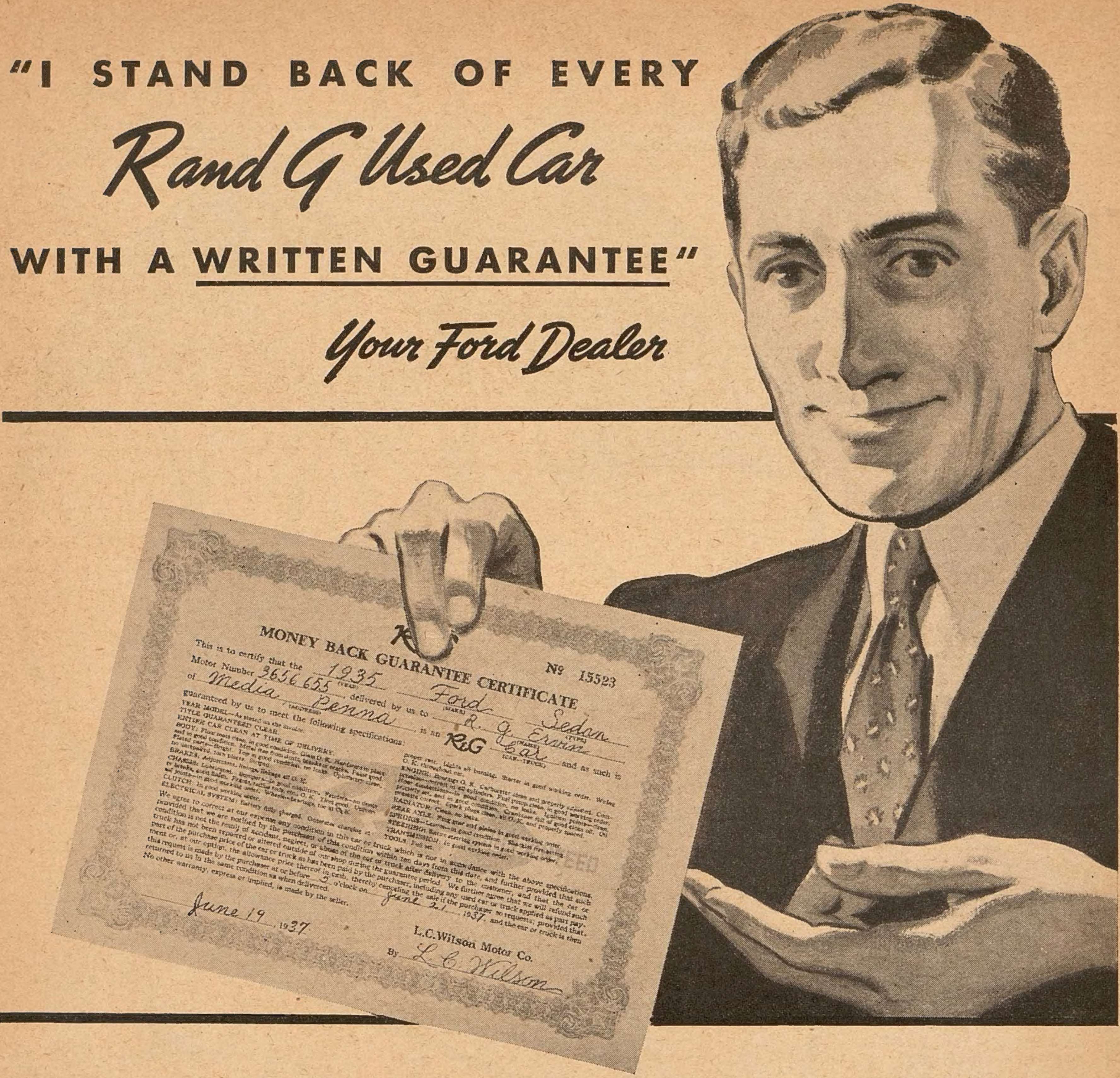
Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 66

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $3.00 a year. In all other countries, $4.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

"I STAND BACK OF EVERY *Rand G Used Car* WITH A WRITTEN GUARANTEE"

Your Ford Dealer



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE CERTIFICATE

№ 15523

This is to certify that the 1935 Ford Sedan
Motor Number 3656655, delivered by us to R. G. Ervin
of Media Penna, is an R&G Car and as such is guaranteed by us to meet the following specifications:

We agree to correct at our expense any condition in this car or truck which is not in accordance with the above specifications, provided that we are notified by the purchaser of this condition within ten days from this date, and further provided that such condition is not the result of accident, neglect, or abuse of the car or truck after delivery to the customer, and that the car or truck has not been repaired or altered outside of our shop during the guarantee period. We further agree that we will refund such part of the purchase price of the car or truck as has been paid by the purchaser, including any used car or truck applied as part payment or, at our option, the allowance price thereof in cash, thereby canceling the sale if the purchaser so requests; provided that this request is made by the purchaser at or before 3 o'clock on June 21, 1937, and the car or truck is then returned to us in the same condition as when delivered. No other warranty, express or implied, is made by the seller.

June 19, 1937

L.C.Wilson Motor Co.
By L. C. Wilson

THE simplest, safest way to be sure of getting a good used car is to see your Ford Dealer's R & G stock first. No other national used car plan protects you with a written guarantee!

R & G means Renewed and Guaranteed. Renewed to meet rigid factory specifications. Guaranteed in writing to give you satisfaction or your money back.

R & G cars are carefully selected. They're the cream of the used car crop. Many makes and models are included. But only Ford Dealers have them.

There are thousands of carefree, low-cost miles in every R & G used car. Your present car will probably cover the down-payment, and easy terms can be arranged.

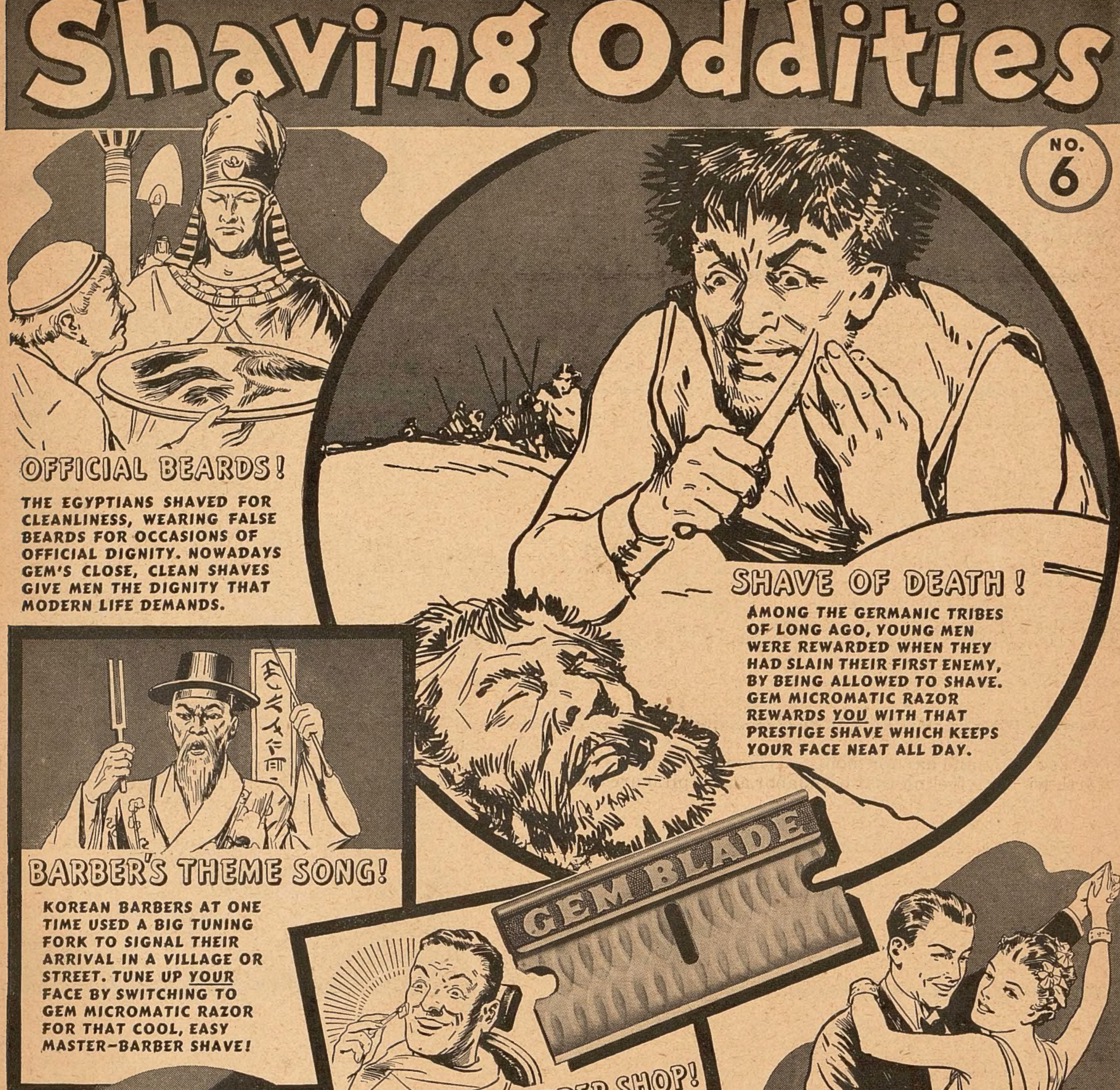
Walk into the nearest Ford Dealer's and "drive a bargain" out.

Remember: the R & G tag means 100% satisfaction or 100% refund.

USED CARS & TRUCKS
RENEWED R&G GUARANTEED
ALL MAKES

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Shaving Oddities


NO. 6
GEM BLADE
GEM MICROMATIC BLADES SINGLEDGE
GEM MICROMATIC BLADES DOUBLEDGE

OFFICIAL BEARDS!

THE EGYPTIANS SHAVED FOR CLEANLINESS, WEARING FALSE BEARDS FOR OCCASIONS OF OFFICIAL DIGNITY. NOWADAYS GEM'S CLOSE, CLEAN SHAVES GIVE MEN THE DIGNITY THAT MODERN LIFE DEMANDS.

SHAVE OF DEATH!

AMONG THE GERMANIC TRIBES OF LONG AGO, YOUNG MEN WERE REWARDED WHEN THEY HAD SLAIN THEIR FIRST ENEMY, BY BEING ALLOWED TO SHAVE. GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR REWARDS YOU WITH THAT PRESTIGE SHAVE WHICH KEEPS YOUR FACE NEAT ALL DAY.

BARBER'S THEME SONG!

KOREAN BARBERS AT ONE TIME USED A BIG TUNING FORK TO SIGNAL THEIR ARRIVAL IN A VILLAGE OR STREET. TUNE UP YOUR FACE BY SWITCHING TO GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR FOR THAT COOL, EASY MASTER-BARBER SHAVE!

PERSONAL BARBER SHOP!

BUILT INTO THE GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR IS THE FACE-FITTING BEVEL WHICH COMPELS YOU TO SHAVE WITH MASTER-BARBER'S LONG, TUGLESS STROKE—IN EFFECT, A BARBER SHOP OF YOUR OWN, GIVING YOU MASTER-BARBER'S EASY, REFRESHING SHAVES! THIS IS JUST ONE OF GEM'S EXCLUSIVE FEATURES WHICH COST US $660,000! GET A NEW GEM RAZOR WITH FIVE BLADES FOR $1.00 FROM YOUR DEALER, OR SEND COUPON BELOW FOR EXTRAORDINARY 25¢ PROOF OFFER!

IDEA FOR WIVES!

IF THE THOUGHT OF SHAVING AGAIN AT NIGHT PREVENTS YOUR HUSBAND FROM ATTENDING MANY A SOCIAL OCCASION WHICH YOU'D BOTH ENJOY, MAKE HIM A PRESENT OF A GEM RAZOR AND GEM BLADES. A MORNING SHAVE WITH GEM'S 50% THICKER BLADE, STROPPED 4840 TIMES TO A SUPER-KEEN EDGE, KEEPS A MAN'S FACE NEAT TO THE END OF THE LONGEST EVENING! SEE COUPON BELOW.

SPECIAL "PROOF" OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. L43, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULATION CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

PRINT NAME________________

STREET________________

CITY__________ STATE__________

(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 436 Wellington St., W., Toronto, 2, Canada)

Copyright 1937, by American Safety Razor Corp.

GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR *and* BLADES

FOR PERFECT SHAVES—USE A GEM IN A GEM!

If you would know what comfort is—face shaving undismayed; insist on Gem, look for the name on each and every blade!

WHAT'S *Ahead* FOR INDUSTRY AND LABOR?

GOVERNOR MURPHY

An eminent battler for both sides predicts peace—and tells you why

BY GOVERNOR FRANK MURPHY

of Michigan . . as told to William L. Stidger

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Here is a word of hope and faith from the young Governor of Michigan, Frank Murphy; the man who has acted as mediator in three major automobile strikes since he was elected last November.

I HAVE faith to believe that there is peace ahead between industry and labor.

And that faith is not a blind faith, for it comes out of three grueling struggles between labor and industry in one of the major industries of this nation. After having worked night and day for months as mediator, I have come forth with the feeling that both labor and capital are willing to play the game according to common-sense rules, which rules are a part of the very essence of the American tradition, which is fair play.

I have always believed that there is a fair sense of reasonableness in the American temperament, if you can only get men together around a table to talk over their differences. Force and violence are inescapably futile. They settle nothing. I felt that about the recent automobile strikes in Detroit. I pinned my hopes to that American sense of fair play and reason. When I sent out the wires inviting Mr. Walter P. Chrysler and Mr. John Lewis to meet me in Lansing, I received a wire from Mr. Chrysler in which he said that he did not believe that the injunction ordering the sit-down strikers out of his plants was a proper subject for negotiations between Mr. Lewis and himself, and added: "We will not enter into any trade to get the men out of the plants."

The reply from Mr. Lewis was just as uncompromising and belligerent. It said, "Your message suggests that I confer under duress," and he made no secret of his displeasure with the terms of the conference. However, when those two men got together face to face in our conferences, there was an entirely different mood upon them. Each discovered that the other was a reasonable American, each trying to find a fair way out of the difficulties, each eager for security for his group, and both having a right to ask for that security. That was the spirit in which our conferences began, and that was the spirit in which they ended; for all of us knew, and know, that there can be no one-sided security, that both labor and industry must feel a sense of it.

That is the first thing which makes me feel that there is peace ahead in American industry—the faith that I have in the reasonableness of the leaders of both labor and capital. I had always believed that, but it was amply confirmed in that conference; and I believe that each group in that conference came to respect the objectives and methods of the other groups—which includes capital, labor, and the arbitrating group. In fact, I had the feeling that we came away from that conference with more or less a sense of personal friendship as men.

Protracted strikes inflicting damage on the disputants and the general public are unnecessary and should have little justification under enlightened and progressive government.

I believe that we have peace ahead because we all seemed to agree that we are in a new day of industrial fair play; that the rules and viewpoints of the past are not adequate for the future. The day is past when enlightened executives want to use the military power of state or nation in suppressing industrial disturbances. Ghastly consequences could easily have followed the use of troops. Bear in mind that this was no handful of men inside the plants. There were 6,000 of them. And, right or wrong, they were American workingmen and they believed they were right. If American workingmen are wrong they can be taught the right, and the lesson need not be written in blood.

Since the turn of the century, and especially since the World War, the development of large industrial units with their mass production, and the trend of population from rural to urban areas, there has come a gradual change in the economic and social status of many of our people. The individual has become increasingly involved in a complex mechanism and subject to conditions and circumstances over which he has only partial control. It is our task to free him from that web. It is important that industry itself and the government, that law and political institutions, keep pace with these changes in economic conditions which have come so swiftly upon us.

In our conferences in Lansing these changes, when presented, were recognized by both parties to the conflict.

We also recognized that the present industrial situation results from the efforts of manual workers to gain general recognition of certain fundamental rights which were judicially recognized by the Supreme Court in the Wagner Act decisions a little later. But even before the Supreme Court decisions there was a presumption on the part of the negotiators that they were just and right. The assertion of the right to organize and bargain collectively is only a manifestation of common aims and common interests. At its base it is a phase of the struggle for greater security, and for wider enjoyment of the fruits of industrial enterprise.

There was also a thing which bound all of us together and gave us a common ground on which to negotiate; and that was not only a desire to work on a more satisfactory basis but an effort to avoid repetition of the shame and humiliation of the recent depression, which is too close to us to have been forgotten by either industrial leaders or labor. That, as much as anything else, gave us a common desire to bring more of a sense of security for both capital and labor. That we all recognized.

I believed then, and do now, that it would be a grievous mistake to take the side of labor wholly, but the right of the employee to have a voice in determining conditions of his employment is hardly less valuable than the right to vote in a popular election.

We all also agreed that to maintain industrial peace in labor's search for improvement should be the concern of government, employers, and labor. The government's role must include the removal of basic causes of industrial unrest and the establishment of instrumentalities to minimize the capacity of either labor or industry to inflict damage upon each other or—what is just as important—upon the public. In doing this the government must be sure that laws do not lag behind the needs of the time; and, on occasion, government must refrain from a blind and rigorous enforcement of laws to current conditions until the spirit of law catches up with the social and industrial needs of the time.

NEW laws are needed that will confer upon government the right to investigate labor disturbances and to keep in hand the parties to any serious industrial upheaval. But such laws must not be oppressive. There is an understandable tendency toward oppressive laws, but that is an unwise tendency. Legislation should elevate public rights above those of either contestant, minimize strikes and lockouts, including the new sit-down strike, without entirely outlawing the right to strike; also assure adequate social security, a liberal occupational-disease law, protection against espionage and discrimination, and collective bargaining. Such legislation will be immeasurably better than harsh and oppressive measures as a means of preventing strikes and labor discord.

My experience in the recent strike settlements which gives me faith that peace is ahead was that I discovered a tendency of the employer to a progressive outlook, a discarding of the idea of suppressing just objectives of labor, and a mood in the future looking toward voluntary co-operation. I have watched Mr. Henry Ford and his son Edsel for years. I have noted that they have been forward-looking business men. It cannot be forgotten that in 1914 Mr. Ford brought about a more revolutionary and unusual increase in the wage scale than American industry had known up to that time. Mr. Ford has always been far ahead of the average thinking in industry, and I am expecting to see an amicable settlement of any difficulties which may arise between the Ford Company and its vast armies of employees. I have faith to believe that Mr. Ford and his son Edsel will work out satisfactorily any problem which is brought to them by their men, properly organized; for they always have done so.

And finally, the thing that gives me faith to believe that there is peace ahead in industry is the fact that, in three memorable conferences, reasonable men on both sides reached reasonable conclusions without bloodshed, without a single death, with the loss of absolutely no civil liberties; with fairly good feeling all around; and with security established for capital, labor, and the public. I believe in law and order. I believe in the rights of property. But I also believe in human rights. When one party to the conflict in the recent strike procured an injunction from the court to oust sit-down strikers we were in the very heart of reasonable negotiations and were rapidly arriving at a settlement. We were in those negotiations at the call of the President of the United States and the Governor of Michigan. We began our discussions on Tuesday. On Friday morning, three days later, with the conferences still going on and making fair progress, the injunction was granted.

It could easily have been carried out at once. No person is fool enough to deny that. But it would have meant bloodshed and death. The situation was critical. The falling of a leaf might have upset the balance. The troops could have been called and the strikers ousted at once. But the sheriff, who was given the writ to serve, was persuaded to hold it off on the tip that we probably would reach a settlement of the trouble over that week-end.

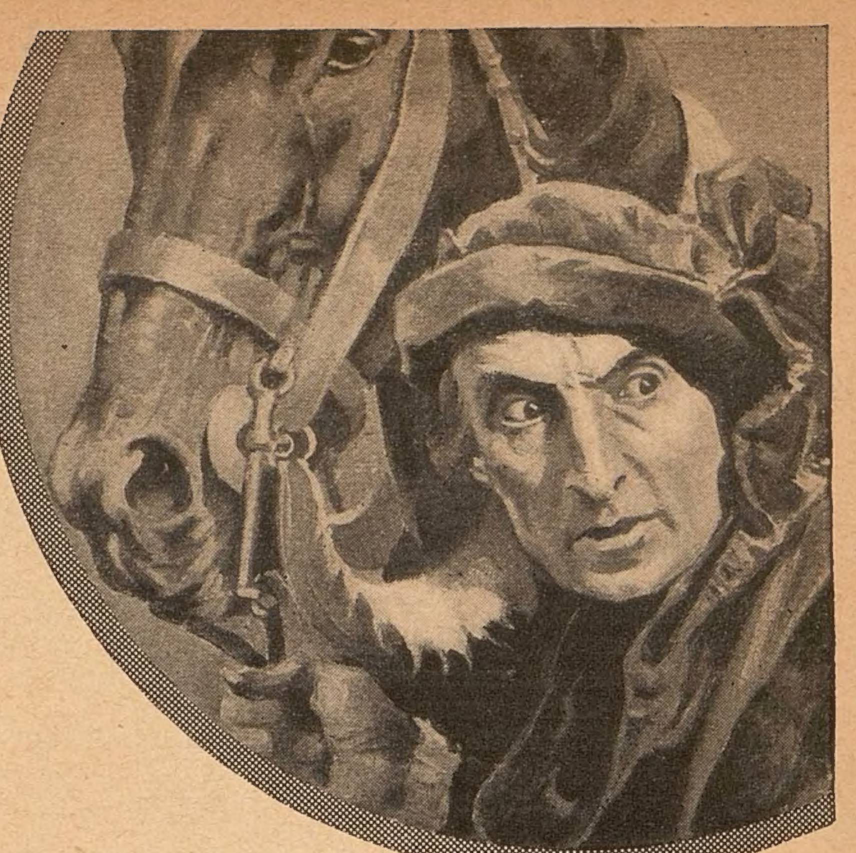
And we did reach a settlement on Wednesday and all of our troubles were over. Had that sheriff not been amenable to common sense, bloodshed might have resulted, and the conference to settle the strike have been wrecked. Common sense saved the day. And because our negotiations did succeed, more than any of us hoped or expected, I have the feeling that we have a right to hope for peace in the future, because we have established another "yardstick" for future strikes.

THE END

In Peril of Death, He Contemplates the Grave

There is no laughter here, no joy.
  What profits now the things they had?—
Soft hours deep in a curtained bed,
  Strong wine to turn them drunken-mad,
Round after round of feast and dance,
  While always, near at hand, was death!
The pleasure, when it goes, is gone;
  The blame lasts longer than the breath.

Here are those who kneeled or bowed,
  Each to each, in their little span;
Here are some were seated high,
  Feared and served by their brother man.
All can rest now, satisfied,
  Headlong into one silence brought.
No lands nor gold—and none is rich;
  No teacher here—and none is taught.



Master Villon TRIES TO SLIP BETWEEN *Dangers*

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

The poet-rogue embarks on a new round of perilous adventure—and a new lady enters his life!

By JOHN ERSKINE

THIS adventure of Master François Villon's is a sequel to his meeting with the bailiff of the Bishop of Orléans—which takes you back to a tale related in Liberty in October, 1935. To refresh your memory:

François, fleeing Paris, was overtaken by the bailiff, who, while seeking the poet, was not sure of his identity. They stopped at a chateau where the mistress looked with apparent favor on the bailiff's manly charms.

After they retired Villon excited the bailiff's imagination by describing the chatelaine's beauty, then pretended to fall asleep. The bailiff, scantily clad, tiptoed from the room to seek the lady and Villon decamped with his clothes and his fine horse. Now follow him on further adventures!

SINCE he was wearing the bailiff's suit and riding the bailiff's horse, Master Villon was not eager to visit Orléans, where the bailiff served the bishop, and where, as he had learned from the bailiff, they hated François Villon without knowing what he looked like.

So he found himself riding into Beaugency, through the gate called the Clock Tower, the bailiff's horse picking up his spirits, rather ominously, as though he recognized the place and felt at home. In fact, it was the horse rather than Master Villon that made straight for the nearest innyard, a busy court, with travelers going and coming. In one corner three jugglers, two men and a woman, balanced knives and turned handsprings. Master Villon persuaded the horse to step on where he could see them better. Another mounted man promptly moved to his elbow. Master Villon looked him over thoroughly and swiftly, as you will when your life is at stake.

The man turned to him a happy smile. "The old tricks, but well done! I rarely have a chance to see them. Such artists as these don't come our way."

"What way is that?"

"Saint-Maixent—just below Poitiers."

"You're far from home," said Master Villon.

"I start back in an hour," said the man. "It's a yearly holiday with me—I'd suffocate if I didn't get out and see the world."

An idea came to Master Villon.

"That's a fine horse you have!" he began.

"Nothing in comparison with yours," said the traveler from Saint-Maixent. "You wouldn't care to sell, would you?"

Master Villon puckered his lips. "I haven't thought of it."

"An exchange—say—my horse for yours, with some gold thrown in—a reasonable amount?"

Master Villon left the subject. "You are a notary, perhaps?"

"Apothecary, nothing better," said the man.

Master Villon smiled inscrutably as he slipped off his saddle and led his horse to a hitching post. "We'll meet again if you're not leaving for an hour. Business claims me now."

The apothecary moved on good-naturedly, and Master Villon turned as if by accident just as the jugglers, their act finished, were going into the servants' quarters of the inn. The men were hurrying ahead, the woman was lingering. When she saw Master Villon's eye on her she smiled and came boldly over to him.

Master Villon was at home with the type. Dressed for her performance in slippers, shirt, and trousers, she was more feminine than she would have seemed in woman's clothes. The costume gave her license to display her trim body.

"That's a good show," said he.

She laughed. "Did you like the show, or did you like me? Because the show's no good."

"We understand each other," said he. "The show was vile. I like you."

"You're a sweet thing!"

"I'm staying here till tomorrow," said he, slipping a silver coin into her hand.

A hostler was sauntering toward them, and for various reasons Master Villon thought the talk should come to an end.

"Perhaps we may eat together at noon," said he, waving a hand.

She ran off to change her costume, and he gave his attention to the hostler.

"No finer mount this side of Paris," said the man.

"You two are old friends," said Master Villon, putting it that way to seem familiar with the animal's history, no matter how the facts turned out.

"Old friends? I should say! I helped break him in. The Bishop of Orléans bought him of us for his new bailiff. You aren't the bailiff yourself, are you?"

"His assistant," said Master Villon.

He slipped the man a small coin. "Look after the beast for me, will you? I've an errand at the Town Hall, then I'll want a bit of food before I ride back."

He needed a few moments to himself, and a walk through the town was as good a device as any. It wasn't simply that the hostler had recognized the horse; an even worse danger might spring up from unsuspected quarters. The inn was probably a safe spot for the present, as long as they continued to believe he was the bailiff's man.

What bothered him was the fine horse and the fine clothes. The bailiff had large feet, and the boots didn't fit. Some one might notice how he shook in them as he walked. The trousers and the coat were too large for him, the hat slightly too small. But so far as the clothes were concerned, Master Villon saw the dim thread of an idea. That's why he had spoken to the woman.

He came to the Town Hall before his meditations were well started. The building didn't attract his attention so much as the crowd around the door.

When Master Villon saw what the crowd were looking at, he took off his hat and coat and carried them on his arm, where they couldn't easily be seen. On the steps of the Town Hall was the bailiff with some minor officials.

One of his eyes was blacked. Master Villon realized with delight that the bailiff's love-making had not been successful. He wore no coat, Master Villon's being, in fact, too small for him. The breeches too were, to say the least, tight, but the bailiff had to wear something, and he had let out the laces as far as they would go. To a post at the gutter he had just hitched Master Villon's stolen farm horse. He was a very angry man, conscious of injustice.

PRUDENCE suggested a speedy retreat to the inn. On the way Master Villon got into hat and coat again, and he lost no time in looking up the apothecary.

"It was a pleasure to meet you," he said, "and if you really want my horse—"

"The horse is well enough," said the apothecary, seeing that the bargaining must now begin. "The only thing is the question of age. My horse is getting on, and yours is quite young."

"I noticed that," said Master Villon. "That's why I thought you were going to throw in a gold piece or two, to make it even."

The apothecary saw his mistake. "Let's get down to facts. How old *is* your steed? Mine is hardly into middle age."

Master Villon looked around the innyard. The hostler who had been paid to look after the horse was nowhere to be seen.

"Do you want the beast?" he said.

"I'll trade horse for horse," said the apothecary.

"Your horse and two gold pieces," said Master Villon.

"One gold piece," said the apothecary, expecting to make it one and a half.

"One gold piece it is," said Master Villon. "You're not riding now, are you? I'll help you mount and see you off."

"If ever you come to Saint-Maixent, let me see you," said the apothecary, delighted with his bargain. "The name is Dubois."

Master Villon watched him out of the innyard, then went to look for the woman.

He found her midway in her dressing in a remote corner of the stable, with a bucket of water for a bath under the large haymow which served her and her fellow jugglers for a bed.

THERE you are!" said she, unembarrassed to be found at her ablutions. "I haven't been so clean for a year—all on account of you. How about that meal you promised? I'm hungry!"

Master Villon sat on the hay.

"There's a chicken in the pot," said he. "We'll eat on the quarter hour."

"I count on you for tonight," said she, with a smile that was anything but coy.

He laughed, and she looked up in surprise.

"I count on tonight myself," said he quickly, as though to reassure her, "but you reminded me of a friend."

"Oh, I did!" said she, not appeased.

"He's a terrible man for love," said Master Villon. "Once aroused, he'll stop at nothing."

"Maybe he's the one I'm looking for, not you," said the woman.

"I was dining in a fine house a few nights ago," said Master Villon, ignoring her tone, "and he was there, and the lady who was giving the dinner asked us to stay the night—which we did. She wanted to give us two rooms, and he insisted on sharing one bed."

"With you?"

"With me."

"That *is* funny!"

"I haven't yet got to the point," said Master Villon with great patience. "He was dying of love for her, and he thought *I* was, so he wished one room in order to keep an eye on me. I pretended to fall asleep, and he, if you will believe it, slipped out of his clothes and down the hall to her door."

"What did he say when he came back?"

"I didn't wait. After all, it was a shabby trick, supposing I had cared for her. I put on his clothes and rode away."

For illustration Master Villon wiggled his toes in the immense boots, and held out the sides of the breeches.

"You stole his clothes?" The woman looked frightened.

"When he comes home I'll give them back to him."

Plainly the woman was puzzled by the story, being too shrewd not to suspect a purpose.

"Would you accept this gold piece?" he asked, taking out of his pocket what the apothecary had given him.

"Is it for tonight?" she inquired, just to keep her accounts straight.

"We'll deal with tonight when it comes. This is a token of disinterested love."

She laughed as she accepted the coin.

"One of those men with you is about my size."

"You mean the thin one," said she.

"Is he here at the moment?"

She laughed again. "After they changed their clothes they both went to the Town Hall, to see what the confusion was about."

"Confusion?"

"There was a drunken fellow in his shirt, with a black eye, calling for justice." She brushed her skirt with her hand. "Where's that quarter hour? I'm hungry!"

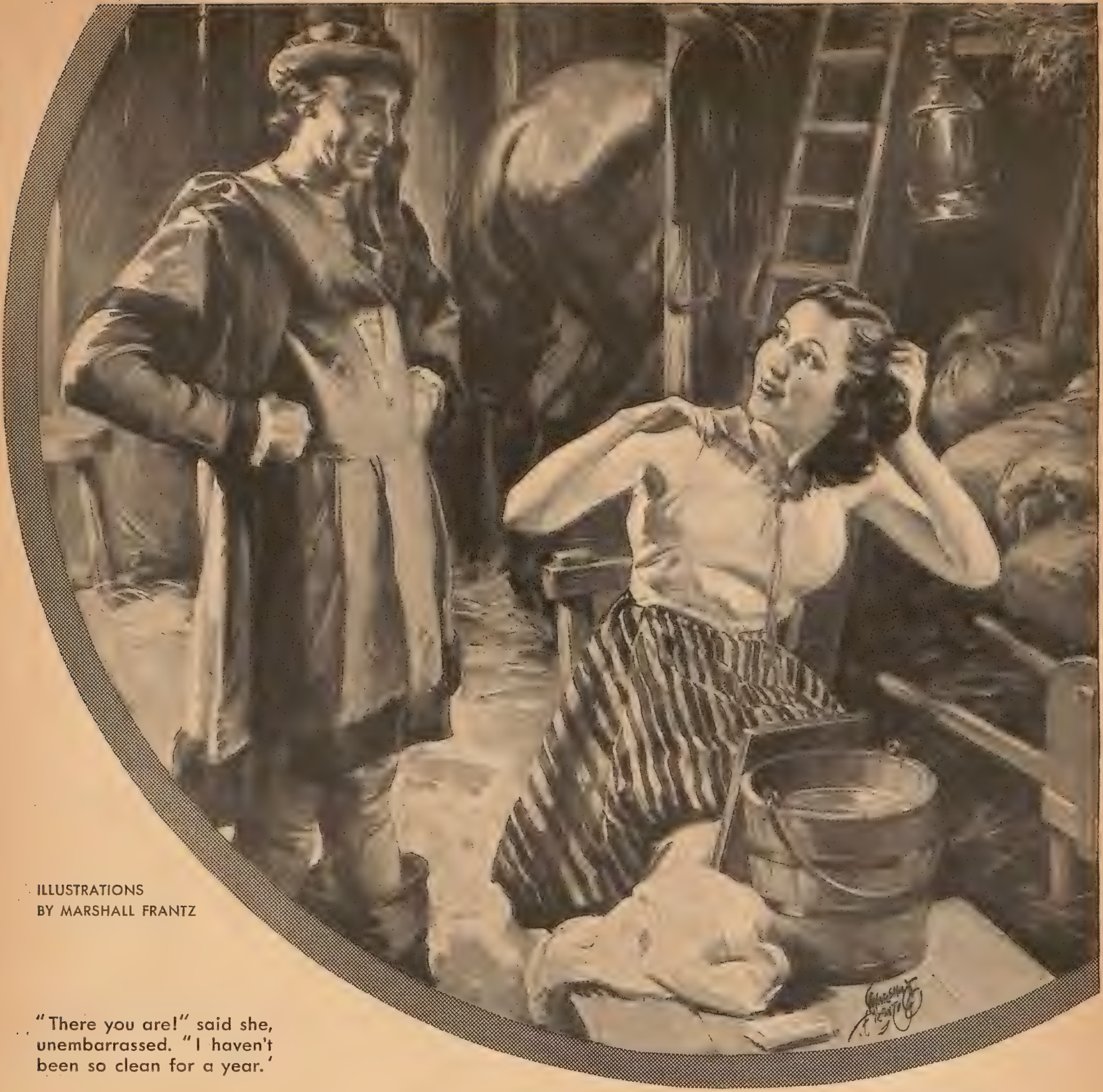
"As soon as your men return—they'll want to eat too."

Her eyebrows went up. "I thought *I* was invited! Was it the troupe?"

"Please yourself," said he. "I meant to show courtesy to your friends. This evening we can dine alone."

"They'll probably be late," said she, in a sulk. "I'm not to get any food at all."

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY MARSHALL FRANTZ



"There you are!" said she, unembarrassed. "I haven't been so clean for a year.'

" They change their clothes! " reflected Master Villon out loud. " Yours is a prosperous profession. Few men have more than one suit."

" Oh, it's just the old things we wear when we do our act—slippers, breeches, shirt."

Master Villon followed her glance to the top of the haymow, and understood that the performing costumes were stored away there. She had told him what he wanted to know.

" What town are you going to next? "

" We're on the way to Orléans," she said, " but we'll stop a day or two in Meung if business is—"

With that the two men came back from the Town Hall.

" Hello! " said the thin one.

" He's the one who watched us this morning," said the woman, explaining the stranger she was talking to, " and he asks us to eat with him."

The thin juggler looked pleased, then worried. " The innkeeper told us to stay on the outside of his house. We get no farther than the stable."

" I'm starved," said Master Villon, rising and picking the hay out of his boots. " We've waited for you this half hour."

The smaller juggler, not the thin one, turned to the woman and laughed. " Suzanne, the crazy fellow in the shirt says he's bailiff to the Bishop of Orléans! "

" What did they do to him? " she asked casually.

Master Villon, who was already leading the way to the inn, listened with close attention.

" Oh," said the man, " the constables have him till they can send to Orléans and find out who he is."

" Just pause at the door," said Master Villon, " till I speak to the innkeeper, whom I've always found, with the proper approach, broad-minded."

He stepped inside the taproom and removed his hat. The waiter stared at him, then, seeing his good clothes, offered an empty stretch of bench at the end of the one long table. The other guests, without interrupting their meal, looked on.

" The innkeeper," said Master Villon with a grand air. " I would have a word with him."

The waiter, much impressed, made off through the kitchen door. Master Villon, turning his back on the curious table, looked out the window.

It was his first chance to collect his thoughts since he had made the error of entering the town. He was now free of the bailiff, at least for a time. But it would still be wise to disengage himself completely from that episode. He was glad the apothecary had taken the horse. As for the trick he had played on the bailiff, he had no regrets—the man had hunted him down; he was only saving his life if he could.

What bothered him was the deception he was plotting at the expense of these strolling acrobats, who had done him no harm. The innkeeper came from the kitchen.

"Monsieur?"

"I wish food for myself and three friends."

"But why not, monsieur?" The innkeeper began to arrange the places at the table.

"I wish to speak about my guests. They are the jugglers who entertained us this morning in your yard."

"Ah! So!" The innkeeper put a hand to his chin. "Monsieur, the jugglers usually eat with the servants."

"I've a special reason," said Master Villon. "The provost of Meung sent me—I work for him."

"Ah, yes," said the innkeeper. "The hostler spoke to me about it. I thought he said Orléans."

"Meung," said Master Villon. "I must have a word with these people—if possible, I'd like to get them in good humor."

The innkeeper looked doubtfully at his long board, where the guests were well-bred and might not care to eat with jugglers.

"Monsieur, shall I bring you in a small table by the window?"

"At once!" said Master Villon. "Give us a fat chicken and a bottle of wine. I'll fetch my friends."

When they were seated, with the woman next him, and the folk at the main table were going back to their food again, Master Villon took off his coat and folded it, lining out, over the back of the chair, where his hat was already hanging.

"I'm hot in here—it's the kitchen so close. Well, what did the crazy man say for himself at the Town Hall?"

The thin juggler rested his elbows on the table. "He claimed he was a bailiff, on the lookout for François Villon, that Paris daredevil, and he actually met him on the road and didn't recognize him at first, till Villon took away first his horse and then his clothes."

Master Villon laughed. "He must be a clever fellow, to take the clothes off a bailiff on the highway. I can't believe that story."

HE was conscious that the woman listened with a strange alertness from the moment his name was mentioned. He avoided meeting her eyes.

"The judge didn't believe it either," said the thin juggler.

The second juggler contributed his wisdom. "Villon's a Paris type. You wouldn't find him down here."

Master Villon considered the case carefully. "I often wonder if there really is such a person! Wherever I go I hear of him, but, as the judge says, the stories are not convincing."

The woman was still watching him. If she should get up suddenly in that room and denounce him—

The innkeeper brought in the chicken and the wine.

"Ah, this is indeed service!" said Master Villon. "Speed and quality both!"

He was glad that the chicken diverted the woman's steady gaze, hunger exceeding all other curiosities. Having need of food himself, he fed comfortably on the meat before he pushed his chair back and got to his feet. "If you'll mind my coat for me," he said, "I'll just step out for a moment and see how the horse is getting on."

"I'll go with you," said the woman.

"Oh, I couldn't think of it," said Master Villon, taking care not to look at her and striding toward the door. "Go right on with the meal."

But Suzanne was after him like a shadow. Just outside the inn he turned in desperation. "I told you not to come! I'll be back in a minute."

There was irony, not unkind, in her gaze. "No—you won't come back! I guessed who you are, but it's all right. I'll pay for the chicken out of the gold piece. Shall I see you again?"

He thanked her with a smile. "You'll go in quickly, won't you? Before the men come looking for you?"

She blew him a kiss, and went back to the table. Master Villon proceeded deliberately to the stable door; but once inside, he scrambled up the haymow, got out of his boots and breeches, put on the thin man's slippers and tumbling costume, and picked out the horse which, as nearly as he remembered, had belonged to the apothecary. Then he rode quietly across the innyard, thankful that the taproom window faced the other way.

THERE were few people on the streets, the town being occupied with its midday repast. He wanted to spur the animal—to put a distance between him and his guests at the inn—also to find out what speed there was in the apothecary's mount—also to be well out of danger in case this horse hadn't belonged to the apothecary. But wild flight he knew would rouse suspicion.

He had no idea so small a town could take so long to pass through! The sweat was already standing on his forehead when a turn of the street gave him sight of a fine broad gate, wide open, and a road beyond.

Also, the turn of the street brought him on a small crowd following two constables who had the bailiff manacled between them.

Master Villon did not recognize the danger until it was too late. The bailiff looked up from his griefs.

"There he is now!" he cried. "That's the man! He stole my clothes and my horse!"

The curious crowd laughed, the constables looked around, and Master Villon reined in.

"What's this?" he asked, with as easy a manner as he could summon.

"Where are my horse and my clothes?"

"Is this the horse you speak of?" said Master Villon.

"You know well it is not!" cried the bailiff. "I wouldn't ride such a bag of bones!"

"And I suppose these are your clothes?"

"They are not!"

"My poor fellow," said Master Villon, "I don't seem to be the person you're looking for."

"But you are!" cried the bailiff, struggling with his captors. "You're the very one and none other! You are François Villon, the rascal the bishop is looking for!"

"François Villon!" echoed one constable.

"I should have been more flattered," said Master Villon, "if you had mistaken me for the bishop himself. From all I have heard, Villon is an unsteady character."

"Come back with me to the Town Hall!" cried the bailiff. "I'll prove it!"

"Sorry," said Master Villon. "I have work to do."

He stuck his heel in the horse's side, and the beast was already moving off when he noticed the constables were conferring.

Master Villon reined in once more. "Would you like me to go back with you to the judge?" he asked.

The constables looked embarrassed. "You *do* look a little bit like the Paris thief," said one.

"I don't care for that sort of reputation," said Master Villon. "If you'll come with me before the magistrate, I have some charges of my own to make."

"It's a natural mistake," said the constable, "and you shouldn't hold it against me. I meant no insult."

"Another man might misinterpret what you said."

This time Master Villon got his horse in motion.

Just as he was passing under the gate he heard a shout, and giving a hasty glance over his shoulder he saw the hostler, the one who recognized the bailiff's horse, running up to the constables. Master Villon put the apothecary's horse into a hard gallop.

When the town gate was far behind him he thought some one called his name, and with unpleasant distinctness he heard the hoofbeats of running horses, not one but several.

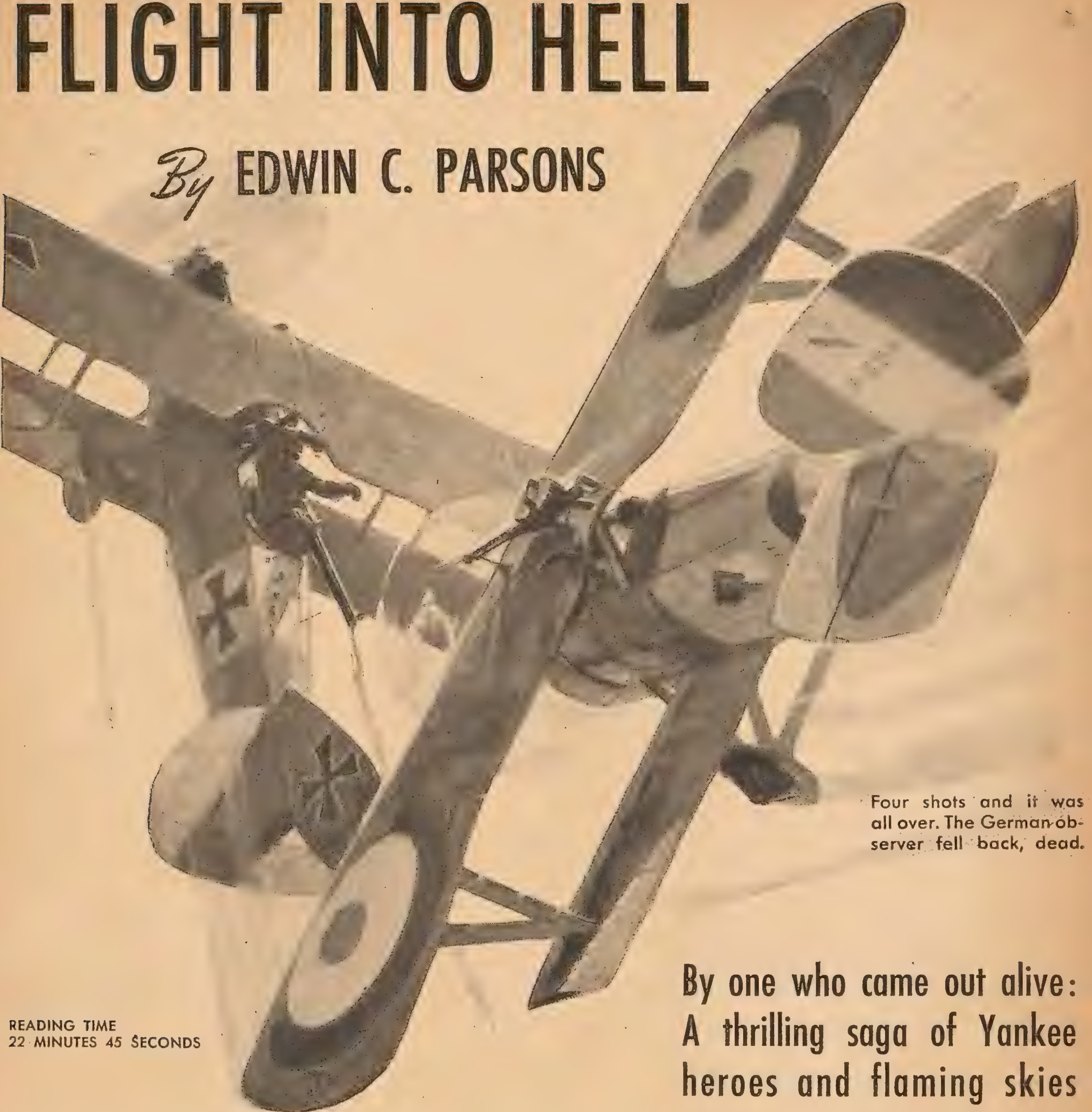
He worked his heels frantically, and prayed for a side road or a bushy lane. The hoofbeats came nearer.

(To be concluded next week)

BEGINNING

FLIGHT INTO HELL

By EDWIN C. PARSONS



Four shots and it was all over. The German observer fell back, dead.

By one who came out alive: A thrilling saga of Yankee heroes and flaming skies

READING TIME
22 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART ONE—A DEVIL'S BROOD

SILVERED wings shimmering gossamer-like in the sunlight, high over the little Alsatian village of Thann in the Vosges Mountains, a tiny Nieuport pursuit plane, with a single Lewis machine gun mounted on its top wing, soared inside the German lines.

Hand lightly gripping the rubber-handled stick, the keen eyes of the blue-uniformed young eagle in the cockpit searched the sky with eager gaze. As he glanced at his instrument board and saw that he had less than half an hour's gas left in his tank, his face flashed a strangely mingled look of hope and frustration.

Suddenly, above the roar of his motor, there came a succession of crackling, deep-throated roars like the growl of an angry bulldog. The little ship trembled and bounced. Just under the tail, then above, below, on all sides, little balls of flame-centered black smoke appeared with disconcerting abruptness. With shrieking shrapnel an alert German battery was resenting this alien bird over their territory.

The lean weather-beaten face of the Yank from North Carolina, Corporal Pilot Kiffin Rockwell, broke into a smile as he hastily banked the tiny plane, dived a hundred meters, and changed direction. He derisively thumbed his nose over the side of the cockpit.

"Come on, waste some more!" he taunted. "You-all need the practice."

As he straightened the little ship out, his alert ear caught a break in the even rhythm of the barking Le Rhône rotary motor. One cylinder was missing completely and another intermittently. His revolution counter showed a drop of a hundred turns. Reluctantly he turned his nose toward his own lines.

Suddenly his body stiffened and his hand tensed on the stick. He peered intently as he saw another plane, inside the French lines, diving abruptly in his direction. His eager fingers curled over the trip of his machine gun. Outlined in white on the top wings of the other plane were the black crosses of Germany.

Rockwell's nose went over and down he sliced in a steep dive. At sight of him the German plane went into an almost vertical dive and the machine gunner in the rear cockpit brought his swiveled guns to bear.

Wings bowed, wind shrieking a banshee wail through straining wires, Rockwell hurled his little pursuit plane down like a streak of lightning. Panic-stricken, the German gunner opened fire as the silver thunderbolt drew steadily closer. Rockwell felt the shock as an enemy slug found its mark in a main spar of the vibrating ship. He held his fire till he was within twenty or thirty meters of the black-crossed enemy.

Then, just a fraction of a second before he had to pull away to avoid a collision, he opened fire. Four shots and it was all over.

The German observer fell back dead on his pilot, his machine gun dropping from its position and pointing straight up in the air. The pilot slumped down in his bucket seat and the clumsy German plane fell off on a wing, then dove vertically for the torn-up earth.

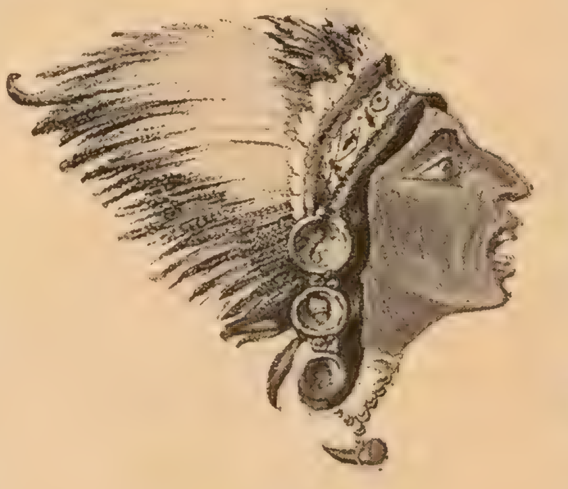
Swooping close to the ground, Rockwell saw the wreckage burning fiercely in the first-line German trenches. He had turned the trick with but four bullets, and only one German slug had struck his ship.

This was the first official victory of the newly formed American Escadrille. It took place on May 18, 1916, a little less than a month after the formation of the squadron, and America, as a unit, had fired her first shots in the World War.

It caused a tremendous wave of excitement in Paris, and Kiffin's brother Paul, with whom he had served in the Foreign Legion and who had been invalided out on account of wounds, sent out a rare bottle of very old Bourbon. The always generous Kiffin wanted every one to share immediately in his prize, but some one popped up with an idea which was enthusiastically hailed.

"We can get plenty of liquor, but not like this. Let's save it for rare occasions. Make it a real Bottle of Death, fellows," he suggested. "Kiffin gets the first drink, and, from now on, every man who brings down a German is entitled to one."

And so, with appropriate ceremonies, the Bottle of Death was inaugurated. When the ceremony was started, no one had any idea but that the bottle would outlive the Escadrille; but such was the startling and unexpected success of that intrepid band that the contents were soon exhausted. The empty bottle was faithfully guarded by Bill Thaw, our commanding officer, and only came to light again when he recently died.


The Escadrille insignia.

WHAT romantic memories are conjured up by the name of the Lafayette Escadrille!

Before America's entry in the war and for some months afterward the effect that this tiny band of American volunteers—flying in the uniforms and planes of France and fighting their spectacular battles in the sky—had on public opinion, both at home and abroad, was tremendous. Only now are historians beginning to realize what a part they played in America's entry into the war and the molding of pro-Allied support.

But the boys themselves knew nothing of this. There was no thought of heroism in their minds. They were merely very scared young men, fighting with strange weapons in a new element, leaping to fame and being made heroes overnight by newspaper publicity.

They came from all walks of life—a devil's brood of grousing, reckless, undisciplined, irresponsible fighting wildcats, all a little screwy (we had to be just a little nuts to be war aviators) but a loyal crew, ready to fly, drink, or fight at the drop of a hat.

Their motives were as varied as the men themselves. Some sought adventure, some sought revenge, others sacrificed themselves in the spirit of purest idealism. An "ace," hero of aerial encounters, could and would, when on the ground, revert to type and become a charlatan or a ruffian.

The Escadrille didn't spring full-fledged into being. Its formation as a unit was gradual and the result of the arduous work of many enthusiastic men, who refused for over a year, despite official rebuffs and heartbreaking discouragements, to give up the idea.

When the war broke out, many of the heroic youngsters who were later to become famous pursuit pilots decided to fight for France, and volunteered in the Foreign Legion. Among them were Bill Thaw of Pittsburgh, playboy of the Riviera, one of the earliest hydroplane pilots, famous as the first man to fly under the Williamsburgh Bridge because he couldn't get enough altitude to get over it; Victor Chapman, a student at the Beaux-Arts; and Bert Hall, famous for his tall stories and penchant for marrying, who was driving a Paris taxi.

They were soon joined in the Second Regiment of March of the Legion by Kiffin Rockwell, Bob Soubiran, Billy Dugan, Paul Pavelka, and Edmond Genet. Three of these, Rockwell, Chapman, and Genet, were motivated by a genuine love for France and hatred of her enemies. The rest enlisted because of an adventurous spirit.

AFTER rigorous training, these youngsters performed heroic service with the Legion in the trenches for varying periods. But daily their imaginations were stirred by the sight of planes flying over them. Fed up with the rigors of trench life, they felt a compelling desire to get into the war in the new element.

With considerable difficulty, first Thaw, Jimmy Bach, and Hall, then Rockwell and Chapman got themselves transferred from the Legion to aviation. Already being a pilot, Thaw was sent out to the front early in 1915—the first American volunteer pilot of the war.

In the meantime, Didier Masson, the one-man aviation force of Obregon and Carranza, had tired of tin-pot revolutions, and coming to France, where he had learned to fly in 1909, got into the aviation service easily on account of his previous experience.

Other young Americans, among them Elliott Cowdin, Jim McConnell, Dudley Hill, Robert Rockwell, Clyde Balsley, Chouteau Johnson, and Larry Rumsey, had volunteered in the American Ambulance and managed by persistent efforts to wear down the French resistance and gain admittance to the French aviation schools.

Meanwhile the greatest of all American aces, that heroic, inscrutable, and strangely mysterious figure, Raoul Lufbery, was learning to fly in order to avenge the death of his dearest friend, Marc Pourpe. Pourpe had been an aviator for several years and Lufbery his mechanic. Together they had toured many Oriental countries in exhibition flights. Hostilities found them in France to buy new planes. They enlisted at once, Pourpe as an aviator and Luf in the ranks of mechanics. When Pourpe was killed by enemy pilots in one of the first air battles of the war, Luf swore a mighty oath of revenge, and learned to fly with only that one idea in mind.

James Norman Hall enlisted as a Tommy in the British infantry, and, when he was invalided out, wrote his first war book, Kitchener's Mob, before coming over and enlisting with the French, where he gained first-hand material for many of his later publications.

In the meanwhile, two other young Americans, Norman Prince and Frazier Curtis, having learned to fly in an American civilian school, went to France early in 1915 with the idea of forming an all-American volunteer squadron. Although they were successful in enlisting the sympathetic aid of Dr. Edmund Gros, a prominent American physician practicing in Paris, and one or two other Americans, they met stern rebuffs in nearly every quarter from French officials.

There were two reasons why the French were against a squadron of volunteers. One was because of the need of ceaseless vigilance against spies. Unfortunately, one German had already gotten into French aviation by means of a forged American passport, and, before he was unmasked and summarily executed, had caused untold damage.

In the second place, there was really no place or no need for volunteer aviators. Hundreds of young Frenchmen were clamoring for admittance to this new and romantic branch of the service.

But the French were smart diplomats. They wanted American support, and when they eventually saw the publicity possibilities attendant on the spectacular efforts of prominent young Americans flying in French uniform, they slowly began to relent. However, this change of heart took nearly a year, and meantime Prince and Curtis were accepted as aviation students.

So, during 1915, while French officialdom was being hounded from all sides, Thaw, Hall, Cowdin, Masson, Prince, Lufbery, and Bach were flying in various French squadrons at the front, while the others were either still in training schools or attached to the Paris Air Guard.

Curtis was forced to ask for dismissal on account of ill health, but continued to work with Prince and Dr. Gros in Paris toward the formation of the Escadrille.

JIMMY BACH received the doubtful (in his mind, at least) honor of being the first American aviator prisoner. In September, 1915, he and a French comrade took over two spies at dawn, to land them far in the German lines, with a load of explosives to blow up a railroad line.

The spies were safely landed, and Jimmy took off; but his comrade cracked up in the rough field. Jimmy went back to rescue him, and in the second take-off hit a hidden stump and cracked up himself. Both pilots were captured, and Bach underwent two courts-martial, barely escaping being lined up against a wall on the charge of being a franc-tireur. Despite his frantic efforts to escape, he spent the next four years in a German fortress.

Just at the close of 1915 the French Minister of Aviation gave a rather reluctant consent to the grouping of all Americans in one squadron. But it was not until April of 1916 that the dream became a reality.

While they were waiting for the French to fulfill their promise, Thaw, Cowdin, and Norman Prince got into a jam which nearly put the Escadrille out of business before it was started. The three boys got leave to return to America for a month. Much against their wills, they were lionized and kept constantly in the public eye.

Everywhere they went, they were followed by German secret service agents, and a demand was made by the German ambassador on the American State Department to have them interned, charging that active combatants in the uniform of a warring power in a neutral country constituted a breach of neutrality. While the American officials were trying to arrive at a solution, the three boys pulled a fast one and shook off their shadows, slipping out of the country on a fast French liner. They created a tremendous enthusiasm and a real sympathy for France in their brief appearance.

With the consent of the French to the formation of an all-American squadron, a dozen other eager young Americans hurried to enlist in the aviation. From the Legion came Bobby Soubiran, with twenty months' service, Billy Dugan, and Edmond Genet, with almost as much.

From the ambulance service came sweet-natured Ronald Hoskier, Willis Haviland, Steve Bigelow, Edwin Parsons, Walter Lovell, Harold Willis, former Harvard crew man, and Kenneth (Siwash) Marr, Alaskan sourdough, who had brought over a string of Alaskan huskies for ambulance service in the Vosges Mountains.

They all volunteered in the Foreign Legion for the duration of the war, and were sent to the primary flying schools without the necessity of trench service.

In view of the drastic and extremely silly inspection of an American examining board a year and a half later, the French medical examination was rather amusing.

If a man was in possession of all his limbs and most of his faculties he received a high rating. My own experience, I know, was shared by most of the others.

A beetle-browed, black-beavered, very bored medico looked my naked body over, listened to my heartbeats, pointed wearily to a chart on the wall, and ordered:

" Read the first letter of the first line. I see there a W. What do you see? "

The letters were large and plain. I confidently followed his lead and said, " W."

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM THAW . . NORMAN PRINCE . . ELLIOTT COWDIN

He exploded a large "*Bon!*" and went right on calling letters for me, which I followed, his "*Bons*" becoming bigger and better with every correct answer. When it was all over, he slapped me hard on the bare back and told me I had passed with flying colors and could go out and get myself killed for France any time.

Dud Hill, who was totally blind in one eye, passed, with the medico's help, by peeking through his fingers with his good eye.

The French system of training their fledglings, too, had it all over other methods like a blanket. There was no dual control for men training for anything but bombing, the truck drivers of the service.

From the moment a youngster first slung his legs over the side of a cockpit, he was all on his own. Handling everything by himself from the beginning instilled self-confidence and materially helped to make the French war aviator the finest on the front.

First, by running a little underpowered ship with clipped wings, called a Penguin, up and down a long field, the embryo pilot learned to handle a plane on the ground. Then he was put on a higher-powered machine and made short hops in a straight line three or four feet off the ground. Then a long hop the length of the field at an altitude of twenty-five feet. From there it was only normal to go around the field instead of landing, following instructions as to how to bank.

In a surprisingly short time the young eagle was ready for his tests on really high-powered ships, to do cross-countrys and get his military brevet.

A month, after he got his wings, to learn all the intricacies and tricks of speedy pursuit ships; a month in machine-gun school; three weeks of formation flying, acrobatics, and sham attacks—and another potential ace was ready for the war in the air.

The death rate was very low with this system; while I was at the primary training school at Buc, only two of the four hundred students were accidentally killed.

On April 20, 1916, the American Escadrille was formed as a unit at Luxeuil-les-Bains in the Vosges Mountains. Seven pilots formed the original squadron. They were Thaw, Bert Hall, Cowdin, Prince, Kiffin Rockwell, Chapman, and McConnell, of whom only Hall is still alive.

Each man had his own plane, a speedy single-seated pursuit ship, powered by Le Rhône rotary motors and equipped with a single Lewis 47-shot machine gun mounted on the top wing.

The mechanics were all French, bossed by a red-headed French reservist from San Francisco named Chevalier, and a grand lot they were.

Two regular French officers, Captain Georges Thénault and Lieutenant André de Laage de Meux, were in command. Bill Thaw, already commissioned second lieutenant on account of his previous service and brilliant exploits, was the only other officer. The remaining pilots were either corporals or sergeants.

Every volunteer in the French army started as a second-class soldier, and although on getting his brevet as a military aviator he was automatically named corporal, he had to earn the rest of his stripes. The French believe that commissions should be earned by meritorious deeds or length of service. Lufbery was the only man besides Thaw to be made an officer while in the Escadrille.

But all pilots messed together, regardless of rank, and, while stripes were forgotten, discipline was never allowed to suffer. The French officers were cordial but never allowed us to forget they were our superiors.

The boys were quartered in a luxurious villa close to the warm baths and messed in the best hotel in town. It was a war de luxe for them. But one of the first men to whom they were introduced at Luxeuil was the famous Commandant Happe of the bombing group, on whose head the Germans had set a price. Commandant Happe showed them eight little boxes containing medals.

"For the families of the men I lost on my last raid," he explained briefly. "I'm glad you're here. The Boches are plentiful."

The boys' faces had a thoughtful look as they took their leave. Life at Luxeuil was very lovely, but it occurred to some of them that it resembled the old Roman custom of fattening up the sacrifice.

THE pay of noncommissioned officers in the French army was pretty small, and while several of the boys were quite wealthy, many of the others had no private sources of income. At the instigation of Dr. Gros, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr., generously gave every pilot a hundred francs a month personal spending money and a hundred francs for his mess dues, in addition to buying him a swanky uniform.

The fund further provided five hundred francs for each victory. Up to the end of 1917, when victories came too fast, various manufacturing companies also offered all French pilots considerable sums when their products were used in scoring victories; so the financial rewards for heroism were rather tasty.

It sounds a bit sordid, but we always seemed to need francs for one thing or another, and while I'm certain none of us ever thought about it while engaged in a desperate struggle in the heavens with our black-crossed enemies, I never heard of any one refusing to accept the fruits of his labors on any moral grounds.

As a matter of fact, our adversaries in the air never represented personalities to us. We thought of them

The original American Escadrille. Left to right: Kiffin Rockwell, Captain Thénault, Norman Prince, Lieutenant de Laage de Meux, Cowdin, Bert Hall, McConnell, Chapman.

One of the Escadrille's airplanes, an early type.

only as machines, an integral part of the German militarism which we were combating. Only occasionally, when perhaps we'd see a man go down in flames or jump into space, would we think of them as humans like ourselves. We knew it was war, and war is no place for squeamishness.

Shortly after Rockwell's first spectacular victory the Escadrille was ordered to Verdun. They were quartered in a magnificent villa halfway between the flying field and the town of Bar-le-Duc. It was still a war de luxe, on the ground.

But the boys began to get a real taste of war in the air. Lufbery joined them almost immediately, having had a hectic struggle in trying to learn to fly the erratic little Nieuports after months of service on the Voison bombers—slow-moving unwieldy old crates which looked like flying baby buggies.

Twice he had been told he would never make a pursuit pilot and recommended for return to bombing, but with indomitable persistence he grimly persevered, and eventually became one of the greatest masters of flying on the front.

EDWIN C. PARSONS *has itching feet which have carried him far from his native Massachusetts. He fought in Mexico with Villa; has been, at various times, agent for the U. S. Department of Justice, a movie actor, Foreign Legionnaire, and pilot in the Lafayette Escadrille. He now writes for magazines and pictures. He says he likes blondes, brunettes, redheads, and Ramos gin fizzes.*

Following Lufbery came Chouteau Johnson and Clyde Balsley, who had been night flying on the Paris Air Guard; then Hill, Masson, Rumsey, and Pavelka. It was a formidable aggregation, and they immediately commenced to cover the Escadrille with glory. But they didn't get away unscathed.

Hardly had they arrived when Bert Hall scored a victory over a German observation two-seater and Bill Thaw commenced to build his iron-man reputation. Flying a lone-eagle patrol one morning, Bill hopped a five-ship formation of Fokkers just inside the German lines, and, slicing down like an arrow, popped off the black-crossed skyman and got away before the rest of the formation had recovered from their surprise.

Tickled pink by the success of his daring maneuver, Bill went up again in the afternoon and tried to repeat his tactics with an enemy three-ship patrol. Hurtling down on them from a great altitude in a very successful attempt to imitate a whole squadron of attackers, he drove them almost to the ground before the German boys took time out to look around a little.

On discovering that Bill was all alone and on their side of the lines, they immediately ganged up on him and methodically proceeded to fill his ship full of nasty slugs. Bill's left elbow got in the way of one of the leaden pellets, and, bleeding like a stuck pig, he had to fight his way into the clear.

Dazed and weakened by the loss of blood, he was barely able to stagger back across the lines and set his faltering bullet-ridden plane down behind the French first-line trenches. He was taken to a first-aid station, then sent to Paris for further treatment. His arm never did heal properly, and he always carried it slightly crooked, in first drinking position, which gave him quite an advantage over the rest of us. But long before he had the arm out of the sling he was back in the air waging daily battles.

BILL THAW was one of the most outstanding figures of the war. He was the only American to be in active service from the day war was declared to the very end. He started as a second-class soldier with the French army and finished as a lieutenant colonel in the American air service. He was the first American to be honored with a commission in the French army and the only one to be made a full lieutenant of aviation. He fully rated every one of his honors.

With the Lafayette Escadrille he had a most difficult position to fill. Big and handsome, young—younger than most of us—he was forced to maintain in some measure his dignity as a French officer—yet be one of us. For in our undisciplined crew we should have actively resented any pulling of "rank."

Bill had to act as buffer between us and the outrages we committed on the traditions of French officialdom, to whom the war was a serious business; go to bat for us in all differences of opinion and infractions of discipline—of which there were many; represent us at all official functions and flag-waving ceremonies; act as nursemaid, father confessor, and general holder-downer—yet fight, drink, and gamble as one of us. He never stepped out of character. To each of us he was just "plain ol' Bill." He was all man.

The same day that Thaw was wounded, Rockwell's face was badly gashed by an explosive bullet which hit his windshield. He refused medical treatment and kept right on flying.

Then Victor Chapman bobbed up with a heroic exploit. A big man both physically and mentally, with an artistic soul that could see beauty in everything, he was a true idealist. He was always in the air, and from the number of fights he was in and his indomitable courage in attacking against almost overwhelming odds, it is a great wonder that he survived as long as he did.

A week after Thaw and Rockwell were wounded, Chapman fearlessly attacked four Fokkers far in the enemy lines. He was more than holding his own when an unseen Fokker, the protection man hiding far above, swooped down on him in a vicious attack.

Gallantly he fought, but his plane was riddled with German bullets. An explosive bullet hit and severed one of the metal aileron controls near his head. One of the fragments sliced through his helmet and plowed a deep gash in his scalp.

BLINDED by the blood which poured into his eyes, and with the broken control, his plane went into a spin. Chapman spun down for thousands of feet before he could clear his eyes and recover from the shock.

Then, when he was only a few hundred feet from utter annihilation, he grabbed the two severed ends of the aileron control in one hand and brought the spinning little ship out on a level keel. Holding the two ends in a death grip, he roared back across the lines, to land safely at an emergency field just in back of the trenches.

After first-aid treatment he had the mechanics wire his aileron control together, and that same afternoon went back out on the lines after more victims. Although every one from the captain on down begged him to take a rest, he absolutely refused, and continued, with his bandaged head, to fly and fight.

Then the Escadrille suffered its first serious loss. On his first formation patrol across the lines, with three members of the squadron, Clyde Balsley, the sunny-dispositioned ex-ambulance driver from Texas, bravely followed Captain Thénault into an attack on four Germans. Inexperience was his downfall.

He missed his quarry on the first attack, and was in turn attacked. Almost the first burst from the enemy pilot blasted his plane from the sky. He was hit in the hip by an explosive bullet which paralyzed his whole side.

The shock was so great and he was so weak and stunned that when he went into a spin he was almost content. It seemed so easy to die. He was almost on the ground when he snapped out of it and, using his hands to guide his useless leg, brought the Nieuport out of its almost fatal spin.

Although still under constant machine-gun fire from his adversary, by sheer grit Clyde managed to evade him and bring the crippled plane back across the lines, where he landed in the barbed wire of the reserve trenches and overturned.

A wrecked plane, a maimed pilot! But crack-ups in the Escadrille served to whet rather than dampen the courage of the adventurous young Americans who served France. Through skies blood-red with flaming shells they soared recklessly, ready to swoop, like birds of prey, on the enemy. More feats of daring, more hand-to-hand battles, in the next installment. Don't miss it!

NO MORE *Music*

BY HELEN WELSHIMER

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Romance on Broadway!—A story of dancing feet and two hearts that couldn't keep time with the tune

"DANCE?" It was a man's voice, low and cadent, that asked the question.

"Why—yes!" It was a girl's voice, husky and a little breathless, that answered. But the voice hesitated on the first word. It grew slightly defiant on the second one, as though it were committing itself to something that it did not want to do. The girl who spoke had been waiting at least ten minutes at the side entrance to the stage on which the dancing in the fashionable night club took place. She would be entitled to one dollar when the tall young man removed his encircling arms.

"You don't seem to know whether or not our fox trot is a good move," the man murmured as he kept step to the sobbing of the syncopated rhythm. "Make up your mind, honey, make up your mind!"

"I'm not sure—not at all sure—but I need your dollar!" Cynthia Cambert's plum-colored eyes showed storm warnings as she flung her brown head a little higher. Her voice was defiant. It had to be or it would have been ashamed.

"My dollar?" the man repeated. He was good-looking. Rugged, masculine, stubborn. Crisp red hair. Gay blue eyes. Low, deep voice. Her first partner!

"I'm talking about the dollar which you are going to give me for letting you put your arm around my waist and keep step to the music with me. I'm a hostess, paid to do it."

"Well, I'll be—" The man stopped. His red hair looked redder and his impudent grin more impudent. "I saw you, I liked you, I thought you were alone and wanted to dance but were hesitating about having the waiter approach a gigolo for you. So I stepped up. I belong on the staff too."

"You mean—"

"I'm a gigolo. Paid to give the rhythmic-minded dames a thrill, just as you are asked to see that the dancing gentlemen get around the floor. Nice, isn't it?" He had stopped dancing and his cynical eyes held no gaiety now. "See you some rainy night when business is dull."

He smiled carelessly and walked away.

Cynthia went back to her waiting place at the side of the stage. Well, her first night as a dancing hostess hadn't started so well, she mused. Her first partner had walked out on her. The lump that had been sliding up and down her throat before his arrival came back.

"May I have this dance, please?" This time the man who spoke to Cynthia was not so tall, not so confident. His voice was gentle, not masterful, and his arms were formal, not possessive, in a debonair, careless manner.

Cynthia realized that she had liked the vibrant clasp of the gigolo's arms and was ashamed.

"You understand, don't you, that I'm dancing with you for one dollar?" Cynthia asked the man. "It isn't polite to talk about money, but I'm a paid hostess."

"We'll make it ten dances, then, if you wish," the man answered gallantly. "Let's sit out, say, seven of them. That makes three to go. Here's the money." He released one arm and drew a bill from his pocket.

Cynthia hesitated. "But—but . . ."

"I won't bore you too much."

"It's not that! You're nice. But you're my first . . . I mean I've never before been paid to dance!"

The man nodded. "I thought not."

His eyes were kind, Cynthia observed. But his hair was quite gray. Ten dollars! She could pay the rent on her room. She could order scrambled eggs and toast at the coffee shop across the street. She stumbled. Twenty-four hours without food was a long stretch.

"Sorry," the man said.

"It wasn't your fault," Cynthia answered. "I forgot to eat dinner."

"So did I. Let's order now." He began to pilot her to a table.

Something within Cynthia—the something that had made her almost refuse this job because down South, where she had lived until such a few weeks ago, one danced for fun, one danced for love, but one never danced for dollars—made her shake her head.

"I'd like to eat if you will come across the street to the lunch counter with me. I'll have to take my own check and it's all I can afford."

The man nodded gravely. His profile was lean and clean, his dinner clothes were immaculate.

He said his name was Ernest Hampton. He stayed an hour and then said good night quite formally and went away. Cynthia, watching him go, felt lonely. He had been kind. Kind as the people she used to know. But that was over now—over! She was on her own! On—her—own. She wondered why she hated the slangy phrase. The house had been sold to meet the debts when her father died. She had no other family. Well, anyway, she could be brave.

THE redheaded gigolo came sauntering past.

"The Hampton catch didn't take you to the Hampton lair for supper, did he?" he asked. "You should have managed things better than that, honey! He has millions of the things that you and I accumulate by taking steps in the right direction. You're pretty—darned pretty." He eyed her reflectively. "You have a certain style, a feminine something. Yes, I think you could have done better. Oh, by the way, the new dances are faster than last year's. Speed up, darling!"

For a week after that the gigolo ignored her.

Meantime, Ernest Hampton, acting like a nice young uncle or older brother, kept an eye out for Cynthia. There was no talk of romance.

The third week, one night, the gigolo stopped her. She had discovered that he had a name. It was Jerry—Jerry Wilson.

"We're dancing together," he said.

"Then you're paying me; I'm not paying you," Cynthia answered coolly. "Only—I don't believe I want to dance."

"Too bad. Because you're doing it, just the same. And nobody's making a nickel out of the trade. Come on."

Because people were watching, Cynthia climbed the steps to the stage.

"Follow me. A little faster. Faster, I said!"

"No!" She pulled away. In a minute she would slap him. She would lose her job—

" Come on! " He caught her back again. " Don't start a row. Get the increased tempo? Now swing into it."

" All right." She tried to, but the steps that Jerry wanted were new and intricate and she couldn't follow.

" I'm trying—I can't. . . ." She was a little frightened now.

" All right, you little fool, then don't! "

For the second time Jerry Wilson left her standing in the center of the dance floor. The golden glimmer of the spotlight found her. There was a small burst of applause. Apparently the spectators expected an exhibition dance. Jerry noticed it too. He came back and swung her from the stage.

" You are the rudest man I ever met," Cynthia told him, and her voice was as hard as the icicles that were clinging to the windows outside. " You—you have manners like a person reared in the gutter! "

He flinched. When he answered his voice was cold: " I never learned to pour tea."

He turned on his heel.

" Oh, I loathe him! " she breathed out loud, not knowing that the sound was audible until Ernest Hampton's voice interrupted: " He's all right. Never had a chance, that's all. How about a ride through the park? The snow and the lights will do you good."

When she returned to her room she went to sleep promptly and dreamed about Jerry. She wakened to remember the boys she had known at home—the boys who had invited her to proms, week-ends, house parties.

She buried her face in the pillow and cried for a while. As soon as she could save enough dollars to buy a ticket home she would return to marry Bob or Malcolm or Pete—

Jerry stopped her at the entrance that night. His sardonic eyes appraised the creamy chiffon of the frock she wore. The skirt billowed into a frothy wave and the girdle was red and green and gold, boldest shades of any gypsy's making. It had cost more than she could earn in several weeks. That had been months before. The frothy material climbed to her chin in front, and the great sleeves were caught at her wrist.

" Listen to me, prim and lovely one," Jerry said. " That dress may belong up on Park Avenue or out at Newport, but there isn't a clothes rack can carry it here. It puts a man's imagination to work. The patrons pay to see a display. Look at that doll in black chiffon—a ten-ninety-eight model. Buy yourself a couple."

He didn't notice her any more that night, or the next night, or the next. As she danced, not in a slimy black dress but in a sleeveless, backless rose satin that she had had a long, long time, she felt nauseated at the sight of the people who put their arms around each other and danced to nowhere for no reason.

She decided to go home. But when she was seated in the rickety chair in her room she remembered that she had promised to have supper with Ernest Hampton after the hall closed. That was good, she decided. Maybe he could direct her to a new job. She would ask him. He might come to see if she were ill when he couldn't find her. She hoped he would.

When the landlady knocked she wasn't surprised.

" Gentleman to see you, miss."

" Any name? " she asked.

" No. He's in a hurry. Better go right down."

When she reached the lower hall a tall figure with red hair turned impatiently.

" Coward, aren't you? " he asked.

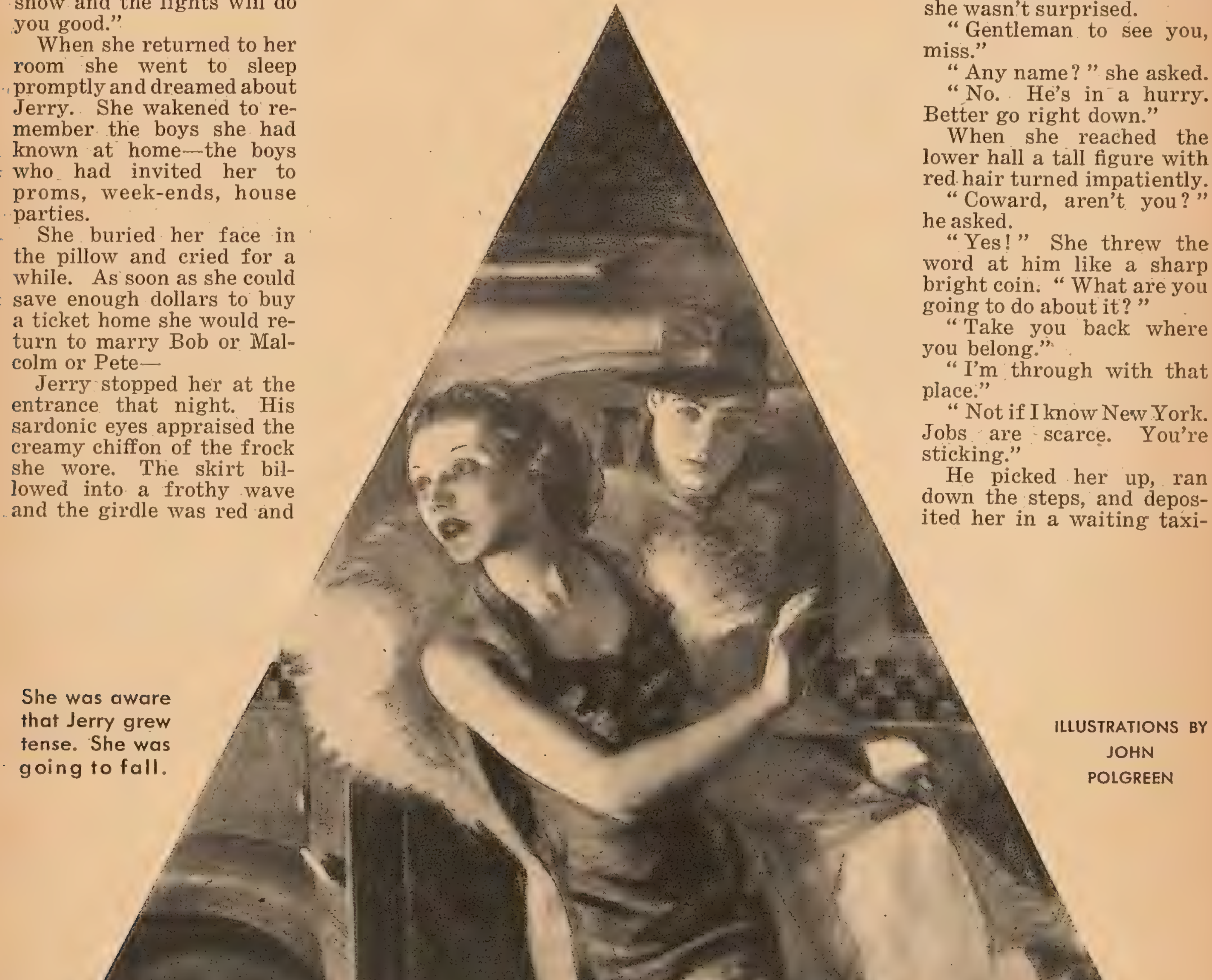
" Yes! " She threw the word at him like a sharp bright coin. " What are you going to do about it? "

" Take you back where you belong."

" I'm through with that place."

" Not if I know New York. Jobs are scarce. You're sticking."

He picked her up, ran down the steps, and deposited her in a waiting taxi-



She was aware that Jerry grew tense. She was going to fall.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN
POLGREEN

cab. He climbed in, gave the driver the address, and turned to her.

"You think you are clever, don't you?" Cynthia asked.

He lighted a cigarette, leaned back in his corner of the cab, and closed his eyes.

"You could better yourself a little by taking a course or two in the daytime," he said suddenly. "There are some pretty good things offered at the local universities."

She gasped. She, with her diploma from one of the most fashionable boarding schools in the South, to be told by this—this—

"I'm taking up some social and economic things," he went on, "and a swell course on the history of the dance. Why don't you join?" He grew enthusiastic. "Now, *you* need that course."

"Oh!" It burst like a soap bubble.

The impudent young—gigolo! Well, he couldn't keep her in his life through force. She moved nearer to the side, slid her hand along the wall until it found the clutch on the door. She moved it, felt it release, held tightly to the knob. The cab was slowing down for a red light.

Now—

She was aware that Jerry's body grew tense, that he moved toward her. She was going to fall. There was a car—but it would stop—funny she hadn't thought about cars pulling up by the side of the cab. Then her head struck something, and it didn't matter if cars came or not. There was silence, blackness.

When she wakened, the next day, there were bare yellow walls, white metal furniture, stiff starched uniforms around her. Slowly she remembered that car that had been coming last night.

"Is this a charity ward?" she asked the interne.

"It's a private room."

"Then you made a mistake. I haven't any money." She moved and her leg hurt. "Am I seriously injured?"

"A sprained ankle and a broken leg. You won't be dancing for some time."

"I don't like dancing," she answered quietly. "I'm no good at it. Who brought me here?"

"A man."

"With red hair?"

"No; gray hair."

"Gray? A stranger?"

"He seemed to know your name and address." The interne grinned. "Maybe the shock of the accident turned his hair gray. It happens in novels. Cheer up. Broken legs mend. Give it time."

"But the money—"

"Paid in advance—the guy with the gray hair."

NO message came from Jerry that day. In the evening Ernest Hampton called. When she asked about Jerry, he explained that the younger man had been upset and sorry about the accident.

"How did you happen to come here?" Cynthia asked.

"Young Wilson came after me," he answered. He was tired and nervous, and Cynthia wondered if her accident had affected him that way. He mustn't care!

"Why did Jerry come after you? How did he know where you were?" she asked slowly.

"I had arrived at the dance hall in time to hear the argument."

"Argument?"

"I shouldn't have mentioned it. The chief was taking a roll call and you were missing. Wilson offered to have you back in time for the next number. It meant your job, you see. When the accident happened, as soon as he turned you over to the hospital he came for me—and left me in charge."

"He didn't want the responsibility?"

"He thought I could do it better—let's leave it at that. When you're better we'll have a talk. Now I've bored you long enough."

HELEN WELSHIMER

feature writer for a famous newspaper syndicate, poet, and author of short stories, says she is more interested in fiction than in any other branch of writing. She was born and reared in an Ohio parsonage, attended Hiram College, also in Ohio, and finished with a year's postgraduate work at Columbia University. A book of her verse will be published in August.

The next day Cynthia mentioned the matter of bills to Ernest Hampton.

"It's kind of you to pay them," she heard herself saying in the polite little-girl voice that had said good afternoon to her mother's guests on the vine-shaded verandas of the house down South. If it hadn't been for her leg she believed she would have stood up and curtsied. "I'll pay you back as soon as I am able."

As soon as she was able. That might be a long time. It might be forever. It might take—forever. She caught her breath, and the pain was a little sharper, a little deeper than the one that was running up and down her leg. If she couldn't pay back her debt, maybe she would have to marry Ernest. The Camberts always paid their bills. Ernest would not insist. Maybe he wouldn't even ask her. He might be doing this to be kind. She wouldn't marry any one but a man who loved her. All of a sudden the longing for a tall redheaded youth with an impudent grin and a voice that could haunt a girl's heart even when it stirred her anger grew so fierce that she forgot the torture of her leg. She relaxed then. Jerry didn't want her. He hated her. Hated her, hated her. If she repeated it enough times maybe she would begin to believe it.

Ernest went away. Cynthia was drifting to sleep when the nurse came with a small white box tied with a wisp of orchid chiffon.

A BOX from a florist," she said. "I never saw such a small one." The nurse's candid eyes contrasted the new gift with the mass of bloom in the window—the orchids that were the color of a new spring sky when the dusk turns amethyst.

Cynthia opened the box. One tea rose lay on a dewy bed of moss and ferns. There was no card. Down South there had been yellow tea roses on a bush that bloomed under the library window. She could pick them, one at a time, by leaning far, far out—

With a stifled sob she buried her face in the cool crispness of the pillow. She was alone! Accepting kindnesses from a strange man because there was no one else to help. She was frightened because there was a world to meet and she never had studied its rules in any of her schoolbooks. She had supposed life was set to music— Well, it had been. Dance music—and she couldn't dance fast enough.

There was another small box on her breakfast tray in the morning. A pale-gray box this time in which a spray of mignonette was waiting. It was strange that Ernest should spend his money so lavishly for rose trees and orchids, yet so graciously for this brief fragrance. Suddenly she flung the blossom to the floor. She wanted to run away. He had no right to woo her this way!

When Ernest came later he picked up the flower and tossed it into the wastepaper basket. It was withered, she supposed. She knew that she should ask him about the flowers, but she couldn't. He had made an intimate, illusive gesture and she would keep it secret. If only he would confine himself to sending flowers for display! They meant nothing. Mignonette was hard on a heart that hurt anyway.

A cluster of sweet peas came the next day. A white rose followed. Two old-fashioned pinks, twisted together, came the next day, and then there were violets and pansies.

Cynthia grew to watch for the small box which sometimes was silvery green, sometimes pale gray, and again white as a popcorn ball. She and the blossom shared a tryst—a tryst that had nothing to do with the man who sent the flowers. It concerned somebody with red hair who would have been angry and disgusted had he known, she was quite sure.

As the days passed she decided that Jerry was not coming to see her. He had not called to ask how she was. He had not written a note. He never appeared in the doorway, although she caught her breath any number of times because she thought that swift steps in the hallway might be his. She watched for mail. No messages came.

Days passed slowly. They got together and made a week, and the weeks marched into a month. Another month began.

The glory of the shining red hair didn't grow dim in her mind. The echo of the low, arrogant voice that never, in all the weeks she had heard it, had said one nice word to her, didn't lose its spell.

. . . . .

Jerry came one dusk. The lazy snowflakes were drifting against the window. The traffic lights in the street below were changing from red to green with the witchery of the gleam on a child's Christmas tree. Jerry stood in the doorway, as she had dreamed so many times that he would stand.

"Won't you come in?" she asked, after a long time that was really only the fraction of a second.

"Thank you. I won't disturb you long," Jerry said.

She motioned to a chair, but he ignored the gesture. He pulled an envelope from his pocket. "Here is the money for your expenses—hospital, nurses, doctor, all of it. I got the bill at the desk."

"But it's paid—"

"So they told me; but you can repay the donor, if you wish."

"I don't want your money. My debts aren't yours." Her face was white as the coverlet, her eyes were dark with pain, but she didn't know it. She knew only that he had come, and that in a moment he would be gone forever.

"But you're taking it!" Now he was angry too. "What kind of a cad do you think I am? That accident was my fault. I couldn't raise the amount until today. I'm sorry I kept you waiting. Now we're even."

"I won't accept it!" Cynthia's tones were as frosty as the stars that shone on the counterpane from the tallest window.

"It's my debt, I tell you. I always pay. If you want to marry Hampton, that's your business; but I want to know that you aren't doing it to meet a debt. I figured you felt the way I do about such matters."

She ignored the compliment, though a chord vibrated somewhere in her conscious mind.

"But I'm not marrying him!" With the reality of Jerry in the room she wondered how she ever had thought she could—even for a debt.

"Your money?"

"I'll work. I'll learn to dance fast. Oh, don't look at me like that! I'll be moved to a charity ward. Now! Today!"

She began to cry.

"Why aren't you marrying him?" Jerry persisted, and his voice was slower, quieter.

"Because I don't love him. Isn't that reason enough?"

"What will you do?"

"Why do you—want to know?" she asked because she didn't know how to answer. "Does it matter very much to you?"

"It does! You're a Cambert of Virginia, aren't you?"

The color came back to her white cheeks.

"You think that families should be drowned. You want me to suffer because I used to have a home. Maybe you never had one—"

"Stop!" His voice stung as though he had slapped her. She remembered that once she had wanted to slap him that way. "I know you have a family, position, blue blood, ancestors, everything I never had! I know I grew up on a dead-end street in the slums—"

Cynthia tried to interrupt, but his flaming voice could not stop.

"I had to fight my way up, shining shoes, selling papers, wondering what trees were like. They turned me out of the Children's Home when I was twelve. My mother died when I was seven. She used to be a dancer on the stage. She didn't forget that life held beauty. She told me about it sometimes.

"You wonder why I didn't go to digging ditches, driving a truck, or something. I wanted to dance because it was the only thing beautiful I'd ever heard about. Oh, the kids laughed at me and I broke their noses for doing it. But I'm going places!"

"Stop, stop! Oh, please stop," Cynthia was begging now.

He went on relentlessly. "That's why I took that job at the dancing joint. Think I like steering a lot of old dames over the floor? But I'm going up. I've got a vaudeville spot now—signed for it today—and then it's going to be Broadway, Hollywood— Being fired was the best thing that ever happened to me."

"Fired?"

This time Jerry answered her. "Fired! For trying to drag you back the night the boss wanted to let you go. Oh, I'll tell you about it, then I'm clearing out forever. Maybe it will give you a laugh. I fell in love with you. Right off the bat. I never had known any one like you. Just dreamed about such girls. My mother was that kind, too.

"But I knew what you would think of a boy from the slums. I loved you—and I hated you because you stood for the things I never had. Imagine you liking a man whose only picture of his mother was a nickel snapshot a street peddler took once! You with family ancestors marching down the wall by the stairway."

"How did you know?"

"I found out about you. I tried to be mean—I thought if you hated me I'd hate you too—that I'd be able to get over it!"

"And did you?" She asked the question so softly that the words stayed in the air for a moment.

He shook his head at last. "No."

"Did you—did you send these?" With intuition, feminine or divine, she lifted the bruised sweet peas from under her pillow. She knew by the sudden fright in his face that she had found the donor.

"I was hard up. I couldn't send very much—just a flower every morning. Well, I must move along. I'm sorry about the accident. And now I'll be going; I have a rehearsal."

He turned to the door.

"Wait!" Cynthia's voice rang like a bell. "Jerry, come back!"

"Cynthia!" He paused in sudden amazement, then came slowly to the bed. "Cynthia!"

She reached up, pulled him down, put her arms around the shining red head.

Suddenly the white curtains, the bare yellow walls, the metal bed were gone. The great lilac bush that had come that day disappeared, and in its place there was a tree of yellow roses—yellow roses that one could pick by leaning far, far out of a library window.

THE END

TO THE *Ladies*

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

FRANK M. CHAPMAN, Jr.

BECAUSE of an old family custom, one boy in every generation of Frank M. Chapman, Jr.'s family has to be named Lebbeus. Frank just missed it by a fluke, so Gladys Swarthout might have been Mrs. Lebbeus Chapman instead of Mrs. Frank. Gladys is glad it didn't happen that way, and Frank is gladder.

Their duet singing over the radio has been one of the big hits of recent months. Like Gladys, Frank is a singer of operatic attainment, but other experiences of his career have been those of a cowpuncher, partner in a publishing firm, and apprentice lawyer. Working as a ranch hand out West during college vacations, he learned the cattle-country songs he sometimes sings today. "Get Along, Little Dogie is the best," he says, "although it was written by a Broadway cowboy. It sounds more Western than the real thing."

His law knowledge helps him negotiate his wife's contracts; he even has one with her himself—a formal partnership covering all the details of their work together.

"But we never talk business at breakfast," he told me.

The dream of their life is one which I certainly hope will come true. They dream of buying an old Italian villa at Florence—when they can afford it—and of endowing one wing as a studio-home for American artists, musicians, writers.

"We'd like to give them the chance of knowing that city's wonderful inspiration," said Frank, "as we knew it ourselves."

That was where he and Gladys met—and fell in love.

● War pictures from Spain bring me numerous glimpses of my old friend, Julio Alvarez del Vayo, inspecting Loyalist troops. He is one of the Republican leaders in shell-torn Madrid. From old newspaper days in Berlin I remember good times with him and his lovely Swiss wife, Luisi. They were both talented linguists, familiar with half a dozen languages, but his pronunciations were at times bewildering, even to her. One day Luisi said to me, "As soon as I make up my mind that Julio is speaking English, I discover that he is speaking French."

What will become of them—all those cultured and liberal people who were my old Spanish friends? It is heartbreaking to think of them now, of their beautiful country destroyed, their kindly, gracious humor fused with the hatreds of war.

● At a palace reception held to celebrate the crowning of Napoleon, there was a perilous jam in the corridors from which ladies of the court were supposed to enter the reception hall. The doors opened outward, but the ladies were crowding against them so hard that no door could be budged. The master of ceremonies didn't know what to do. Napoleon told him. "Announce," said Napoleon, "that the ladies will be admitted according to age—and that the older ladies must come in first." This announcement was made, and the rush *away* from the doors permitted them to be opened with ease.

Coronations have always produced amusing stories, but not many Napoleons.

● An astute Parisian journalist has listed five little crimes that wives ought never to commit. These are things, he says, that all husbands *hate:*

1. Being talked to while shaving.
2. Being asked for money when busy or in a hurry.
3. Being whistled at, as a wordless reproof, in a superior, raised-eyebrow sort of way.
4. Listening to long telephone talks between women.
5. Waiting at the door while you linger by the hall mirror for a last-minute prink.

● Before long it may be proven scientifically that blonds are more lawless by nature than brunets. A Princeton professor of genetics, Dr. George H. Shull, has discovered through research that yellow coloring seems to lead plants and animals astray. By laboratory breeding he grew yellow variations of a plant normally green, and the blond vegetation did not conform with certain natural laws governing the rest of its kind. Same with yellow mice. Golden-blond mice, bred by science for experiment, were so greedy they ate themselves all out of shape, until they could no longer walk.

Which leads to a question: Are the blonds of our own acquaintance more unruly than the brunets?

● Enjoyed reading We Cover the World, a book of real-life thrills authored by sixteen foreign-news correspondents and edited by Eugene Lyons. (Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

● Have just tried this unusual Mexican recipe for eggs in green peppers, and found it *egg-cellent:* Split sweet green peppers lengthwise, remove seeds, fry 3 minutes in hot butter. Fry some fresh bread crumbs in butter and put 1 tablespoon in each green-pepper half. Dust with plenty of black pepper and salt. On hot squares of toasted bread lay very thin slices of fried ham. Slip a fried or poached egg into each green-pepper half. Top the ham-on-toast with the eggs-in-peppers and serve piping hot.

FAMILY SCANDAL

By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

ON board the S.S. America, returning to New York, where he is to marry Roberta Redmond, wealthy Bill Madison, Third, explorer and world-famous celebrity, meets ship's nurse Anne Moore, a childhood chum whose father had captained Bill's uncle's yacht. To the lovely red-headed Anne the reunion marks the fulfillment of a lifetime of dreams, begun long before an accident during a storm crippled her father, caused his dismissal from duties as captain, and retired him to the scanty livelihood of running a coal barge. To Bill, it offers an opportunity—after he hears Anne's story—to help her and her family.

Anne's joy is short-lived, however. Harriet Vail, an attractive girl Bill had met on the trip, and Dr. Delaney, Anne's superior, surprise the pair during their happy reunion on deck. The doctor reprimands Anne for the breach of rules, while Harriet, sensing the loss of the happiness, wealth, and glamour she hopes to gain through Bill's friendship, hurries to his side.

That night Dr. Delaney visits Anne in her room and warns her against "playboy" Bill Madison. "He's paying the passage of that girl with him on deck tonight," the doctor adds, and tries to force his own attentions on the infuriated Anne. When she orders him from her room on threat of calling a steward, he tells her to decide between his attentions and losing her job.

Anne chooses the latter, and writes a note to Bill, asking him not to interfere. The next morning, about landing time, Bill receives Anne's note and a telegram. The telegram reads:

FORGIVE ME BILL BUT YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN TOO YOUNG FOR ME STOP YOUR FATHER AND I WERE MARRIED SECRETLY THIS MORNING ROBERTA REDMOND MADISON

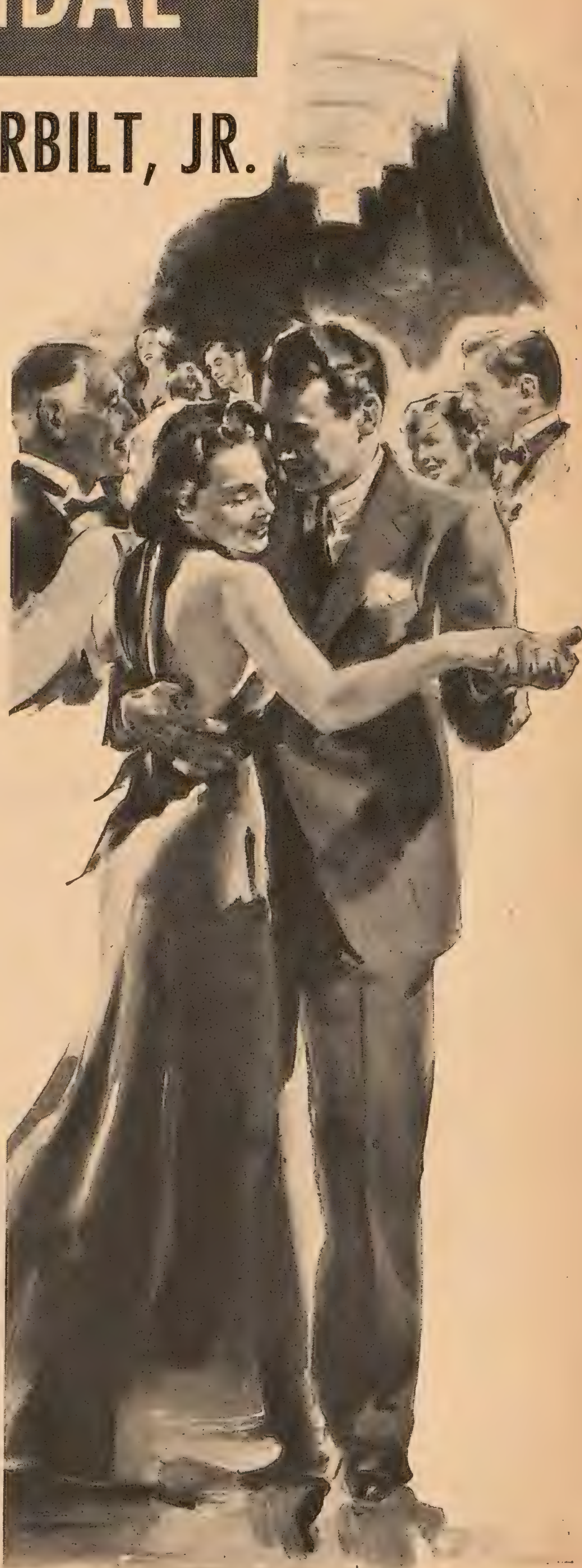
PART TWO—THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

IT was early evening of the day that the S.S. America docked. In the cabin of the coal barge, the Annie B. Moore, tied up at Pier 5, East River, sat Anne Moore with her family under the glimmering kerosene lamp. She laughed, she joked, as she handed out cheap presents, and she kept a stiff upper lip. She wouldn't break the awful news that she had lost her job—not on her first night home! Not with her mother looking so tired but so pleased to see her. Not with the youngsters looking so shabby. Not with dad limping about, the chip on his shoulder as big as ever, ranting against the rich, against this Madison that the papers were so full of—nephew of old Van Ryder—curse the day he'd ever seen one of that tribe or set foot on any craft belonging to them!

"But, dad, Bill Madison didn't make the storm that hurt you!" It had slipped out. Anne hadn't meant ever again to speak Bill's name. It was as if she had had to do it to see if it would hurt.

☆ Young hearts..old fortunes.. tangled lives and loves..in a swiftly-paced novel of today

"I'm too tired tonight to figure it out," he said. "Let's just dance."



Her father raged. "*Bill* indeed . . . my own daughter against me! . . . Don't ever let me catch you . . . I suppose you met him on shipboard!"

But she hardly heard him, nor her mother's fluttering protests. Because this night there was another weight on Anne's heart as heavy as the loss of her job. Not so much a weight, perhaps, as a sick emptiness. Her sweet foolish childhood dream had died, had been carried out to burial. . . . Let it go! Don't even visit the grave! . . . Anne assured herself that she would never again even think of Bill Madison.

. . . . .

Meanwhile, in the stuffy dining room of a Brooklyn tenement, Mr. and Mrs. Vallero and their two grown sons ate roast pork. The men were in shirt sleeves; Mrs. Vallero wore an apron over her best dress—donned in honor of Harriet's home-coming. After Harriet's second telephone call, however—that she wouldn't even be there for dinner—Mrs. Vallero had considered changing into something older. But maybe her girl would change her mind, would pop in at any minute to surprise her! Besides, the menfolks were hungry; they'd waited long enough.

"I'll dish it up," she said, smiling as though there had been nothing wrong. "Too bad Hattie should miss this dinner! All her favorite things!"

The boys suggested that the food at the Ritz, or wherever it was that their elegant sister was eating, might not be too hard to take.

Mrs. Vallero said nothing. Mr. Vallero, mumbling "Nonsense!" tackled his meal. So did the boys. But somehow Mrs. Vallero's appetite wasn't so good tonight. She pushed the pork about on her plate but she didn't put much of it in her plump mouth.

"Perhaps," she ventured, "we should have met the boat after all, yes?"

"And lose the Goldstein wedding trade? No!" roared Mr. Vallero—who had been thinking the same thing but, since the original decision not to go to the boat had been his, wouldn't admit it. "Hattie don't need her mama and papa to get her on the subway! . . . She should leave her swell friends and come home her first night back! . . . A nice thing this is!" Mr. Vallero's face was very red. "What do we say to Joe and Lena and the Carrillos when they come in to see her?"

Mrs. Vallero, swallowing her own sense of betrayal and desertion, bristled to her daughter's defense. "Tell them the truth! Say she went to a party with Mr. William Madison!"

AT that moment Bill Madison, Third, self-appointed head of the newly formed Rain-Checked Bachelors, was rolling up Fifth Avenue. At least, the taxis containing him, Harriet, and their still-united group of ship friends were rolling. But had Bill been navigating on his own two feet, he would still have been rolling. He was getting himself bottled as rapidly as possible.

The telegram from Roberta hadn't achieved this—not solely. Bill took that almost like the hero he was supposed to be. He pocketed the bit of yellow paper on shipboard, stood very still for several minutes—like a prizefighter shaking off a punch that should have been the K. O. Then he turned to escape. To find solitude, some place where he might think! . . . Dad . . . Roberta . . . God! It didn't make sense! It— He brought himself up short. He wasn't alone. Harriet Vail was there in front of him. He had almost run over her.

"Anything I can do, Bill?"

"Thanks, no. That is—"

Bill was no actor. His eyes were so clear, so honest, that in them Harriet could see a whole house of cards collapsing.

Her regard goaded him to action. The thing had to be carried off one way or another. If he wasn't to have time to think, then he'd stop thinking!

"Let's get a drink," he said.

"Stirrup cup?"

"Yes—to a great many things! Let's get started!"

He drank four Scotch-with-water-chasers as swiftly as one downs medicine. After those, he became less irritated by his consciousness of Harriet's uncomprehending but intense sympathy.

"You might as well know—" he began abruptly. . . . "Here—read this."

He handed her the telegram. "No, don't say anything! Nothing much to say, is there?"

Harriet realized there wasn't—or was there?

The ship's engines shuddered, panted, gave up the ghost—like a dying dinosaur. All was commotion.

"What are you going to do, Bill?"

"Get off the boat. It seems to have stopped."

"Of course. . . . You're in M," she said, as they entered the cavernous wharf together. "I'm way down in V. But I have so little luggage that I'll be through long before you. Shall I come up and join you?" Her breath caught as she suggested this. She tried not to look too eager.

"Why—yes. Yes. Do that. So long!"

Harriet, finished with customs inspection in exactly five minutes, traversed the grimy foot-chilling wharf. Cold here, dark, exciting! Commotion, emotion, arrivals, departures! If only life could always be like this! Never to stand still! Never to go back to dullness! . . . . Harriet drew a deep breath, pulled her jade-green hat more rakishly over her eye, set her lips.

U . . . T . . . S . . . R . . . Q P . . . O . . . N . . . M! A crowd was there about Bill. Not of prying inspectors—oh, no. For Bill Madison everything had been arranged. These smiling men were dignitaries and reporters—the latter, inevitable parasites of greatness. Harriet knew their ilk, envied them. They made their living on the bark of the great, yet, like the parasite mistletoe, they gave a lot of thrill to a great many people.

Harriet waited discreetly. Just when she hoped she had caught Bill's eye, the cries of newsboys, beyond the fence dividing customs from the rest of the wharf, caught all ears: "William Madison, Senior, Marries Son's Fiancée! Extry! Extry!"

Bill's face paled. So did those of the dignitaries. And those of the reporters. . . . It was a scoop. Only one paper had it. . . . Embarrassing for all concerned! . . . The press surged toward Bill like maelstrom waters. He stood, a rock in their midst.

He whispered instructions to his secretary. Then he turned to the tormenting tide that eddied to submerge him. "Gentlemen, you'll forgive me *now*, I know. I'm delaying here too long. I must go to my father and—mother!"

That was good! Admiringly they opened a way for him—not much of a one; many of them still pushed and babbled at him. But Bill strode through. Again he almost ran over Harriet.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. And she knew, sickeningly, that he wasn't terribly glad to see her. She also knew, however, that she had her place in his present scheme of things—or could make it.

"Bill," she said, with sudden brilliance, "let's collect the gang—quick—before they scatter! Let's go places, do things, *show* people!"

. . . . .

Which is what they had been doing since luncheon at the Colony and cocktails in the Persian and the Rainbow rooms. . . . Bill had—with spiritual disgust but mental braggadocio—spurred himself on to deeper, vaster forgetfulness. . . . Lord! If you couldn't hide yourself in the impenetrability of a jungle, or cut yourself adrift on the wideness of the sea, you could at least drink yourself into a state as confused as any jungle and as wet as the Atlantic, Pacific, Indian oceans, the Congo River, and a couple of swell African lakes all deluged together! You could even reach an island where you couldn't hear newsboys bellow

(Continued on page 26)

"MOBILGAS, PLEASE"

1,000 a Minute Stop for America's Largest-Selling Gasoline!

Mobilgas
SOCONY-VACUUM

REMEMBER THESE FACTS NEXT TIME YOU BUY GAS

WHAT'S the "Biggest" state in the U.S.A.? Texas, of course! The "Biggest" river? Mississippi. The "Biggest" building? Empire State.

Now here's one! What's the "Biggest-Selling" Gasoline in America? You're right . . . it's MOBILGAS!

Frankly, the purpose of this ad is to put over that point . . . and *to get you to try* MOBILGAS in your car.

It's America's favorite gasoline because it develops more power . . . runs smoother . . . saves money!

Gasoline as good as that is *worth* trying, isn't it? Fill up with Mobilgas, today . . . at the "Flying Red Horse" sign.

MOBILOIL AND MOBILGAS

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

(Continued from page 24)

and couldn't see how many damn Mr. and Mrs. Publics stared at you!

"He won't remember any of this tomorrow," one of Bill's old friends told Harriet. "Craziest man I've ever seen for that. Looks sober enough, can walk, talk; but next day it's almost always a blank."

The group had reached Armando's, and Bill had ordered corsages of white violets for the girls, carnations for the men. Because, he explained, "This is my Rain-Checked Bachelor's dinner!"

It was at Armando's that he began to realize what a really beautiful Spanish rebel Harriet was. The leopard-skin walls of the place made a gorgeous background for her shining black head. And not even the licking flames under the glass dancing floor held brighter brilliance than her dark eyes. . . . A man could forget a lot of things with a girl who looked like a Spanish rebel—

He told her so in the Basque Village of "21." . . . Harriet's eyes burned even brighter. . . . And in the taxi riding toward the Stork Club she held his hand, while a strange smile played about the corners of her mouth.

• • • • •

An hour before this time, in the cramped kerosene-smelling cabin of the Annie B. Moore, the atmosphere had become very strained. Largely because Anne's brother Harry had gone out and got the evening papers—with their Madison marriage headlines.

"That's the way they do things!" Captain Moore had pointed out. "Father marries son's girl! No decency. Things like that are always happening among the rich!"

"Oh, it seems too cruel!" Anne had cried.

"Taking his side again, are you? Look here, Annie," her father peered at her suspiciously. "Just what is the fellow to you? Do you know him well?"

Anne told reluctantly the little episode of their meeting.

"Mmph!" said her father. "Well, don't let me catch him around here!"

"Don't worry—you won't. I'll never see him again!"

Anne's mother surreptitiously studied her daughter's face. Something was very wrong! She became determinedly sprightly. "Anne dear," she suggested, "how would you like to go to the movies—to celebrate? I'm tired, but Harry could—"

A knock on the door relieved all, and a large pleasant young man burst in.

"Steve!"

"Anne! Welcome, stranger! How's it feel to be back? . . . Hello, Mrs. Moore! . . . Hi-yah, cap'n? . . . Harry? Betsy? . . . Cigar, cap'n?"

Captain Moore accepted.

THE visitor turned to Mrs. Moore. "I know it's Anne's first night home! But I've been parked in my Chevvy for an hour out here to give you people a chance at her. And now I thought maybe—where her stay is so short—Boat sails again day after tomorrow, doesn't it, Anne?—that you'd let me steal her for a while. . . . How about it, Anne? Let's go places! The farm in Jersey's doing fine. I'm—well—I better not boast or the cap'n'll hate me for a bloated plutocrat! But I'm not so hard up!"

Anne was so grateful to Steve, faithful friend of years, for rescuing her at this moment, that her smiles, her sweetness made his head spin.

"When you look at me that way," he told her, as he headed his car uptown, "you raise my hopes! . . . How about it, Anne? Still insist on nursing? Or will you knock off and let me take care of you and the kids?"

Anne, looking at his capable hands on the steering wheel—hands which daily plucked an unbelievable number of chickens on his successful poultry farm—felt small and suddenly tired. It would be so easy! . . . All she'd have to do would be to tell him she'd lost her job, and the way she felt tonight, she'd be saying yes to his insistence two minutes after! . . . She looked up at him, ready to tell him.

He, not knowing how near victory was, spoiled it by speaking. "I could be so good to you! Everything's going so well now! Of course I'll never be a Rockefeller or a Madison, but I'll have enough."

In spite of herself, Anne could see the top deck of the S. S. America and the tall dark man laughing there. And she thought, No, poor Steve'll never be a Madison! . . . But I wouldn't want him to be one, would I? He's fine; he's honest. . . . So honest that—would it be fair to go to him without love? . . . Maybe it would be; maybe he wants me enough. . . . But—I can't decide now; I'm too tired.

"Wait, Steve, a little while longer," she begged finally.

"Then there's hope?"

She nodded. Unaccountably, tears rose to her eyes.

Steve, exuberant, drew up before a grilled entranceway. "I never had more cause to celebrate in all my life!" he exclaimed. "This is the Stork Club. It's tops, my brother says. We'll go the limit, Anne. I want you to have anything your little heart desires!"

What happened in the Stork Club would never be completely understood by any of those in the little drama.

• • • • •

In Steve's eyes, it was like this: He and Anne were at their table, drinks in front of them. Anne looked sweeter than he'd ever seen her—in her thin black dancing dress. She seemed a little sad, though, he thought—so he set about cheering her up. He told her all the decent jokes he knew, told her about the farm, danced with her.

Then a group of guests not in evening clothes came in.

"That's Bill Madison!" some one whispered.

STEVE looked at him, wondering how it felt to be so rich and famous. He started to wonder this aloud to Anne, when, to his amazement, he saw a flush rising from the base of her throat up over her cheeks. Her gaze was fastened on the party of newcomers. Steve followed it, and saw Madison heading straight toward Anne's and his table.

"I'm an old, old friend of Anne's," Madison explained. "May I take her away for one dance? I promise to be eternally grateful. . . . Anne?"

Anne went, although with enough real reluctance to make him, Steve, feel happier about the interruption.

They didn't dance long either. And, as far as Steve was concerned, that was that. . . . The rest of the evening was perfect. Anne's spirits were almost hysterically gay.

Anne's view of the matter was this: When Bill took her in his arms, her heart pounded in her throat. Yet her manner was cold to the point of iciness.

He danced well but with a very slight unsteadiness. And at first he said nothing. Finally he broke the silence:

"Did you lose your job?"

She nodded.

"I'm sorry. May I get you another one?"

She shook her head vehemently.

"Stubborn wench, aren't you!"

"Little brother to working girls, aren't you!"

He frowned. "That sounds like slander—but I'm too tired tonight to figure it out. Let's just dance—"

They danced in silence.

"The first time we meet in years, Anne," he murmured at last, "I'm half blind! The second time, I'm slightly drunk! I promise the third time I'll be all there!"

"There won't be—a third time," she said.

"Wrong! There'll be many more times! And no stubborn redhead is going to contradict."

Anne didn't smile at this. The music came to an end. Bill pushed her from him to look into her eyes.

"You liked me on the ship. Now you don't. What's wrong?"

"Nothing—nothing at all. . . . And now I must go back to Steve."

Bill took leave of her, know-

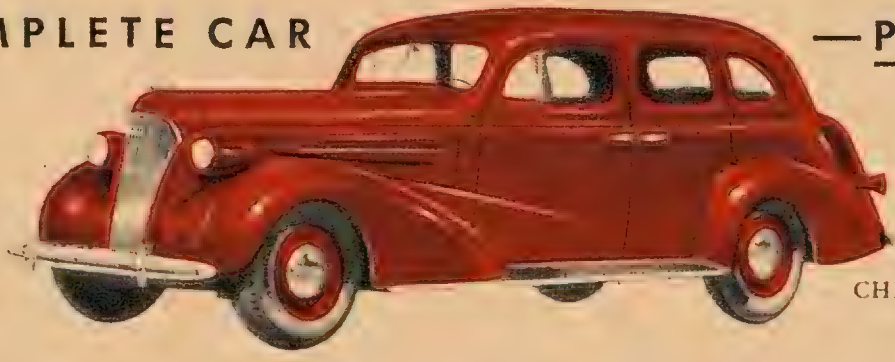
(Continued on page 28)

"And when the boy grows older – he'll be just as comfortable and safe in a

KNEE-ACTION CHEVROLET!"

CHEVROLET We'll venture to say that this boy won't permit himself to become very much older without clamoring for his first ride in that wonderful new Chevrolet! And his parents are right! He *will* be every bit as comfortable in a Knee-Action Chevrolet* as he is in his bed at home. And he'll be *safe,* too! For Knee-Action levels out the ride, keeps the car steady on any road and at any speed, gives the driver *better steering* and *better control* than he could possibly have without it. Visit your nearest Chevrolet dealer today and order the only low-priced car that has Knee-Action*—the new 1937 Chevrolet!

THE ONLY COMPLETE CAR —PRICED SO LOW



CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE—NEW ALL-SILENT, ALL-STEEL BODIES—NEW DIAMOND CROWN SPEEDLINE STYLING—PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES—IMPROVED GLIDING KNEE-ACTION RIDE*—SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND—GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION—SUPER-SAFE SHOCKPROOF STEERING*. *Knee-Action and Shockproof Steering on Master De Luxe models only. General Motors Installment Plan—monthly payments to suit your purse.

(Continued from page 26)

ing, however, as he walked from her table, that he had left something undone. . . . Maybe she'd dance with him again before the evening was over. Maybe they'd even join his party. He'd straighten out whatever it was—if his brain was clear enough. . . . He'd better slow up on the drinking.

But Harriet had, from the arms of her dancing partner, watched the little scene. She didn't like it. She just, instinctively, couldn't trust that redhead! Therefore, when Bill reached his table, he found the entire group ready to go. One of Bill's friends had suggested El Morocco.

"Oh, all right." Bill turned to search the floor. He saw Anne's bright head moving in the dancing throng. But she didn't see him.

"All right," he said again, following his party.

One of the men whispered to Harriet. She nodded and turned back to Bill.

"You forgot to pay the check," she reminded.

"So I did. Can't have parties without paying checks!"

• • • • •

Bill came to with the worst hangover he had ever experienced. He was on a camp bed in a tiny shack. Pine walls leaped at him, danced up and down, gamboled away. The ceiling itself tossed about like a raft at sea. A crimson blanket over his long form reminded him of something. What? . . . Harvard football in the days when he'd played halfback! . . . "O'er the stands, in flaming crimson, Harvard banners fly." Lord, that had been a long time ago!

He turned to study the view of water and woods out the uncurtained window. The movement split his head wide open from the base of his brain to his temples, where the hammers of Hades were pounding. Groaning, he closed his eyes.

If I lie very still, thought he, one of two things will happen! I'll either remember where I am and how I got here—or all this will turn out to be a dream—and I'll wake up—where? . . . Where will I wake up? Bill demanded of himself.

At that, the hammers pounded faster. Drums began to beat in Bill's brain. They were marshaling his thoughts for attack. . . . And here it came! . . . Roberta and dad! Roberta had married dad! Incredible! But Bill remembered it was true! And, yes—there on the rough pine table beside him lay the crumpled telegram that had been handed him an hour before the boat docked. He didn't have to look at it. He knew the words: "Forgive me Bill but you have always been too young for me stop Your father and I were married secretly this morning. Roberta Redmond Madison."

ROBERTA REDMOND *MADISON!* Bill moaned. . . . . Another week and that's what *he* would have made her! Why had she done it? How had he failed her? . . . She hated the sea—the jungle, but he could have taught her! He had looked forward to it. And he'd even been ready to do all the things that she wanted! Newport, Palm Beach, Pinehurst, Aiken, a Park Avenue apartment. He would even have opened up the show place on Fifth Avenue where his mother and father—

His father! Bill groaned afresh. "Your father and I were married—" . . . Somehow the father part of it hurt more than the Roberta. . . . Bill laughed bitterly. Hadn't she bet, before he sailed, that she'd have dad eating out of her hand? . . . She certainly had won her bet!

Bill sat bolt upright, reached for the telephone.

"I'm calling New York," he said.

He gave his home telephone number.

"This number? How should I know! Reverse the charges. . . . William Madison. . . . Yes—M as in mad!" . . .

"Hullo! Travers?"

"Welcome home, sir," the voice said gloomily, yet with a kind of controlled excitement—unusual for Travers. "Your father felt that in time you'd call."

"In time?" Bill rumpled his hair. "Travers, what day is today?"

"Wednesday, sir."

Bill swore. The boat had docked Monday!

"Travers, do you know where I am?"

"We haven't the foggiest idea, sir. Even the papers lost you. Your father has—"

"Travers, where is my father?"

"In Palm Beach, sir. He flew down with—Mrs. Madison."

"Thank you, Travers. That will be all."

"But, sir!"

Bill dropped the receiver back. He summoned Central again, gave a Palm Beach number.

He waited. So many voices took up his call that Bill couldn't help but think of the old army song—"The private speaks to the corporal; the corporal speaks to the sergeant; the—" In fact, he was humming it when finally he heard his father's voice.

BILL sobered. His tone was bitter. "Congratulations, dad—to you and my new—mother!"

The connection was bad. Bill heard spluttering. Then—"Where are you, you young idiot?"

"Exactly what *I'd* like to know!" Bill shouted.

"What?"

"I'm an idiot . . . to have gone off and left Roberta with a handsome rival! But don't let me interrupt your honeymoon! I just called to give you both—"

"Shut up, you chump!" The connection was better, then became garbled. ". . . What's happened to you? Pretty mess . . . papers . . . full of it! . . . Thought you'd recovered from jungle fever!" . . . sputter, sputter . . . "Better come down here or get in touch with the nearest brain specialist . . . lawyers . . . after my sacrifice for you!"

"*Your sacrifice!*" Bill raged. "Are you trying to tell me you married the most gorgeous woman in the United States to save *me?* . . . Now I *am* crazy. I'll have Central get me a brain specialist! And one for you. Good-by, dad! Too bad I didn't see you and—mother in church!"

Bill hung up against the most irate buzzing, swearing line static that he had ever heard.

"I don't think Roberta is good for father," he said solemnly, putting the telephone on the table. Then a twisted smile made a wry mask of his face. "A pretty figure you cut, Bill, my boy! Conquering hero returns to be jilted by a hundred-pound blonde *and* a man almost sixty! . . . Dad! . . . God! . . . And he calls it *sacrifice!*"

Bill slid his fingers through his dark hair. Then, determinedly, he got out of bed to stand on the still slightly swaying floor.

"Poisoned in Peiping, robbed in Leningrad, shot in Madrid, downed by jungle fever in Ubangi-Shari-Chad, you have to touch your native shores to have a thing like this happen to you!"

He pulled on a new dressing gown, miraculously ready at hand, and opened the latched pine door into the living-dining quarters of the establishment. He saw a bleak wall-boarded room that made the mistake of aping a small-time country club.

"What a dump! Only one explanation for it—I've been kidnaped!" Bill said in disgust.

Spring wind was pouring in from an open doorway. Bill walked toward it; then drew back quickly. Outside—in what looked to be almost noon sunlight—stood Harriet Vail! On her head perched her jaunty jade-green hat; she was carefully made up but she looked scared—an expression foreign to her nature.

Bill struck his forehead with the flat of his hand. The whole thing was disgustingly clear! He even thought he could remember bits of it—flitting scenes. . . . He'd got drunk of course! On ship? Later? It didn't matter. Obviously he'd done a thorough

(Continued on page 30)

YOUR FAMILY DESERVES A CAR THAT'S SAFE!

PROTECTED INSIDE

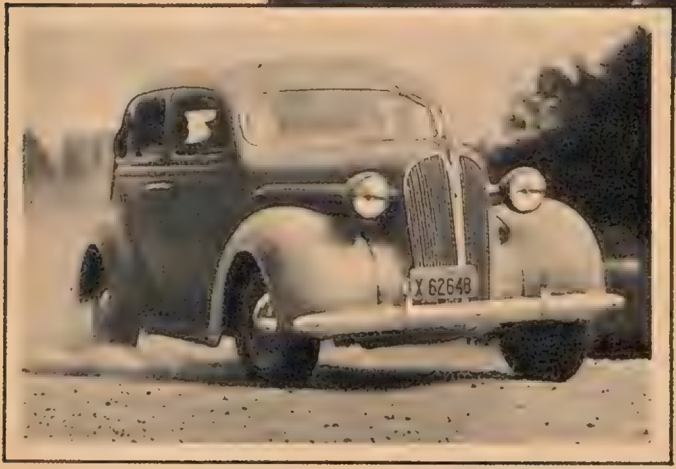
Plymouth's NEW Safety Interior is a new idea in passenger protection. Door handles are curved *in* . . . all projections recessed into instrument panel . . . back of front seat rolled and padded.

SAFER STEERING

Safety is engineered into Plymouth's new-design steering. Greater ease of handling also makes parking a cinch!

SAFEST BRAKES built are Plymouth's...100% hydraulic—DOUBLE-ACTING. No "jerk"—BETTER CONTROL!

ALL-STEEL BODY. Steel all around you . . . over you . . . under you . . . welded in ONE UNIT. And it *stays quiet.*

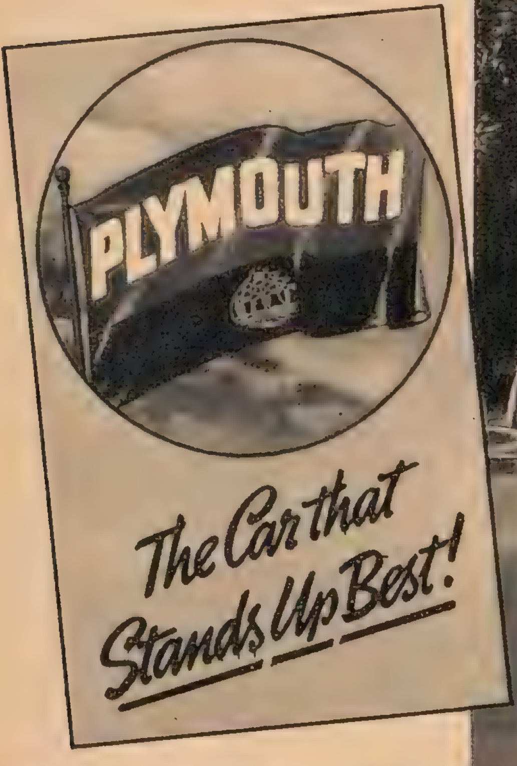


Plymouth's BRAKES, BODY and INTERIOR make it Safest

DEMAND safety first when you buy a car. That means PLYMOUTH! In addition to the utmost safety, you also get the utmost comfort in a Plymouth. New airplane-type shock-absorbers . . . Floating Power engine mountings . . . new scientific soundproofing all combine to eliminate noise and vibration from Plymouth . . . give you a smooth, quiet, restful ride.

Largest of "All Three" low-priced cars, Plymouth still costs least to run. And it stands up best—as its high resale value proves.

LOOK at "All Three" from *All Angles.* You'll find the *Best Buy* is Plymouth! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.



PLYMOUTH
The Car that Stands Up Best!

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST— Commercial Credit Company has made available, through Chrysler, De Soto and Dodge dealers—terms which make it easy to buy a new Plymouth.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—Columbia network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 p. m., E. D. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Menagree
IN 62 COUNTRIES

● *More* men wear Jantzen trunks. Not only in America, but in 62 countries around the globe. Why? Because they fit better than any other trunks ever made, and retain that fit *permanently* through the magic of Jantzen-Stitch. Because they are highly styled, very smart, and always a step in advance. Because they have exclusive day-long comfort and appearance features found in no other trunks. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada.

The Streamliner [illustrated] 3.95
Other Jantzen Trunks 2.95 to 5.95

Jantzen
MOLDED-FIT SWIMMING SUITS

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 331, Portland, Oregon.
Please send me style folder in color showing new 1937 models.
WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

Name

Street City

(Continued from page 28)

job of it, whenever and however. . . . Harriet had been in the party. Yes, he could remember dancing with her somewhere—could see her pale face with her dark eyebrows. There'd been leopard skin behind her. He'd told her she was a Spanish rebel! Maybe he'd made love to her, too. Probably! He couldn't remember. . . . But to carry it this far! Messy business! He should have had more sense even in his cups than to take a girl off alone like this! He'd done awful things before but never anything quite so stupid!

Harriet, as though suddenly conscious of his eyes on her, turned and faced the shack. She hesitated, then started toward it.

Bill bolted for the bedroom, where he dressed hurriedly. He was in no condition to meet a situation—especially one where explanations and apologies were going to be necessary. But if he had to face Harriet, he could at least do it better in a suit than he could in pajamas and dressing gown!

As he pulled on his suit coat, paper crackled in his pocket. He took out a letter. Anne Moore's note! One thing he'd meant to handle immediately on getting off the ship! And now look at him! Here it was Wednesday, and he'd made no move in her behalf. . . . Wait! Hadn't she been on the party too? He could see her red curls, her sweet face, feel her dancing in his arms! . . . But no, she couldn't have been there. That much he surely must have dreamed! A sweet dream! . . . He'd go to his aunt at once—get her to help Anne.

He heard Harriet's step. Thrusting the note into his pocket, he went into the living-dining room. . . . There she stood, hat off, apprehensive smile on her face, and on the table before her steamed a cup of black coffee and a coffeepot.

"Florence Nightingale herself!" said Bill, lifting the life-giving liquid to his lips.

HARRIET sat on a gaudy swinging couch and watched Bill silently. He drank three cups of black elixir.

"Now," he demanded, leaning back in the rustic chair, "my mind is a blank! It's an old failing. . . . Give!"

Harriet "gave." She began with the ship, sparing no detail. Her style was vivid, exaggerated and colored to suit herself—as befitted a young journalist. She covered everything.

At the Stork Club episode, Bill slapped his knee. "Then she was there!" he murmured. "I thought I'd dreamed it!"

Harriet raised her eyebrows. "Yes, she was!" she said abruptly, and went on.

"Wait!" said Bill. "I'm remembering bits now! Didn't something happen at El Morocco? Some waiter? He spoke—yes, he did—to you! He was quite unpleasant. He—"

"You're imagining!" protested Harriet. Her pale face flushed slightly under Bill's puzzled gaze.

"There was something," he insisted stubbornly.

"Oh, yes, I remember!" she laughed. "We weren't dressed in dinner clothes! He—they—wanted to move us back—out of sight. A—rule of the place, you know!"

Bill sensed that she was lying but decided to skip it. Who was he to throw stones!

"And after El Morocco?" he prompted.

"After that, even I got a little foggy."

"*Even* you? Then you were staying sober?"

"Oh, but *no!*" She laughed. "I was merely soberer than some! After El Morocco, the party split up. . . . It was late. . . . And then you suddenly insisted on getting your car. Said you wanted to drive to Palm Beach to congratulate your new mother! I was worried about you, didn't want you to drive, so I trailed along."

BUT this isn't Palm Beach," objected Bill.

"No, we're on the Maryland shore. This shack belongs to friends of mine. I brought you here yesterday to sober up. You've slept almost twenty-four hours . . . and you do feel better, don't you?"

"I'm beginning to," Bill admitted. But his mind was seething. *Why* had she handled the situation this way? *Why* hadn't she phoned his home? Travers would have—etc., etc. . . . No, that was unfair. The girl had probably done her best under trying circumstances.

"You're a peach," he said. "Thank you for playing nurse. I apologize for everything. I must have been a damn nuisance! How on earth did you handle me?"

"I talked to you."

"That's right, soapbox speeches—politics, art, life are your line!"

"You told me that Monday. You"—she eyed him intently—"you said I was the most eloquent woman you'd ever met. Said you'd never tire of listening to me. . . . You gave me a check, quite a large one, for my independent artists' group. Don't you remember?"

Bill flushed. He was angry now. This had been done to him so often! Money, money! Lord, the tricks people played to get it! Then he controlled himself. The girl had doubtless earned it.

"I'm afraid Monday and yesterday are regrettable blanks," he apologized. "I obviously wasn't making sense. But you're completely welcome to the check!"

"Thank you, Bill." Her bright hard eyes were suddenly shining. She rose, and pulled a tiny handful of torn blue paper from her pocket.

"I couldn't accept it, Bill. It was too mean an advantage to take!"

"Now, you *are* a sport! But I insist!" He stood up, smiled down into her white beautiful face. I should kiss her, he thought. It's what she wants. But things are complicated enough! . . . He scooped the torn check into his hand, examined the pieces, whistled. "I *was* in an expansive mood, wasn't I? But that's all right. What else did I try to do?"

"Don't you remember anything?"

He shook his head.

She studied him intently, then shrugged. "You wanted to get Al Smith to sell you the Empire State Building for a—nurses' home."

Bill thought of Anne.

"I must get back to New York at once!" he said. "There's something I meant to do the minute I landed."

Harriet guessed what was coming. "I know! You talked about her at length Monday night."

Bill laughed. "I gather that on Monday I was a prize bore! . . . Forgive me! I apologize."

"You needn't, Bill." There was a caress in her voice, a light in her eyes that made Bill suddenly feel uneasy.

He became very brisk. "We must get going! Lord, the things waiting for me to do in New York!" He started toward the bedroom door, then turned back. "Harriet, do me a favor," he begged, smiling at her. "Let me rewrite that check for your artists' group! It's little enough to show my appreciation of all the annoyance you've been put to in the last couple of days!"

HE went into the bedroom. And when he returned with his checkbook, she was standing exactly as he had left her. Her inertia annoyed him.

"I must get going!" he said. "What are your plans? Are you staying here? New York?"

"I'll go along with you," she said in a choked voice.

"Fine!" He was busily writing the check. "Now, what's the name of your group?—Band of Untrammeled Workers. There! And now we'll go back to New York—"

Harriet suddenly came to life. The softness, the bewilderment, the hurt look that had been in her eyes gave way to a blaze of impatient anger. "So! Now that you've paid me off, we rush back to New York, where you plan to buy Empire State Buildings for pretty nurses. . . . Oh, no, it isn't that easy, Bill Madison! You're going to leave that girl alone!"

"Just what have you got to do with it?"

She gasped. "I can't believe it! You're pretending! You must be!"

Bill, suddenly cold, sick all over, had a premonition of what was coming. "What is it, Harriet?"

"You married me in Elkton, Maryland, yesterday!"

Harriet has won her goal—but at what cost to Bill? And—looking back on the telephone conversation with his father—evidently the bad news has spread! Will Bill attempt to wield the power of his money to free himself? Suppose Harriet refuses? Next week's installment brings some startling decisions.

HOLD EVERYTHING, *Mr. Scrub-Hard!*

Good brushing is important—but teeth can't really sparkle without the right tooth paste

Change to

PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE

containing **IRIUM**

Gently floats away ugly film stains—wins flashing natural luster for teeth

● You'll be positively *thrilled* when you see how this new dentifrice discovery actually makes your daily brushing *extra* effective!

IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—*steps up* the cleaning power of tooth paste. It helps polish your teeth to a gleaming natural luster you never thought possible!

Because of IRIUM, Pepsodent Tooth Paste provides a smooth, gentle washing action that speedily loosens dingy film and floats it away like *magic*. You clean your teeth quicker, easier. Good brushing gets *results*—in teeth that sparkle with lovely, natural brilliance.

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds *quickly* to your brush—cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that *shows up* old-fashioned methods.

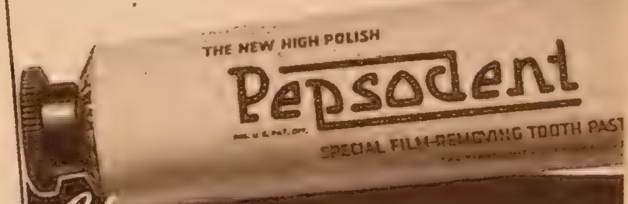
Your teeth feel clean and stay bright much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it! You'll no longer be a Disappointed Scrub-Hard.

All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM.

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent requires NO SOAP. .
contains NO GRIT. . NO PUMICE
—Safe!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent gently floats film away
—restores natural luster.
—Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent Tooth Paste leaves your
mouth feeling clean and wholesome.
—Refreshing!



Change to
PEPSODENT
IT ALONE CONTAINS **IRIUM**

Stop taking it on the CHIN!

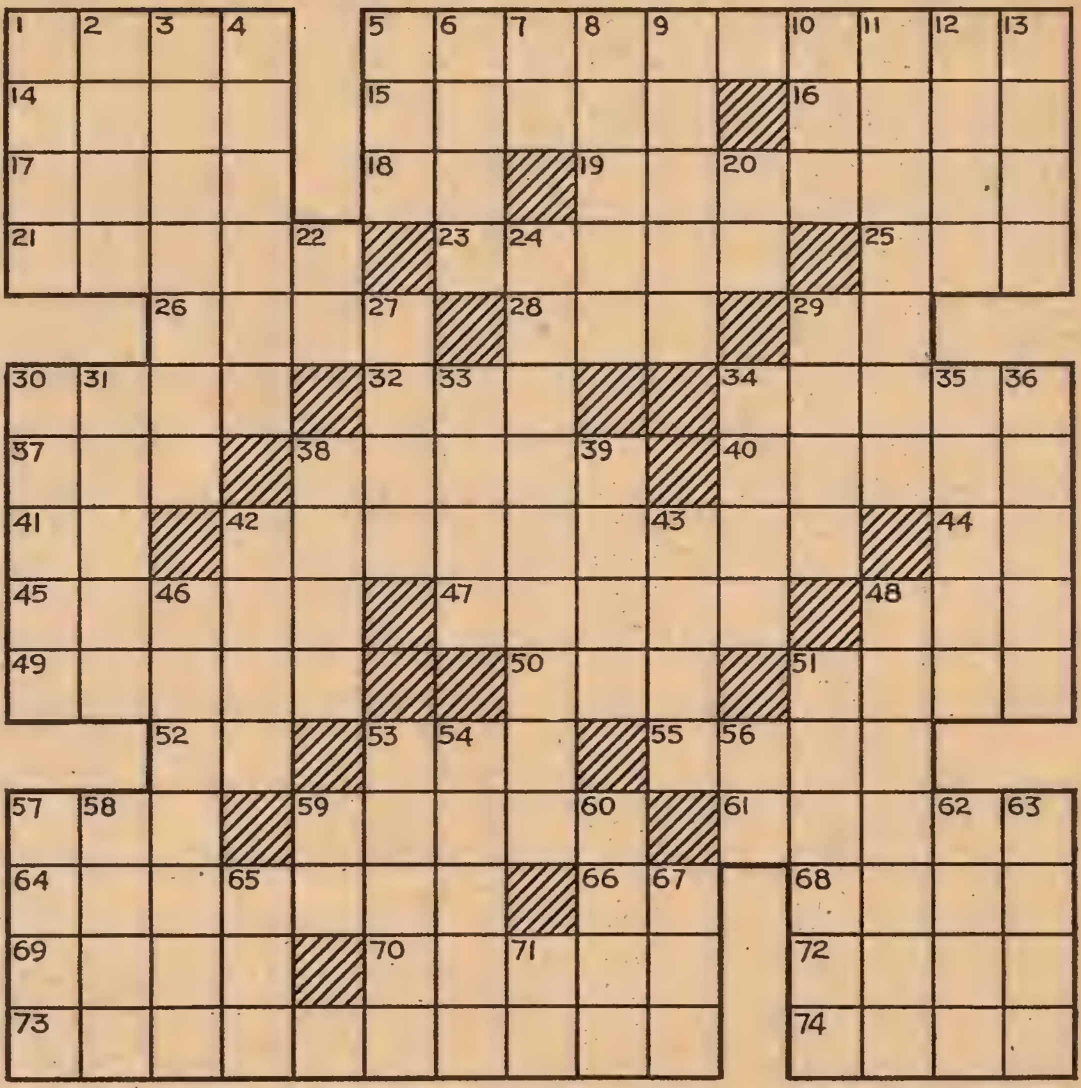
End your shaving troubles THIS WAY

Men . . . there's a *new* way to shave—and it's better! Better because it gives you a shave for *your* particular type of beard and skin. You see—your skin and whiskers tend to be either oily or dry, even if only a little; and each of these two types of skin needs a different shaving cream. That's why we make *two* creams. If your skin and beard are oily, use Mennen *Lather* Shave—it removes excess oil from your beard more quickly, wilts your whiskers more *completely*, and cleanses your pores. But, if your skin is dry use Mennen *Brushless*—it *conserves* the *natural* oils of the skin, helps relieve dryness, tautness; and it's a cream, not a grease.

You owe it to yourself to find out which Mennen Cream fits *your* face. Send 10c for the Mennen Skin Tester Kit, containing liberal demonstration sizes of 5 Mennen Products—including both Lather Shave and Brushless (as well as Skin Bracer, Skin Balm and Talcum for Men). Address Dept. L-6-19, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

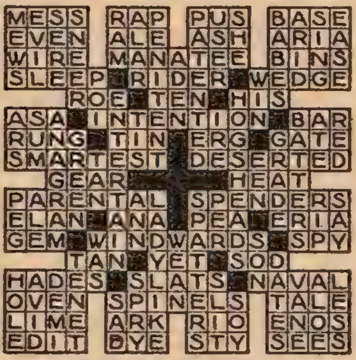
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 They stand for a lot of yodeling
5 The biggest fool in Spain
14 Some sane advice to pedestrians
15 The first cosmetic
16 Somewhat swollen in the hatband
17 Single and tiresome, girls
18 Blind pig
19 Nobody gets lit in Boston; they get this
21 Garter tough mamas wear
23 Rue de Hobo
25 Ye olde pants wearer (abbr.)
26 What bankers' hearts never do
28 Jest fit to set in the chimbley cohnah an' grunt
29 Exemplary letters
30 Shelled by wives of Spanish loyalists
32 Ungrammatical reference to the other woman
34 Sand, heat, and wind
37 Old Brown Kelly (possessive)
38 Popular back among the younger generation
40 He's praised around the Orient
41 The weigh of all flesh (abbr.)
42 They cling painfully to handies
44 The City of Self-Love (abbr.)
45 There's always been a question where this gent found himself when illumination suddenly ceased
47 What a munitions maker does to both sides during a war
48 Remove
49 It's fowl and has a rubber neck
50 Ball-bearing device
51 This invariably goes with the wind
52 End of all hitchhikers
53 A losing proposition
55 Mr. Morgan would never appear in society without one



MESS RAP PUS BASE
EVEN ALE ASH ARIA
WIRE MANATEE BINS
SLEEP RIDER WEDGE
ROE TEN HIS
ASA INTENTION BAR
RUNG TIN ERG GATE
SMARTEST DESERTED
GEAR HEAT
PARENTAL SPENDERS
ELAN ANA PEA ERIA
GEM WINDWARDS SPY
TAN YET SOD
HADES SLATS NAVAL
OVEN SPINELS TALE
LIME ARK RIO ENOS
EDIT DYE STY SEES

Answer to last week's puzzle

57 How you end up when you're pickled
59 This attacks you when you're down and out
61 When dieting, they live in women's bathing suits
64 Good to the last drop
66 Time for the rising generation (abbr.)
68 Johnny's tickets to the woodshed
69 Baby talk for males (fem.)
70 Sissy
72 Press your suit with these
73 High official, who has recently gone into the packing business
74 Old devils

VERTICAL

1 The very definition is a giveaway
2 A backward French Christmas
3 Hair-cooling devices
4 Radiators
5 Downhearted Finnish Pansyplanters (abbr.)
6 A Volga dame
7 Romance spiker
8 Back talk from a porcupine
9 What no booze fighter needs to be
10 Sweetest age in ancient Rome
11 Scotch gourmet's favorite dish
12 What the unhappy arena shed during the earthquake
13 Dachshunds always join them around a tree
20 The city of Bagdad-on-the-subway (abbr.)
22 Chicago airway
24 Mrs. Astorbilt's glass eye
27 Equipped with pipe lines
29 Chatter about the health resorts
30 Itching things found on bellhops
31 Bending done during setting-up exercises
33 They've been in a lot of crack-ups
34 These have quite a pick-up in the new cars
35 Literary brawlroom
36 She had an awfully cute little one and it went with quite a smooth movement
38 Theatrical paper
39 One of New England's most popular country clubs
42 Old toughs that find their way to boardinghouse tables
43 Islands of France
46 He could give the Nine Old Men advice about the packing business
48 Poe helped the Raven through one
51 Jack Benny torture box
53 Beautiful but dumb
54 How you feel on a roller coaster after nine cocktails
56 Cry of the contented cowboy
57 This was darkened suddenly during an alcoholic flare-up
58 What married men take their wives for
59 Innocent bystander's office (abbr.)
60 ½ trousers
62 What few motorists drive with
63 Attention callers
65 Synonym for Percy
67 What old maids are full of
71 You always see 'em around noon

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

WHY CALIFORNIA PRODUCES *Tennis Champions*

BY ALICE MARBLE

Our reigning Queen of the Courts tells you a secret — It's because the whole state is slightly mad!

READING TIME
10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IT'S not the climate that produces tennis champions in California! I know just what you're going to say. . . . We have sun practically every day and therefore tennis practically every day. I'll stand my ground! "It's not the climate that produces," etc. (see above).

Do you know what I think it is? The vast amount of municipal tennis played. Each one of our California champions has been a product of municipal play.

Take May Sutton Bundy, our first woman champion. . . . Just try to take May Sutton Bundy. Nobody could "take her" for a point, and that was what amazed our good old conservative tennis circles. Until Mrs. Bundy's day no player had the temerity to defeat another player without the loss of a game. To lose at least one was the courteous thing to do. Not Mrs. B.! She never lost a point she could win! Revolutionary tactics in those days. So, you see, the Sutton family created most of the interest and excitement in southern California tennis. May Sutton and her three famous sisters learned their tennis on the public courts in Santa Monica. "M. P.s," the four of them. (Note: "M. P." does *not* stand for Member of Parliament.) May practiced every waking moment with her three sisters, but never once did she let down the bars or give them a single

Miss Marble, and Golden Gate Park's courts where she began as an "M. P."

GANTNER YARN
Two strands! Finer, more flexible. Uniformly strong.
ORDINARY YARN
...clumsy, harsh, single ply. No stronger than its weakest link!

GANTNER WIKIES

Luxurious weaves in "22% better" yarns!

DUO-TONE and fancy weaves exclusive with Gantner . . that make other suits look outdated! *Plus* patented snug waist! Self-adjusting Supporter! Free-breathing Lastex belt! Quicker-drying!

WIKIES . . handsome raised stitch, fancy rib, pencil welt or military type $3.95
DE LUXE WIKIES, two-tone thistle tweed or ripple stripe $5.00
SNAP-ON wool top . . $2.00
Boys' WIKIES, plain, fancy $2.95

Ask your dealer. Or write us waist measure, weight, style, color. (Send for style book. Canadians, write us.)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. I
S. F. Mdse. Mart, Chicago 1410 Bdwy., N.Y.
Makers of America's Finest Swim Suits

point out of family affection! A terrific desire to win was first with May Sutton. She fought tooth and nail. And let that be a lesson to you . . . it was to me.

Not at all incidentally, Mrs. Bundy did a neat trick. She won the Southern California Championship in 1900, and won it again twenty-eight years later, mind you, after she had given the world a family of four! That little stunt amazed all tennis circles, even the nonconservatives. . . .

Elizabeth Ryan, "M. P." (municipal player . . . . in case you've forgotten) was a pupil in the Sutton Bundy school. Born in Santa Monica, she played with the Sutton girls. That school was a wonderful education for her. A foundation that later enabled her to become the Wimbledon doubles and mixed doubles champion nineteen times! Probably the most enviable record in women's tennis. Bunny Ryan is now a professional in southern California, and a joy to watch on a court.

Let me mention one more great, great woman champion, Mary K. Browne—I think the finest strategian of all the former champions. She proved that women could play the net with accuracy and fortitude. With that proof, tennis became a powerfully fast game for us. Mary Browne's long apprenticeship on the public courts sent her along to win the National Singles Championship at Forest Hills. That would seem to be enough for one woman. But not for Mary! Not at all! That amazing gal was runner-up in the National Golf Tournament only two weeks after her tennis victory. Now she teaches both sports equally well.

ONCE a year, all too regularly, Mary K. Browne and my own teacher, Eleanor Tennant, with the added help of Harwood White of Santa Barbara, go into a three-man huddle and collaborate on new theories in tennis. They have a glorious time, and they manage to pick out the hottest day of the season to try out the latest batch of ideas on me. Sometimes they can't make the theories work, but they can make *me* work and they do . . . with relish.

There isn't a municipal player who doesn't love even the sound of the name Pop Marvin. Pop headed a group of tennis enthusiasts many of whom were not players . . . just great "builder-uppers." With these enthusiasts behind him, he organized the first boys' club at Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. Among other things, he listened to the earnest very weighty problems of two youngsters named McLoughlin and Johnston. Two little boys, junior members of Pop's club, whom you will know as Billy Johnston, California's pride, and Maurice McLoughlin, California's joy in the men's division. McLoughlin's high-kicking twist service and his overhead are still considered the greatest the world has ever seen. Johnston, the mighty atom who weighed only one hundred and twenty pounds, will live in tennis history as the possessor of the fastest forehand drive.

A few years after these came the advent of the famous Ellsworth Vines, a Pasadena municipal player. Right this minute we have Donald Budge, who is certainly championship material. I might say we were sitting pretty.

Where was I? . . . Oh, yes. A Mrs. Fletcher played the role of Pop Marvin to the girls' division. She organized a similar club at Golden Gate Park and spent most of her time listening to the heartbreaks of a few green beginners! Mrs. Fletcher's club, as they say, "did all right" . . . the raw beginners in time became known to the world as Helen Wills Moody, Helen Jacobs, Edith Cross, Eleanor Tennant, Charlotte Hosmer Chapin, Helen Baker, Ethel Burkhardt Arnold, Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman, and the writer.

I KNOW I shall never forget my first experience in municipal competition. I was asked to join the girls' club in Golden Gate Park. Whatever newspapers had referred to me at all referred to me as the "Girl Baseball Wonder." I was the Queen of Swat! I wore what was called a "beanie." . . . I understand Schiaparelli is showing them this year. A "beanie" is the crown of a man's felt hat cut to fit the back of your head. Very chic on the baseball diamond and pretty awful on a tennis court. But I didn't think I'd like tennis as a steady diet, so the beanie was worn for bravado.

First thing I knew I was in a tournament. I found myself at the park, surrounded by about fifty girls—little ones ten years old and big ones eighteen. Only two of the ten courts allotted to the tournament were dry. Every single one of us swept and dragged blankets across the other eight until they were in playing condition. I had caught the spark of the thing by that time and I was all for it. I couldn't wait to start. In less than fifteen minutes I was finished! I, the great Queen of Swat, couldn't get to first base on a court. "Fine thing," I said to myself. "So you're going to be a sissy. Starting as of today, you're going to play good tennis, if it kills you!"

I shall always be grateful for my background of municipal tennis. It was something that couldn't be bought at a private tennis club. I met hundreds of different types of players. I drew opponents who used every conceivable style and method of play. It was a vast and varied experience. Many a good club player who plays orthodox form tennis has been defeated by unorthodox players. Municipal tennis averts that. You prepare yourself for anything . . . and you learn how sweet a sensation it is to win!

At Golden Gate Park there was sort of a bonus for winning. The park ruling said a player must register his name on a list of those waiting for a court. The winner of the first set plays the person whose name is next on the list. The loser retires and signs at the bottom of the list, and waits two hours, perhaps, before he can play again. If you win your first set you're on top of the world. Did we want to win . . . . or did we want to win? Good training for that chin-up, set-lip determination that's so important in difficult matches.

Those long waits served one purpose. We learned so much through observation. I used to flop down on the bench and glue my eyes on Billy Johnston, my ideal tennis player! I found myself imitating his strokes, walking like him, talking like him. I never missed a chance to corner him and the other higher-ups and snap up every word they dropped about the game. If the higher-ups wouldn't talk, we volleyed on the soft dirt in front of the clubhouse. We had contests to see which pair could keep the ball in the air longest. My record was for over five hundred strokes. I know my volleying today emanated from that kind of practice.

Get Your Breakfast-Table News the Night Before!

Tune in these stations for the late evening news brought to you by one of the best known and most widely followed news commentators.

These broadcasts on Daylight Saving Time

WABC—New York . . . Andre Baruch
11 P. M. Each Weekday Night, Except Thursday

CKLW—Detroit . . . Joe Gentile
7.15 P. M. Each Weekday, Except Sunday

Those were such carefree, pleasant days! Not far from the club was the lovely Japanese Gardens. We'd walk over for tea (exchequer permitting) and order those little rice cakes with the paper fortunes inside them. I never drank the tea but I always believed the fortunes; that is, until the day I got one which stated that I would be the mother of six before I was twenty-five! The rice cakes were delicious and the music was inspiring. Sousa conducted his mighty brass band every Sunday afternoon. There was a delightful distraction. It was fun to play tennis to music, if you made up your mind to like it.

BUT there were other distractions and we had to build a defense against them. For example, we couldn't chop down the majestic full-grown oak tree because its branches threw ludicrous shadows on the court. And it wouldn't do to chop down a neighboring player because he ran into your court to retrieve a ball. We had to get used to moving galleries and applause and an occasional hiss! Any municipal player could watch them launch a battleship in the grandstand and not bat an eye! There was but one disturbing element we couldn't combat—meager equipment! We were all of very modest means. Try to eke out sneakers, racket, balls, and rice cakes on a seventy-five-cent-a-week allowance! We all borrowed shoes at one time or other (blisters thrown in for good measure), and a new racket was the height of nouveau riche. . . .

Yes, I'm afraid the equipment, if any, was bad! I was lucky enough to win the Pacific Coast Junior and Women's Championships with a borrowed racket. It was a little on the dead side and weighed fifteen ounces, and I felt as though I were playing with a screen door! I was lucky, too, to have had an unknown mysterious benefactor. He arranged to have me receive a dozen balls every week for three years. A mighty gesture! I always think of him with humble gratitude for his kindness.

About four years ago I came to southern California to take advantage of the teaching of Eleanor Tennant. I noticed immediately the amazing difference in approach to players in regard to the development of future champions. There were no Pop Marvins or Mrs. Fletchers. Perry T. Jones, secretary of the Southern California and Tennis Patrons Associations, realized that lack. With keenness and vision, he reasoned that southern California was an ideal place for tournaments and exhibition matches. Result: more tournaments and exhibitions were held, and they in turn benefited the junior players. Now, when a junior player comes into prominence by defeating a well known star, Perry Jones sees that a club membership is bought for the youngster. Matches are held during the winter, weather permitting, and the juniors as well as the nationally known stars compete.

During the famous Pacific Southwest Tournament in Los Angeles, slow motion pictures are taken of international stars for the benefit of ambitious young players. Winter tournaments are supported by the top-notchers, and the youngsters on the way up never miss an opportunity to watch or, if lucky, to play them.

Southern California, represented by the Tennis and Tennis Patrons Association, helped (financially . . . pretty important) twenty-one players, and enabled them to play in other parts of the country. Not only that; they entertained one hundred and fifteen players at seven tournaments in the state. The association was in a position to give this aid because of the grand revenue from exhibitions and tournaments in the south. The status in the north was different! In San Francisco the gate receipts were small except on Saturdays and Sundays! So what did they do? They built indoor courts at the Palace of Fine Arts and fed their tennis fans their tennis at night! . . . P. S. Very profitably, too! Over four thousand people attended one exhibition a few months ago.

The whole state up and down the Coast is slightly mad on the subject of tennis! Out of this polite frenzy champions grow. As an added stimulus there is the good old terrific competition between northern and southern California. Does that exist in any other individual state? The public is

GANTNER
Floating Bra

Jinx Falkenberg, VOGUES of 1938, Walter Wanger production

If you wear a bra in a formal . . you need Floating Bra on the beach

ONLY FLOATING BRA suits do justice to smart young figures! The amazing inner bra raises your bust in a beautiful high, *modern* line . . slims your waist, narrows your hips! Floating Bra is patented. Exclusively in Gantner swim suits!

Top . . Knit Velvet Lastex, gleamingly lovely, $5.95 With skirt, $6.95. Right . . Uncut Velvet Wool, $6.95. Other Floating Bra suits $3.95 up

At smart shops everywhere! Or write us, giving bust measure, weight, and choice of color. (Style book upon request.)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. I
S.F. Mdse. Mart, Chicago 1410 Bdwy., N.Y.
Makers of America's Smartest Swim Suits

TELEPHONE GREETINGS ARE *timely* AND *personal*

ABOVE ALL, congratulations should be *timely* . . . should go straight to the heart when they mean the most. Your *voice* is the warmest, most personal way to assure far-away friends or relatives that you're with them in spirit. So . . . when good wishes rise to mind . . . *telephone.*

A quick, clear connection will carry all that you feel to *the right person at the right time.* It is especially inexpensive *after seven every evening and all day Sunday.*

always "out there" rooting for the home team. The northerners, determined to defeat whatever fog and rain they might have, got themselves a battery of fifteen fine indoor courts; and if the south did not enjoy the luxury of perfect weather almost all the year round, you go and bet there would be hundreds of municipal courts built under something or other where the rain wouldn't spoil the play!

Such zeal! Such ardor! It's not the weather . . . it's all in the mind . . . and the California mind is all tennis!

So here we are, safe and sound . . . back the same day, tired but happy . . . back to my original platform . . . IT'S NOT THE CLIMATE THAT PRODUCES CHAMPIONS IN CALIFORNIA!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—The young man in his mother's arms (see early photo) was hailed by newsmen as an Apollo who could make a fortune as a matinee idol at the time he entered his state's legislature. He works hard, likes fishing and swimming, views movies four to five times a week. Though he and his missus are radio stars, bulls and bears squirm when hearing his tenor. Who is he?

2—More and better children are born in which month?

3—Collectively, what are Amherst, Williams, and Wesleyan called?

4—Who used "Carthage must be destroyed" as a sign-off?

5—In which state is the weatherman 96 per cent correct in his forecasts?

6—George Rector, the culinary expert, suggests "mavericks" as a new name for what?

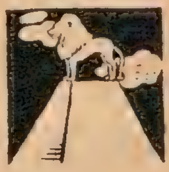
7—Curling is played on what?

8—Which Canadian province will add 207,076 square miles to its area?

9—The Lion of Waterloo is in what country?

10—If a commander in the U. S. Navy is a three-striper, what is a captain?

11—What is the average life of an electric refrigerator?



12—William the Waiter, Lickcheese, and Corny Doyle are characters created by which playwright?

13—Who, after seventy, was thrice Prime Minister of England?

14—What five automobile parts or accessories are named in one Biblical chapter?

15—Which record held by Tim Keefe did Rube Marquard equal?

16—Whose invention made cheap steel possible?

17—Common stock in Wall Street is called what in Threadneedle Street?

18—What kind of bread is made of 100 per cent rye flour or meal?

19—Why do hogs wallow in mud?

20—Who discovered hydrogen?

(Answers will be found on page 62)

Alias EMERALD ANNIE

By ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

PART SIX—WHEN LOVE WON'T DIE

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

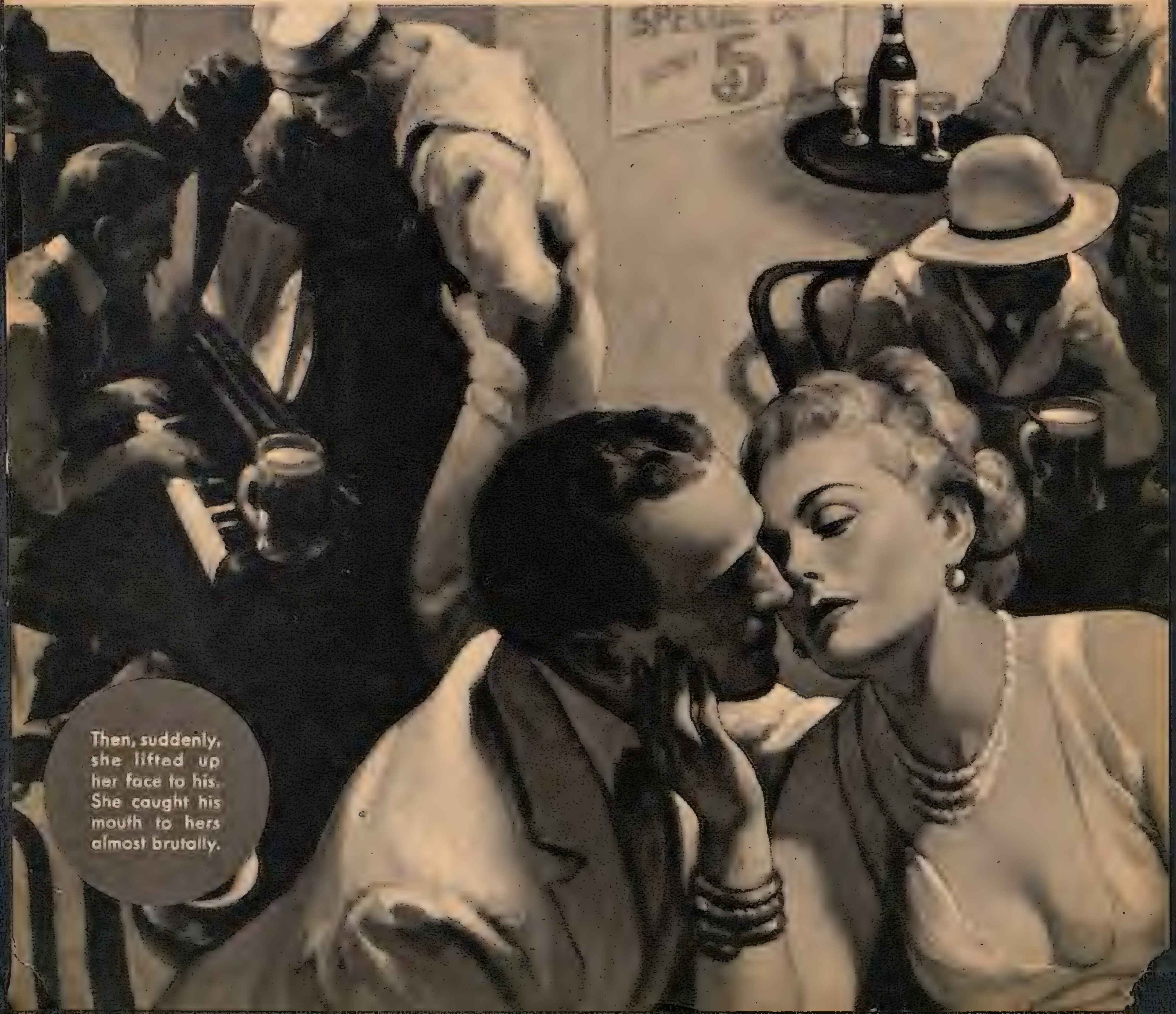
THAT promise to a dying woman was the turning point in the life of Emerald Annie. She could not know it then; could not even foresee what its effects were to be on so many lives.

It was only a few weeks later that Mimi came from Boston to live with Joe and Annie. If the latter loved her stepson, young Bill Magruder, she loved her adopted daughter even more. Perhaps because Mimi was a girl. Perhaps because she was just about the age, a little over ten, her own child must be by now—if Flossie still lived, which Annie had long since begun to doubt. She had tried so hard to find her—sending regular and large remittances to McGrady & Co., a firm of New York private detectives, who, so far, had obtained no result, though they continued to assure her, over and over again, that very soon they would have a real clue. Annie was still to discover the truth: that the detectives were mere racketeers, who took her money but made practically no effort to locate Flossie . . . wouldn't know how to begin.

Often, when she cared for Mimi, Annie wondered what

Courage and heartbreak . . A stirring chapter in 1937's most vivid novel

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB



Then, suddenly, she lifted up her face to his. She caught his mouth to hers almost brutally.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

HOPPING a plane at Ancon for Colón, G-man Hardesty flies to arrest "Emerald Annie," glamorous night-club hostess, as the head of a dope-smuggling ring in Panama. Accused, she violently denies his charge, pulls a gun on him, and finally pleads with him not to take her away to Washington, but to listen to her story, which she feels sure will soften his heart. Hardesty consents, and Annie tells her tale.

By the time she was fifteen Annie was a friendless orphan in the tougher region of New York's East Side. But the big political boss of Avenue A, Honest Tim Nagle, became enough interested to adopt the girl. Then, one night, after a drunken bout with some Latin-American law-dodging friends of his, Tim Nagle seduced Annie. Within a year a child was born whom she called Flossie.

Soon Tim began hating her and the baby. Seizing on a false story that she was unfaithful as an excuse, the big ward boss ordered a henchman of his, Hymer Schmitt, to drive her to a lonely spot and kill her.

At the crucial moment Schmitt's nerve failed him. Annie promised to take Flossie and vanish, but her would-be murderer informed her that the baby was dead—smothered at Tim's command. That decided Annie. She would lose herself. Forget and be forgotten. Using her hoarded dollars, she took passage for Panama.

Too late, after the ship had sailed, a note from Hymer Schmitt confessed that he had lied; that Flossie was alive but in an orphan asylum. Annie swore to regain her child.

In Colón, Annie saved Grant Bradlaugh, a famous scientist, from a midnight attack, and was hurt herself. Carried to the nearest house, it proved to be a brothel kept by Nell Codman. There she recovered. And there she met Carlos Urdaneta and Joe Magruder. The latter proposed and Annie married him without second thought. Carlos, Joe, and she became partners in running the gay Club Newport. Business boomed.

Dying Nell Codman asked Annie to take care of her child, Mimi, then in the States. And Annie gave her promise.

---

little Flossie looked like. Maybe red-haired like herself?

She wondered, too, if Flossie had turned out as pretty as her adopted daughter. Indeed Mimi was very lovely, with her hard straight little body, her magnolia-white skin, her face a perfect oval, her nose short and high-bridged, her black brows slanted slightly upward, her storm-blue eyes that at one moment seemed so sweetly demure and the next would be turbulent and willful and lusty with life. . . .

"Swell kid," Joe said of her.

In his grudging way, he liked her tremendously. Yet it was because of Mimi, a few years later when she was getting on toward fourteen, that Joe and Annie had their great quarrel.

For, one evening after dinner, she said to her husband:

"I've been doing a lot of thinking."

"Hurt the old bean permanently?"

"I'm serious, Joe."

"Well?" . . .

"We've got to close the upstairs."

"What upstairs?"

"The cabaret upstairs. Where the girls live. This here *maison de chez floozie*."

"Off your trolley—ain't you? That's our gold mine."

"All right. But—there's Mimi. She's beginning to hear things—to ask leading questions. And her schoolmates . . ."

"I know. I've been wonderin' right along why you didn't send her to the States to school—as you insisted that time with Bill."

"I don't want to send her to the States. Don't want her away from home—away from me."

"Say!" Joe was growing impatient. "O. K. for my Bill to be sent away, but Mimi . . ."

"That's different."

"How so?"

Momentarily Annie was silent. Joe knew nothing of her life in New York. She could not tell him the true reason—that, somehow, Mimi was to her as the daughter whom she had lost; that she felt the need, the vital need, of having the young girl near her.

She said, rather weakly:

"A girl that age has to have home life—home influences."

"No more'n a boy."

"Much more. I tell you—that upstairs joint has got to close."

"Absolutely nuthin' doin'!"

She tried another tack.

"You should hear," she remarked, "what the Reverend Jeff Hawks . . ."

"That's his job. A Holy Joe, ain't he? But—for the love o' the Board of Health!—where do *you* get this here reform stuff? Listen, baby!" Joe's impatience was rapidly giving way to cold anger. "I could peddle a few things about you."

"Oh, yeah?" . . .

"Where did I find you, here in Colón? In Nell Codman's cat house down on Cash Street—eh?" . . .

"That ain't fair, Joe. You know how I happened to . . ."

"Maybe so," he conceded grudgingly. "But—what about Grant Bradlaugh?"

"Why—Grant's a friend of mine—of ours. Just a good friend."

Joe leaned across the table.

"Say"—he spoke thickly—"what sort of a dumb cluck do you take me for? He shoves in here a whole lot, that *friend* o' yours, when I ain't round—don't he? Urdaneta mentioned it only yesterday."

Annie's eyes narrowed.

"Did he?" she demanded.

"Sure thing. And you and your friend—tell me, what do you do, you two, when you're alone together? Puzzle pictures?"

Then Annie picked up a dessert plate and threw it at her husband's head.

Immediately afterward, seeing the ugly ragged bleeding cut on his temple, she was contrite. She washed and bandaged the wound. They begged each other's pardon.

But the rift was there. It widened during the weeks to come.

Night after night she returned to the attack. He remained adamant. He was not, he told her, going to chuck "all that elegant gravy" out of the window.

She argued. She implored. Promised she would do anything if he would only consent to closing the upstairs part of the cabaret, for Mimi's sake. Then more ugly scenes. They would say things to each other—some true and some not—that hurt deeply and were meant to hurt; until, finally, she reminded Joe that, after all, she was one of the owners of the Club Newport.

"Ain't you forgettin' that all you own is a third, and that me and Urdaneta control the rest?"

"I'll talk to him."

"A lot o' good that'll do you—I don't think."

SHE had the same negative thought. But she decided to make the attempt. She called on the Panamano the following day, and to her request received a flat:

"No."

"And I thought you liked me."

He laughed.

"You are adorably feminine, even in business."

"No, Carlos. This isn't business. Business is selfish —and in this I'm unselfish. Really. I'm not asking for myself. For myself—why, I don't give a damn if people make remarks about our sort of place. It's for Mimi . . ."

"You love her very much, don't you?"

"Just as much as though she were my own flesh and blood."

"Too bad you never had a child."

He smiled—smiled mockingly, she imagined, as if there were something, something sardonic and threatening, behind his words. She was startled, a little frightened.

"What do you mean by that?" she blurted out.

"What could I mean except what I said? That a young woman like you, with so much—ah—mother love in your soul, *should* have a child of her own."

He spoke smoothly, evenly; and she was conscious of a feeling of relief. Sure, that was all he meant. What else? He didn't know anything of her past life. And yet, again her old nervousness returned to her—the ghost of a memory that she had met this man before, years ago, in New York. . . .

She pulled herself together.

"Carlos," she said, "let me explain about Mimi . . ."

"You have explained already—beautifully and honestly. It's tough on the child. Will be tougher as she grows up. But I must side with Joe. You see—I need the money. I have plans. For my country. And to achieve them I need millions."

"And," bitterly, "you don't care how much human suffering you cause. You don't give a whoop in hell that here, for the sake of a few lousy extra thousands, you're hurting a young girl—maybe ruining her life for keeps and . . ."

"Precisely," he interrupted. "My country is more important than all the sweet innocent young girls in the world."

AS always, the man's chilly and rational brutality, beneath his veneer of glowing poetic Latin passion, shocked her. If she could puncture his hard, shining, pagan armor—could make him squirm . . .

An idea came to her.

She pieced together what the dying Nell Codman had told her—rather, had tried to tell her—and what she had overheard, over a decade earlier, on that evening in Nell's place when the latter had talked to Urdaneta and Joe in the outer hall.

She asked:

"You never did care how you made your money, did you?"

"That so?"—indifferently.

"Sure. Why—I remember, years ago, when you were all set to go into Nell Codman's business; when you and Joe wanted to buy out Nell. When you had just returned from New York—with a wad . . ."

He frowned; and she continued:

"Tell me—how did you get hold of that dough? What sort of racket were you in—in New York?"

This time it was the Panamano who was startled, exclaimed:

"What do you mean by that?"

He took a step forward. His face was suddenly distorted with rage and, too, with something akin to fear. She did not know what had caused this fear. But she *had* found a chink in his armor. The thought was pleasant; and she laughed while he continued in a heavy dragging voice:

"Listen, Annie! If I were you, I wouldn't know so much about me.

the rig
cut
Velvet
-richer aroma
Velvet
-entirely different taste
Velvet

WHY YOU'LL LIKE VELVET BETTER

1. Fine old Kentucky Burley aged-in-wood.
2. Flavored with pure maple sugar for extra good taste.
3. An altogether different fragrance.
4. Cut to pack easy in a pipe—cut to roll smooth in a cigarette.
5. Every tin contains 2 full ounces.

Velvet

better Smoking tobacco

for pipe
or cigarette

Copyright 1937
Liggett & Myers
Tobacco Co.

Because—don't you see?—*I* might know too much about *you.*"

A grim threat in the words, whatever they signified. She drew herself up, trying to look indifferent, and he added quite casually:

"About what we talked of a minute ago—let me repeat that I must, most regretfully, side with Joe." He paused, smiled. "Although, of course, I adore you madly—you know that, don't you?" . . .

He bowed deeply. He took her right hand, turned it over, slowly kissed the palm.

. . . . .

She told herself, when she reached home, that there was only one way out. She must be completely on her own; must have freedom. Freedom implied divorce; and that was what Annie promptly set out to get. Nor did Joe object. What made him furious was that the judge awarded Annie a considerable cash sum for alimony.

He considered that rankly unfair. But there was a reason why Annie gladly took the money. She had sold out her interest in the Club Newport to her two former partners, who had driven a sharp bargain, and—refusing to touch the investments Urdaneta had made for her, keeping them for a rainy day—she needed every cent she could get to finance her own night club.

For that was her plan. Her own night club; Annie's Gardens, she called it; the same cabaret which she was running today rechristened Annie's Ritz.

She had made up her mind to have it a decent place—decent, that is, for this tropical neck of the woods—with no unsavory crowd of girls sleeping upstairs and making dates on the outside. It would be clean. Otherwise she did not care how she won her success. And a success it must be. Real success. She'd fight for it, if need be, tough and hard. It was the American in her; the Avenue A. . . .

From now on, she was determined to be the skipper of her own ship, responsible to herself alone. She would look at the world as something she might conquer; something, too, that might conquer her, though not without a struggle; something, finally, that had gifts to offer—and she was tremendously eager to receive.

Anything might occur. Anything at all.

Finding her child—for she still clung to that will-o'-the-wisp.

Nice things and sad things. Even love. No—not love.

FOR she would think of Grant Bradlaugh. She thought of him, indeed, half the time; but marriage—she told herself—was out of the question, seeing who Bradlaugh was and who she was. . . .

"For," she would say to herself, "I don't take any stock in Santa Claus. I've been around."

She had thought she had buried her love for that man so much out of her reach. But no sooner was she away from Joe than Grant Bradlaugh was all she could think about. Yet the very strength of her love brought a certain shy, almost girlish modesty. Therefore she tried to avoid him—which was not very easy in this small town. He noticed it, and, not knowing what to make of it, would be stiff and constrained whenever they met. This, in turn, made her unhappy—and she buried her unhappiness under a heap of work.

Hard work it was. Never a letup. Her new home—an apartment on Front Street, across from the Panama Railroad depot—to look after, as well as her new business on Bottle Alley.

A huge barn of a place, she had decorated her cabaret handsomely; had sent to Tia Juana for a couple of expert barkeepers, to New Orleans for the hottest of hot jazz orchestras, to a Broadway theatrical agency for hoofers and singers. Besides, she had plastered the town with placards and had done all else she could think of to get off with a flying start.

And so the great Saturday night came, after months of preparation, the opening night—and Tenth Street and Bolivar Avenue thronged with men and women of half the world's nations, white and brown and black and yellow, with American soldiers and sailors, yesterday having been payday and a few dollars still burning in pockets, all slow moving of necessity, pushing along, humming and zumming, laughing and yelling; and Front Street brimming with traffic; and Bottle Alley running straight as a hectic, glittering stream of carnival tinsel.

Everything was oozing and dripping light—light that stained the rolling, massive tons of sky with orange and gold, with violet and cobalt blue and intolerable crimson, as great electric signs hiccuped and stammered through the purple dusk advertising cafés and cabarets and saloons and dives, and the largest sign, the most-color-shouting bulbs, advertising Colón's latest place:

ANNIE'S GARDENS

And Annie herself on the threshold, thrilled, happy, welcoming her guests.

THEY crowded in—residents as well as tourists—keyed up to the tense, nervous pitch of the Isthmus. Questing for excitement. Breaking into applause as they saw the oblong cabaret decorated in misty shades of jade green and elfin green, as they heard the crazy, swinging, syncopated bray of the orchestra—the Negro musicians swaying in their chairs, bobbing frantically up and down, flinging their violent, erotic, overspiced melodies through the confusion of the floor where people had already begun to dance, faces glued together, arms twisted tightly about waists.

Twisting. Turning. Great wheels of flesh gyrating in an ecstasy of desire.

Tara-a-a-a-a! The saxophone's triumphant belch.

More people arriving and crowding in. More and more—until there was hardly space left to move, and until the couples, unable to budge, remained stationary, only the shoulders and thighs shivering convulsively as if in a neurotic delirium of the senses.

And the scent of hot bodies. The scent of cloying perfumes. The scent—drifting in from the outside—of the ripe tropics. . . .

Tara-a-a-a-a!—in a blaring, mean hiccup.

And the dancing ever more abandoned; the residents exchanging winks and slurring remarks at the behavior of the tourists. Tourists far away from the ordinary proper conventions of home and stepping a childish, coarsely sensuous saraband. Tourists, for the one night ashore, dropping the domino of routine hypocrisy. Men part satyr and part Rotarian; part priest of Sodom and Gomorrah, and part member in excellent standing of their local chamber of commerce. And the women after their kind. Women hunting for bargains in tropical exotic passion; yet, somehow, keeping intact their small-town chemically pure virtue.

A tawdry pantomime of make-believe gaiety.

And again: *Tara-a-a-a-a!*

This time with finality, breaking off suddenly, unexpectedly, on a high note. And, in spite of the clapping urging hands, the dance music, for the time being, was over. People sat down and ordered drinks. Waiters sifted through the room, balancing trays laden with bottles and glasses; while, a few minutes later, the entertainment began with a throaty Seventh Avenue tenor warbling something about:

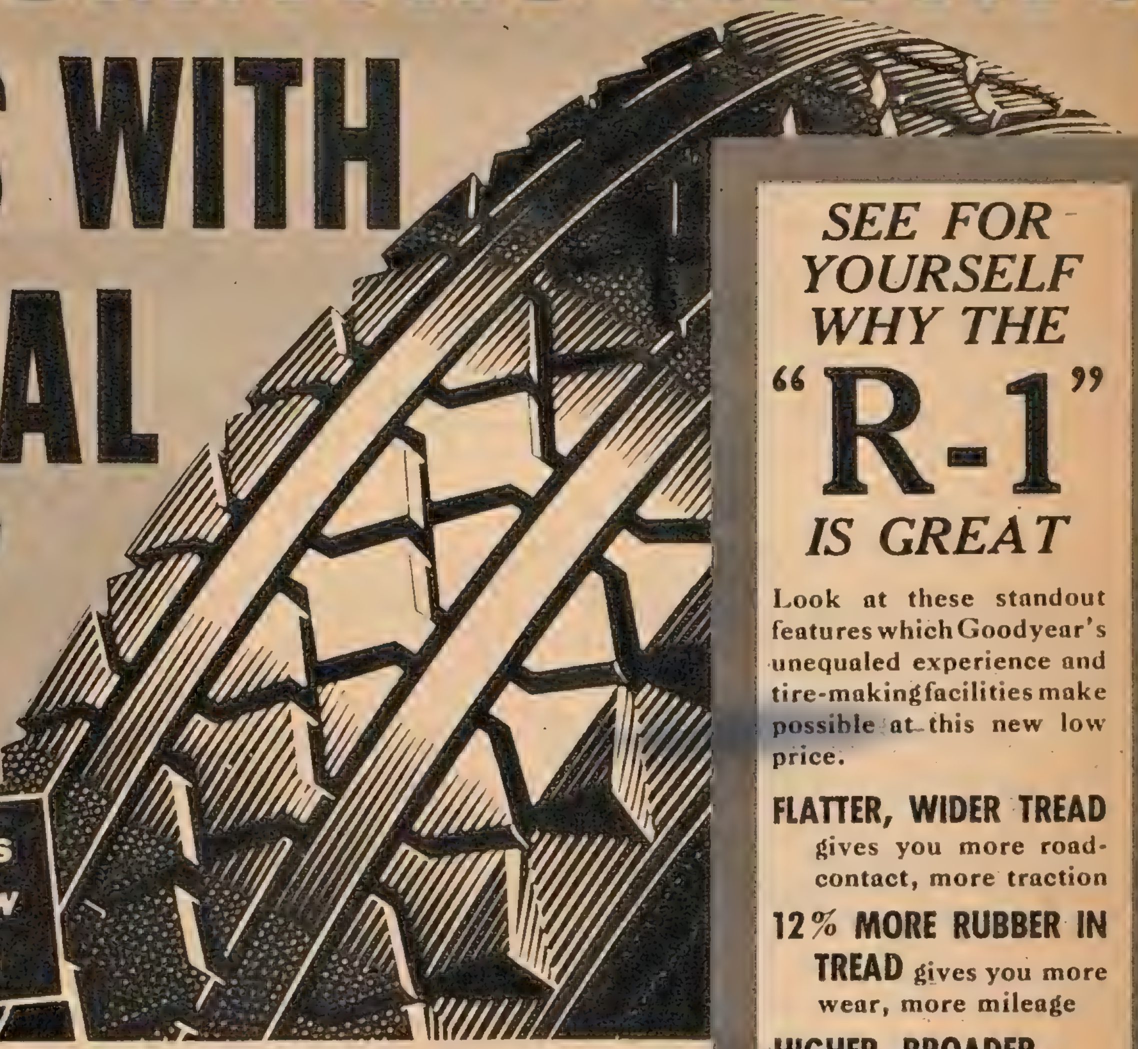
"She's a cousin of mi-hine,
Just a cousin of mine.
She's liable to come around
Any old ti-hime . . ."

Not that anybody ever discovered, at least not on that particular evening, what happened to the tenor's cousin—nor that anybody cared very much.

For they were far too busy drinking, laughing, gossiping—the tourists swapping the salty scandal of stateroom and promenade deck, and the residents the scandal, no less salty, of army and navy

(Continued on page 42)

GOODYEAR SMACKS RISING TIRE PRICES WITH SENSATIONAL NEW "R-1"



World's Biggest Tire-Maker Hits Value Bull's-eye with Great New Tire for Millions of Car-Owners

YOU'VE been reading about soaring costs for weeks: labor—production costs—materials. Up, up, up go prices of almost everything you buy!

Months ago, Goodyear saw this coming—and tackled the problem with the resourcefulness and enterprise that made Goodyear the greatest rubber company in the world.

And today Goodyear meets the challenge of rising costs—right on the nose—with a big, handsome, tough, thrifty new tire AT THE PRICE YOU'RE USED TO PAYING: the sensational new "R-1"!

One glimpse tells you this great "R-1" has the stuff! It's based on tire construction principles developed in building more than 23,000,000 Pathfinders—and the famed "G-3" All-Weather, world's most popular tire.

You find 12% more rubber in the massive "R-1" tread—"beef" to deliver more mileage! It's packed with every great Goodyear feature: Center Traction—the Goodyear Margin of Safety; higher, broader shoulders to hold true on curves; maximum blowout protection—patented Supertwist Cord in every ply!

Don't wait; go see the good-looking, great-value, new "R-1"—at your nearby Goodyear dealer's or Goodyear Service Store. It's a bull's-eye of bedrock-priced high quality: the tire *you've been waiting for!*

SEE FOR YOURSELF WHY THE "R-1" IS GREAT

Look at these standout features which Goodyear's unequaled experience and tire-making facilities make possible at this new low price.

FLATTER, WIDER TREAD gives you more road-contact, more traction

12% MORE RUBBER IN TREAD gives you more wear, more mileage

HIGHER, BROADER SHOULDERS give you more "hold" on curves

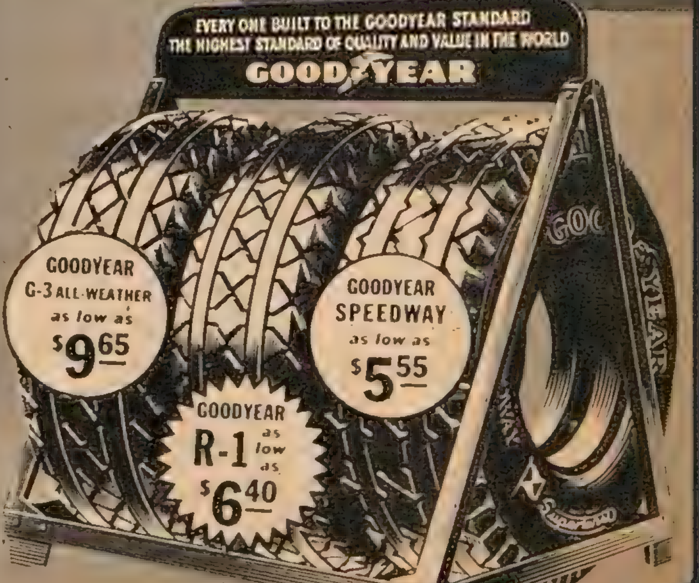
CENTER TRACTION gives you the Goodyear Margin of Safety

SUPERTWIST CORD IN EVERY PLY gives you maximum blowout protection

HANDSOME, STREAMLINED SIDEWALLS give your car smart modern looks

Remember—

THE CHEAPEST THING ON YOUR CAR IS THE BEST TIRES YOU CAN BUY!


EVERY ONE BUILT TO THE GOODYEAR STANDARD
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY AND VALUE IN THE WORLD
GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR G-3 ALL WEATHER as low as $9.65
GOODYEAR SPEEDWAY as low as $5.55
GOODYEAR R-1 as low as $6.40

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

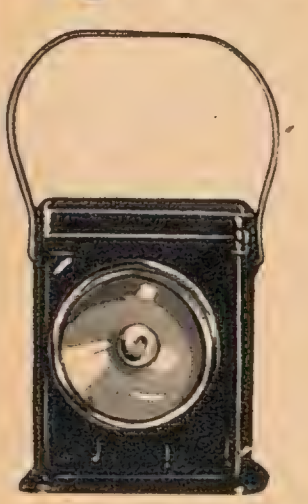
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

TILL BREATH DO US PART

It's so easy now to get rid of alcohol breath. Just eat CHASERS . . . pleasant little tablets, convenient to use anywhere. CHASERS contain a secret ingredient that actually kills the odor . . . doesn't just cover it up. Equally good for bad breath from tobacco or onions . . . even garlic! Chasers Inc., N. Y.

CHASERS 5c a package

Boys! FREE prizes!

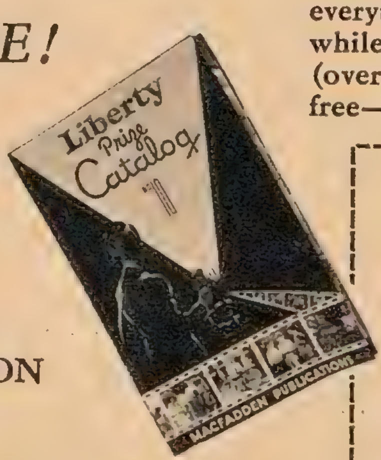


FOCUSING, MORSE CODE LANTERN

CAMP KNIFE AND SHEATH

Help yourself to a chance at a free bike, radio, camping equipment, baseball outfit—practically everything! In addition you make cash income while you win prizes . . . Send for free prize book (over 500 selections) and full details NOW! It's free—it's easy—it's fun.

FREE!



SEND COUPON NOW!

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division, L6-19-37
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can become a Liberty Boy Salesman and make money and win free prizes.

NAME.................................AGE.....

ADDRESS..

CITY............................STATE.......
Please have your parents show approval by signing here:

....

(Continued from page 40) and civil service, of foreign consuls and Panama officials, of steamship nabobs and banana magnates and various tycoons whose business interests centered around the Canal Zone; and the talk growing ever more excitable as the array of bottles increased, while outside, on the horizon, the stars melted gold and violet against the silver-softness of the moon; and while Emerald Annie went from table to table, greeting old friends, making new friends, topping wisecrack by wiser crack—and keeping a weather eye on the till.

Toward two in the morning, Fred, the Jamaican headwaiter, informed her with a great deal of satisfaction that, first thing in the morning, she would have to order another supply of champagne.

" Only two cases left, Miss Annie."

" That's swell . . ."

She interrupted herself as she saw Grant Bradlaugh entering; rushed up to him with both hands outstretched.

" Better late than never, Grant! " she exclaimed.

" I almost didn't come."

" On my opening night? Say—I wouldn't have forgiven you—ever! "

" You sent me no invitation."

" I didn't send invitations to anybody."

" Am I—anybody? "

She decided to turn his remark into a jest.

" What d'you think you are? " she demanded. " A Broadway deadhead cadging for free booze? "

He did not join in her laughter.

" You know what I mean."

She shrugged her shoulders.

" After all," she replied rather unfairly, " you've been mighty standoffish of late."

His lips curled in a faint smile.

MY dear," he said, " in my younger years, before I took up science, I studied another fascinating subject. Woman. I studied her extensively—and expensively. And I made the discovery that she always attacks when she's in the wrong."

" Wrong? Do you deny that you've been standoffish? "

" And do *you* deny that you drove me to it by trying to avoid me? "

The dance music started again. Annie's voice was hardly audible above the saxophone's nasal stumble:

" Sure I've been trying to avoid you."

" Why? "

" You know why."

" Damned if I do."

" Because you're Grant Bradlaugh, the big noise here in the Zone, while I'm . . ."

" You're just being proud, Annie—"

The music blared more loudly. He asked her to dance. They danced in a close embrace. She shut her eyes dreamily to the staccato swing of the jazz.

" Faster! " she whispered.

They broke into quicker steps; and she thought:

Man—you're the only one I've ever wanted . . .

She whispered again: "Faster!"

Always to dance with him. Always to be in his arms . . .

And she thought:

His wonderfulness—his damned wonderfulness—it's that what hurts so. For he can't leave it behind—ever. And I wish to God he was a nobody, and not Grant Bradlaugh . . .

She looked into his eyes—steel-gray eyes that caressed her with the sweetness of life, the sweetness of being loved by him. . . .

The music stopped abruptly.

"I'll buy you a drink, Annie," he suggested.

"No. My treat."

"So that you'll call me a deadhead, as you did before? Nothing doing."

"Don't let's argue. You buy the first quart—and I the second.".

"You must be thirsty."

"I'm afraid," she said, "you've got a little souse for a sweetheart."

"*Are* you my sweetheart?"

"What d'you think?"

They looked about for an empty table; found none. So they went downstairs to the barroom that, flush with a street, opened from the outer lobby, and sat at a table.

They ordered drinks and clinked glasses.

Then, suddenly, she lifted up her face to his. She caught his mouth to hers almost brutally. And it seemed to them as if they were all alone in the world. There was no Colón. There was no cabaret, no yelling crowd. There were only the two—he and she. Only a man—and a woman. . . .

She clung to him without moving, her eyes starry, her lips parted, while, behind the bar, Pat Davin winked at Jerry O'Hara—until presently, clumsily, as men will, Grant Bradlaugh gave a little cough and announced:

"Getting late. Must be on my way. I've got to be at my office by eight o'clock."

"Conscientious darling! See you tomorrow?"

"See you tomorrow."

HE left. She was still as one under a spell when one of the two barkeepers said to her:

"We're almost out of champagne, Miss Annie."

"So Fred told me."

"Shall I give 'em sparkling cider? They're too blotto to know the difference. That's what we used to do in San Francisco."

"What's good enough for San Francisco is good enough for Colón."

"You bet." He ran a moist rag along the bar. "If this keeps up you'll be in the big money."

"Sure, Jerry. It's in the bag."

"Sez *you!*"

She knew that voice. Joe Magruder's. He had just come in from the street, together with Urdaneta. Joe was not very sober—and in a mean mood. He walked up to her; called her a double-crossin' little tramp—the way she had taken him over the jumps, soaked him heavy alimony . . .

She was too happy just then to be annoyed.

"Aw, Joe," she said, "stop your beefing."

His rage increased.

"Double-crossin' little tramp!" he repeated.

He took a swing at her. She sidestepped; and, at the same moment, Urdaneta drew his partner away, apologized handsomely for his conduct, and led him upstairs to the cabaret.

. . . . . .

Annie interrupted her story.

"At the time," she said to me, "I thought it funny. I had no way of guessing what those two low-down yellow rats were up to." Her blue eyes flashed angrily at the recollection. "They joined a party at a corner table. Three fellows. I knew them all. Two—one a Heinie and the other a Polish Jew—were tropical bums. The third was a lemon-colored slit-eyed horse's neck—Alvaro Torres, he calls himself."

I LOOKED up, interested. Torres, a judge in the courts of Colón, was an important man. He had, I recalled, sworn to one of the affidavits in which Urdaneta accused Emerald Annie of being the directing intelligence in back of the dope-running syndicate.

The dope-running syndicate. The reason why I put Annie under arrest. . . .

I consulted my watch. Getting on toward ten. And the Toloa, which was going to take my prisoner and me to New York, was due to sail shortly before midnight. . . .

"Hurry up, Annie," I said. "You haven't convinced me yet."

"I'll convince you all right, all right. Just give me a chance." . . .

She went on with her story.

It appeared that, a few minutes after Joe and Urdaneta had joined their friends, there was a commotion among them. A babel of agitated voices. The German rising to his full massive height, facing Alvaro Torres and demanding thunderously:

"In oder vords, I'm a liar—vat?"

People at neighboring tables looked up; were amused as they heard the slurring retort:

"*Hombre caramba!* I never believed that truth and you were twin brothers."

"*Donnerwetter!*" roared the German, clenching a hairy fist. "Dat iss too much!"

The next moment his right shot out to Torres' jaw. The latter, in the nick of time, jerked his head back. The German, caught off balance by his own impetus, toppled forward against the Polish Jew, who cried:

"Cut that out!"

The German shouted:

"Out of my vay, *Judenjunge!*"

The Pole's answer was a kick against the German's shin. Immediately the others took sides with words and blows. And still the people at the neighboring tables were amused, chimed in with humorous advice and suggestion—until, suddenly, there was the whine of a revolver bullet, the crash of a shattered window. . . .

YOU SURE ARE A TERRIBLE HOUSEKEEPER!
GOOD GRIEF, CAN'T WE HAVE SALT THAT POURS? YOU SURE ARE A TERRIBLE HOUSEKEEPER!
SNIFF
SNIFF
NEXT MORNING – AT SISTER'S
JACK WAS SIMPLY FURIOUS LAST NIGHT JUST BECAUSE THE SALT WOULDN'T POUR!
WHY NOT GET SOME MORTON'S SALT? ITS CUBE CRYSTALS DON'T CAKE IN THIS RAINY WEATHER!
THAT EVENING
WELL, HONEY, I SEE YOU GOT RID OF THOSE CLOGGED SALT-CELLARS ALREADY. YOU'RE JUST AS SMART AS YOU ARE PRETTY!
SPOUT WON'T TEAR OUT!
IODIZED OR PLAIN
MORTON'S IODIZED SALT
WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS
COSTS A FAMILY BUT 2¢ A WEEK TO ENJOY
WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS

That south sea island smile

Island belle with the famed beauty of the South Seas—how much of her charm lies in the gleaming perfection of her smile! Her teeth are kept beautifully sound and white by healthful exercise on rough, primitive fare.

The foods of civilization are softer, more refined—they furnish teeth and gums with too little exercise.

WE CIVILIZED FOLK NEED DENTYNE! It works in Nature's own way to help keep teeth sound and white. Dentyne's specially firm consistency invites vigorous, healthful chewing-exercise. It stimulates circulation in gums and mouth-tissues — polishes — cleanses. Helps keep your mouth healthy — teeth white.

ITS FLAVOR'S A TREAT! Spicy yet smooth — taste it and you'll know at once why it's so popular! Notice the fashionably flat shape of the package (exclusive Dentyne feature)—just right to carry in pocket or handbag.

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
5¢

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

A woman shrieked. Another woman fainted.

Fear became pandemonium as a second bullet shattered a second window.

A hysteria of stammered, frightened yells, followed by a worse hysteria of silence—terrible, swooning silence.

Then somebody clicked off the main electric switch, plunging the cabaret into inky blackness . . . and there was panic.

They rushed about, stumbled and fell in the dark—men and women, guests and waiters, performers and musicians. They ran toward the lobby, the kitchen, the lavatories—everywhere, anywhere—with frenzied cries, fighting, cursing, hurting each other in their mad haste to get away. . . .

"A yellow-livered mob," Annie characterized them. "Nor the army and navy any braver that night than the tourists. Nor the good old Yanks any braver than the spigs. And it wasn't 'Women first!' either. 'Women last!' it was. 'Kick your darling little sweetie-pie in the can if she gets in your way!'—that was the battle cry of these here heroic he-men. Always is, when it comes to a showdown. I know, brother. I've been around."

SHE stared at me accusingly; went on to relate that presently somebody clicked on the electric light. It was the same man—she had an idea—who had clicked it off a few minutes earlier; and she thought, afterward, that Urdaneta must have been the culprit, since the main switch was on the wall directly in back of where he had sat.

There was then a dazzling, blinding flood of silver brightness. . . .

And her cabaret? . . .

"You should have seen my lovely cabaret," she said to me on that evening years later. "Glasses, plates, and lamps smashed to smithereens. Windows broken. My elegant decorations in shreds. The piano a wreck. And the people, now that they could see the stairs, hot-footing it down, out into the street, nor stopping to ask for their checks, the four-flushers . . ."

So—she related—after a while everybody had left, and she was all alone, and surveyed the ruined place and endeavored to figure out the damage.

All her savings were gone. She owed for a great deal, too—

There was, between two windows, a tall mirror, cracked from top to bottom.

She stared into it; saw herself.

"Hallelujah! I'm a bum!" she sang. . . . "But this won't stop me—"

What will Annie do to pull out of this ruin? Are Joe and Carlos determined to get her, whatever she does? Can she play a lone hand against them? Events in this powerful story race to an unpredictable climax in the next issue of Liberty. Order your copy now!

LIBERTY PRESENTS Comers

BY ED SULLIVAN

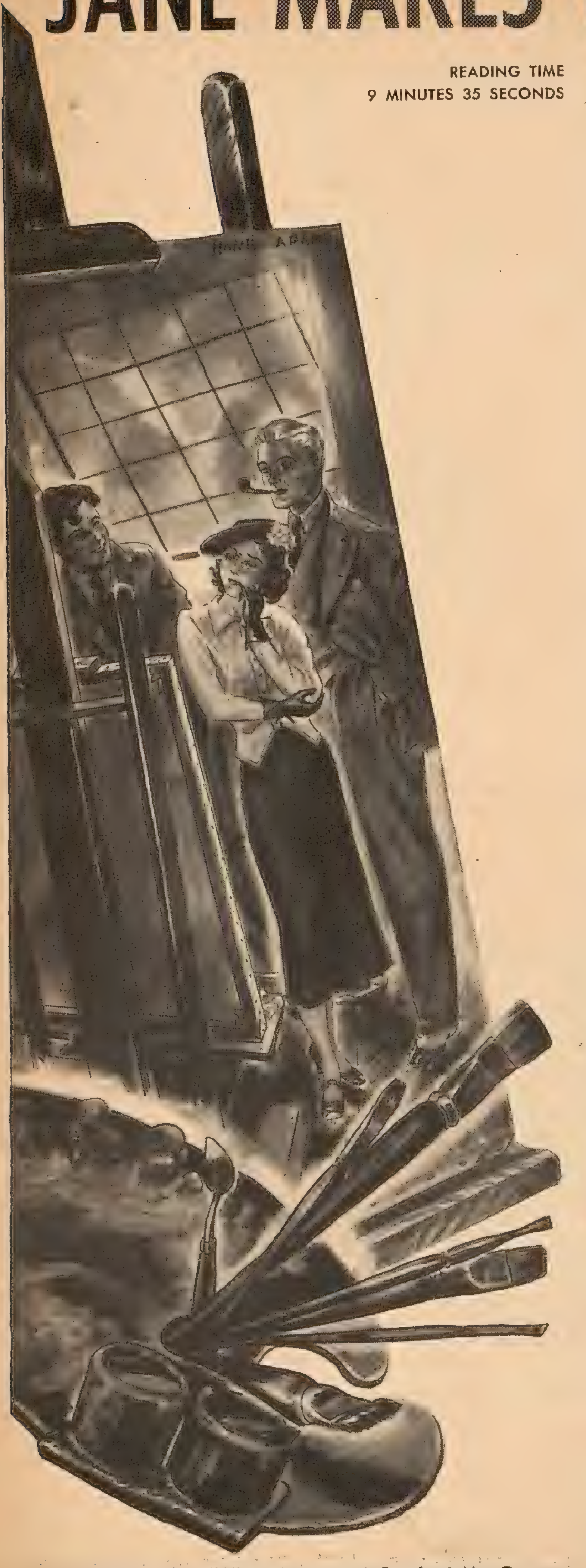
SHE'S GOT RHYTHM—Here's one of the brightest young dancing stars on Broadway. Floria Vestoff's father was in the Russian ballet with Nijinsky, but she turned to tap dancing instead. Mark her down. She can't miss!

SON OF CEDAR RAPIDS—Naming over real poets of the younger generation, you inevitably include Paul Engle. This Cedar Rapids, Iowa, boy soda-jerked his way through college and won a Rhodes scholarship at Oxford. Great things await him.

BLIND GENIUS—Without Alec Templeton, the blind pianist first brought to national notice by my frequent references, any list of future greats would be incomplete. Born in Wales, now twenty-seven, he is the four-star special of the week!

OHIO STATER—Maxine Marlowe, twenty-year-old singer (at left) with the Phil Spitalny band, went directly from Ohio State University to Broadway. Delightful, delicious, and delyrical, she's a sure bet to click!

JANE MAKES UP HER MIND



I see she said I see. What do you see? asked Mr. Graves.

READING TIME
9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THIS story is about a girl named Jane Tyrell who ran a tearoom on upper Madison Avenue. She was a slim pretty dark girl who would have looked discontented if she had had time and was very good at her job for she realized that the last thing that people who eat out all the time are interested in is good food. So her chairs were comfortable and her lighting intimate and her linen and china expensive and her service neat and unobtrusive. When she wanted a good meal herself she went to a one-arm lunch across the street.

Well quite a number of Jane's customers were in love with her which was good for business because they came often and ate little. She really tried to discourage them as much as she could but even the most decrepit and ill-favored kept on trustfully making little passes.

But Jane was in love herself. She was in love with one of two men and she didn't know which. For a long time she had been sort of engaged to a Mr. Harvey Mason who was a good artist and was now experimenting with portraits. He had done one of Jane which looked quite a lot like her.

Well Mr. Mason was exciting and Jane would probably have married him in the end. But recently Mr. Judson Graves had loomed up. Mr. Graves was a banker and though young had already played golf with some very important people. Jane found him comfortable and thought it would indeed be swell to be mistress of the big Long Island house. And yet somehow it was not very stirring.

Well Mr. Mason didn't worry much about it and when he saw in the paper that Miss Jane Tyrell had been a week-end guest at Mr. Judson Graves' palatial home Willowbank he just laughed and said if she enjoyed that sort of thing it was all right with him. He came into the tearoom nearly every evening for dinner and Jane usually sat down with him at his table for a while and he kidded her about Mr. Graves. Until finally she got mad. And she said You know Harvey I don't think Jud Graves is so darned funny as all that. Darling said Mr. Mason that's the one thing about you I can't understand—that you're impressed by this wart just because he has a dollar sign in front of him. There are a number of things you don't understand said Jane and one is that calling my friends warts doesn't specially endear you to me. I tell the truth as I see it said Mr. Mason. And then he looked at her and shook his head. Good Lord! he said A banker!

Well said Jane what's wrong with bankers? Wait a minute she said quickly I don't want you to go into your monologue about art smothered under the luxurious pillows of capitalism because this is a personal question and what do you really know about Jud's personality? He has no personality said Mr. Mason only a table of interest rates. And then he laughed and said I really mean it darling for I know these fellows. Look at the name of his country house. Willow*bank!* You can't get away from it my dear.

Well Jane looked at him for a minute and then she said O pooh! and went out into the kitchen. So Mr. Mason finished his dinner and then he went out and said Look Jane nobody can say I haven't an open mind so why don't you bring this I mean your friend Graves to my cocktail party Friday? O no said Jane I'm not going to subject him to— Ha! interrupted Mr. Mason As I thought! you're afraid to bring him around. O is that so! said Jane well just for that I will bring him smarty. And don't you try any funny business either. Why darling said Mr. Mason I just want to see this noble manly guy.

So Jane brought Mr. Graves to the party. At first the guests looked around at Mr. Mason's canvases and talked about art on an extremely high plane. But after a few drinks they got more human. Mr. Mason showed Mr. Graves around and was very cordial and tried to lead him into expressing some opinions about art but Mr. Graves was cagy and said little though he mumbled appreci-

BY WALTER BROOKS

ILLUSTRATION BY HANK ADAMS

A sprightly story of guile, a girl, and the way of a wise young man

atively at a few things and in especial at the picture of Jane. So then Mr. Mason fed him two more cocktails and introduced him to Miss Luella de Bro a little red-haired girl who was said to be the fastest worker east of the Mississippi. But Mr. Graves took her over into a corner and showed her card tricks and Miss de Bro was enchanted with him because no other man had ever considered her intellectual.

Well this did not please Mr. Mason who had hoped to exhibit his rival's stuffiness. So Mr. Mason got serious about it. And he said to himself This fellow is young and is still a good fellow as bankers go but the fact remains that he *is* a banker with a banker's soul and it is not fair to Jane to let her get too interested in him.

So he went and sat down beside Mr. Graves and began talking about portrait painting and then he said You know Graves I'd like awfully well to have a shot at doing a portrait of you. Mr. Graves murmured noncommittally and Mr. Mason said This is not a sales talk for I'm not looking for a commission but for a portrait I can exhibit and it would cost you nothing but your time and after a year say it would be your property. That hardly seems fair to you said Mr. Graves and then he thought a minute and said What do you get for a portrait? A thousand dollars said Mr. Mason. Well said Mr. Graves my aunt Mrs. Mortimer Quince has been at me for a long time to have a portrait done but I have never known who to go to. I like your work and I'd like to have you do me.

Well that was settled pretty quick and sittings began the next day and when Mr. Mason saw Jane he said Well Graves isn't a bad guy and I withdraw wart but I still say he's a banker. Well evidently said Jane he thinks you are an artist. If he's wrong about so many things maybe he's wrong about you. I could argue that with you said Mr. Mason if I hadn't used up all my energy chewing this meat. What is it—rhinoceros? You ordered steak didn't you? said Jane. It says steak on the bill said Mr. Mason but it doesn't say what kind of animal.

So things went along and sometimes Jane thought she was in love with Mr. Mason and sometimes she thought she was in love with Mr. Graves. And then one day Mr. Mason called up and said I've finished the portrait and maybe you'll come over and tell me if I've done a good job.

SO Jane went over and Mr. Mason took her into the studio and said There now tell me honestly what you think. And then he gave a start and said O excuse me I forgot something I'll be right back and ran out of the room.

Jane sat down and looked at the portrait. The likeness seemed to her just about perfect but then she had known that it would be for Mr. Mason was a fine draftsman and his artistic integrity would make him paint honestly what he saw. So Jane looked at the painting as art and then she looked at it as Jud Graves and she began thinking about Mr. Graves and then about Mr. Mason. They both had their integrity she thought though an artist's was different from a banker's. She admired it in both of them a great deal probably because she herself fell rather short in such matters as the best cuts of meat. And she looked at Mr. Graves again and thought O dear Jud does have a sort of smug look and I wish he had more *life.* And just then Mr. Mason came rushing back in.

Well darling said Mr. Mason do you like it? O I do said Jane the likeness is fine and that background is simply gorgeous. Good said Mr. Mason I'm glad. But he said that wasn't really why I asked you to come over. I am leaving for Paris in a week and my dear I want you to come with me. O said Jane I well I guess I couldn't. That is exactly why I am going away said Mr. Mason for it is time you made up your mind. And so you are either going to marry me and go to Paris or you aren't going to see me again. Why that is the silliest thing I ever heard of said Jane and she started to argue but Mr. Mason said I don't want arguments I want a decision and then Jane looked helplessly at the portrait but Mr. Graves' eyes didn't plead with her but only looked sort of dull and stolid and then she turned to Mr. Mason and said Well—And at that minute the doorbell rang.

So Mr. Mason said something coarse under his breath and dropped his arms which he had extended to enfold Jane and went to the door. And Mr. Graves came in. O hello Jane said Mr. Graves I was just down this way and I thought I'd drop in and see if Mason had got me varnished yet. Ah there it is he said Well I do think you've done a swell job Mason. Mr. Mason said Ah noncommittally and looked at Jane but Jane was looking from Mr. Graves to the portrait and back again. I see she said I see. What do you see? asked Mr. Graves. Every line is correct said Jane. It's you. And yet it isn't you. What! said Mr. Graves You don't like it? why I think it's fine. Jane is a little upset today said Mr. Mason and perhaps—

UPSET my eye! said Jane I see what you've done now that Jud is here for comparison. You've made him all dull and stolid and piggy. O Harvey and I thought you were square. I paint things as I see them said Mr. Mason I can't do better than that. I suppose you saw that high light on his watch chain said Jane and you brought it up good and strong to draw the eye to it and make his stomach the most important thing in the picture. I suppose you left high lights out of the eyes too that way to make them dull and hard and cold. I see all the tricks now. Jud she said have you paid him for it yet? Why Jane said Mr. Graves I don't think you're quite fair to Mason. Yes said Mr. Mason Graves has paid me—why? This said Jane and she grabbed a paint rag and smeared the still wet canvas into a Turner sunset.

Mr. Mason had not tried to stop Jane. He threw himself into a chair and began to laugh. O Jane Jane he said You're cleverer than I thought you were and it makes me all the sorrier that you won't be with me in Paris. Unless—he said hesitating and added For I still think Graves is a banker. And then as Jane said nothing he felt in his pocket. My integrity he said at least prevents me from keeping this. And he handed Mr. Graves back his check. Come along Jud said Jane and they left Mr. Mason still laughing and went out into the street.

Well Jane said Mr. Graves I'm sorry you spoiled the picture. Sorry! said Jane you poor loopy don't you see what he did to you? And then she looked at him hard and he was smiling quietly and she said Why did you have Harvey do your portrait? O well said Mr. Graves I just wanted to see what he'd do because I thought if he painted it honestly then he was an honest man and I would know what I had to fight. But if he didn't paint it honestly I knew you'd see it and everything'd be all right.

What! said Jane staring And he said you were a banker! Why then you knew all the time about the high lights on the watch chain and the other things? Well said Mr. Graves it did seem to me that the picture looked more like a banker than any banker had a right to look. And it's too bad you spoiled it because I think I could have got it hung in the board room and it would have been a great help to me. Just as that picture of a roast turkey on your menu last Thanksgiving was a help to you.

Well all at once Jane began to cry and so Mr. Graves hailed a cab and pushed her in and told the driver Grant's Tomb and then he put his arm around her and said I'm sorry darling I didn't mean to speak harshly about your turkeys. O damn the turkeys sniffed Jane I've been such a fool Jud for before you came—when I saw the portrait—I almost told Harvey I'd marry him. Well said Mr. Graves I almost sneaked out of your tearoom when I took the first bite of that turkey last Thanksgiving. And he kissed her and she kissed him back and I don't know as there is anything more to say about them.

THE END

ONE LAST WILD Fling

BY STEVE FISHER

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IT was Sunday, their second day out, and he thought it singular that he was to have the watch on the conning tower at eight. It was at eight that she was to be married; in the big church on Wilshire, the one in whose yard bloomed flowers amid stately coco palms, and within whose walls the grand organ would play while the sympathetic wept at the beauty of the bride. He would be on the bridge then, setting the gyro and checking the charts; and according to the weather forecast a squall would be on them and it would be raining.

Eight o'clock, and after that he would have to forget her. But it was only three now, and he had five whole hours in which to torture his mind with the impossible imagining of a last-minute reprieve. Impossible because she didn't even know his last name nor to what submarine he was attached. But maybe, he thought, she would pause a moment to regret, and that moment would belong wholly to him.

He put a bottle of ink down on the table in the wardroom and laid several sheets of paper beside it. A letter to her; that much, no more. It was his right. He stopped to think, for it was all so vivid in his mind he did not know where to begin.

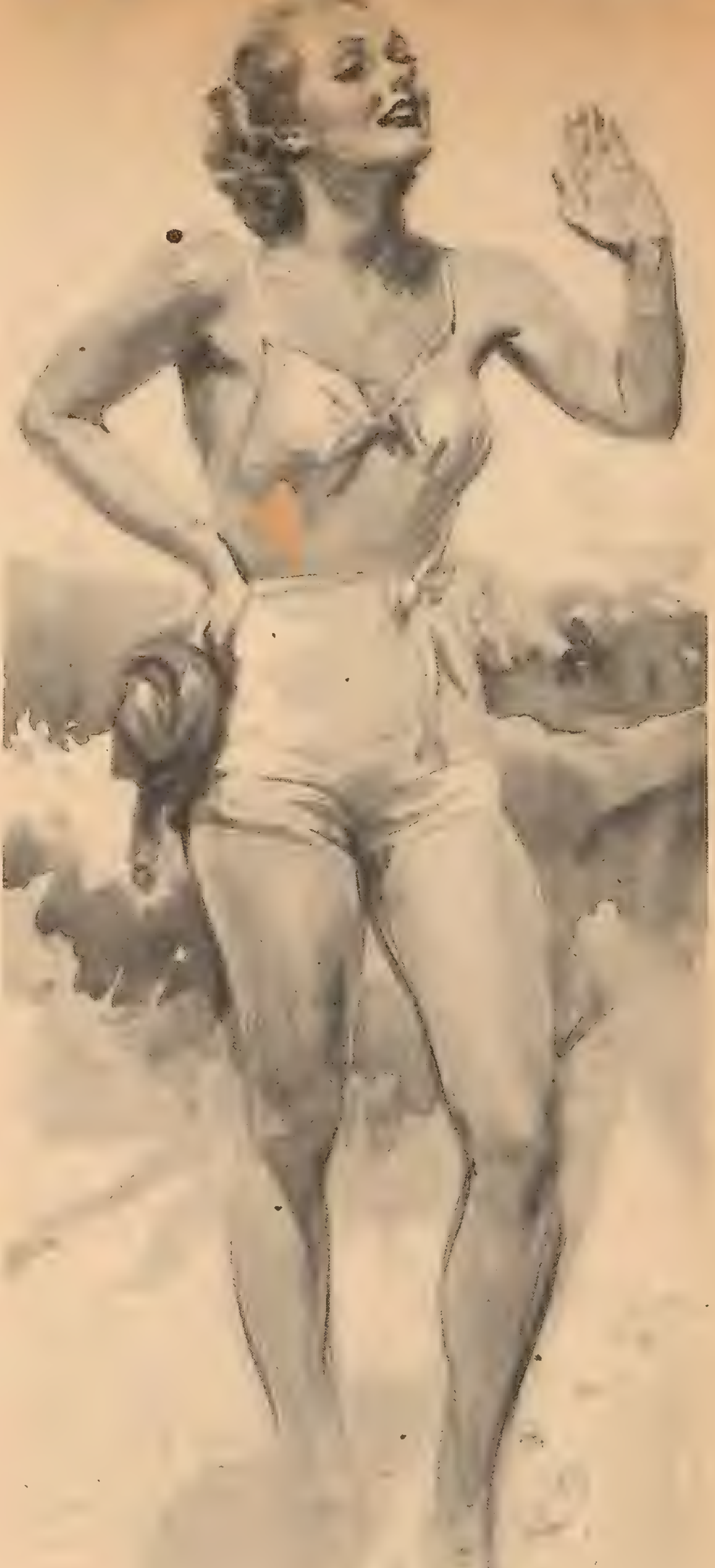
His thoughts moved rapidly backward, so that gradually the *throb-throb-throb* of the Diesel engines, endlessly pumping, he scarcely heard; nor was he conscious of the warm air that swept through the tiny compartments below deck, nor of the swish along the sleek iron of the sub's hull outside. He stared at the bulkheads glistening bright against the wardroom's tiny electric globe. Bulkheads. They oppressed and mocked him; they caged him in this little iron tomb pushing through the sea toward Hawaii, while she, back in Los Angeles, prepared her wedding dress.

He began writing:

Micki dear:

A junior lieutenant in the navy should have a tougher chin, but I haven't, so you must forgive me for writing this. It is neither a plea for pity nor a rebuke for allowing me to take seriously what seemed to you so light. It is my hope that in these pages you will find the explanation for my departure without a farewell; and the reason why those three whirlwind days of gaiety, laughter, and love could mean so utterly much to me.

I think it was the beginning that set the tempo for my heart. It was at the Grove, remember? Ted Lewis was there and his band was playing Glad Rag Doll. I was standing at a side window, smoking a cigarette and watching the rain, when you came along. I remember the luster of your yellow hair, bushy and curly; the ebony of your satin dress that was cut low in the back and fitted you tightly except toward the bottom, where it flared. You were laughing, and I had never seen such blue eyes nor such a merry red mouth set against the healthy tan of a perfect face. My first thought was, you must be very happy, and when you said, "Say, mister, have you no one to dance with?" I knew this was true.



You were a lovely little kid in that white bathing suit.

"Say, mister, have you no one to dance with?"

He dropped his cigarette and stepped on it, flushing. "As a matter of fact, I haven't." He was conscious of his blue trousers and his uniform dinner jacket that had a bar and a half on the shoulder straps, and offered: "I've just been transferred to the Coast. This is my first visit in Los Angeles. You see, I came to the Grove to—"

"—See movie stars?"

"Yes; are you one?"

"Heavens, no!" She laughed happily and did not seem at all embarrassed about meeting him like this.

For lovers—A pulse-quickening tale of runaway hearts and three stolen days of mad, magnificent adventure

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Well"—he was feeling more at ease now—"you certainly look like one."

She said, "Thank you," and, turning toward the window: "I like the rain."

"So do I."

She glanced up at him, and he swore her face was absolutely radiant. "Funny. Most sailors do. I know lots of them. That's why I felt privileged to make your acquaintance. Do you think I am bold?"

"On the contrary—I think you are very delightful."

She looked him up and down. "You are a very good-looking officer. Dark wavy hair, dark eyes, and a kind face. A benevolent face."

He laughed. "All you need for me now is a name. How will Peter do? And—oh, yes—I dance."

She said: "I'm Micki. I too dance."

"How do you do, Micki?"

"Very well; and you, Peter?"

. . . *And I don't think any one in the world could have met any more perfectly or crazily than that; it intrigued me no end. I never in my life had known a girl like you, yet as we danced it seemed as though I had always known you. I couldn't understand how it was that you were at the Grove alone; but I didn't want to; I only knew that I was delighted that you were. I think we spoke more sanely during the intermission, yet perhaps the Tijuana suggestion might not have sounded sane to any one else. It did to me. I thought it was a grand idea* . . .

"I can fly," she said, "and I know where I can get a plane if you want to go."

He thought perhaps it was the champagne, but he said: "I'd love nothing more."

He escorted her to the cloakroom, where she got her wraps and made two phone calls—one home, to say where she was going; and the other for the plane. He still could not believe that this was not a dream.

They took a taxi all the way out to the air field. The drive was straight down Wilshire, broad and magnificent. They sat holding hands like a couple of children. They passed a church, and she said:

"I'm going to be married there."

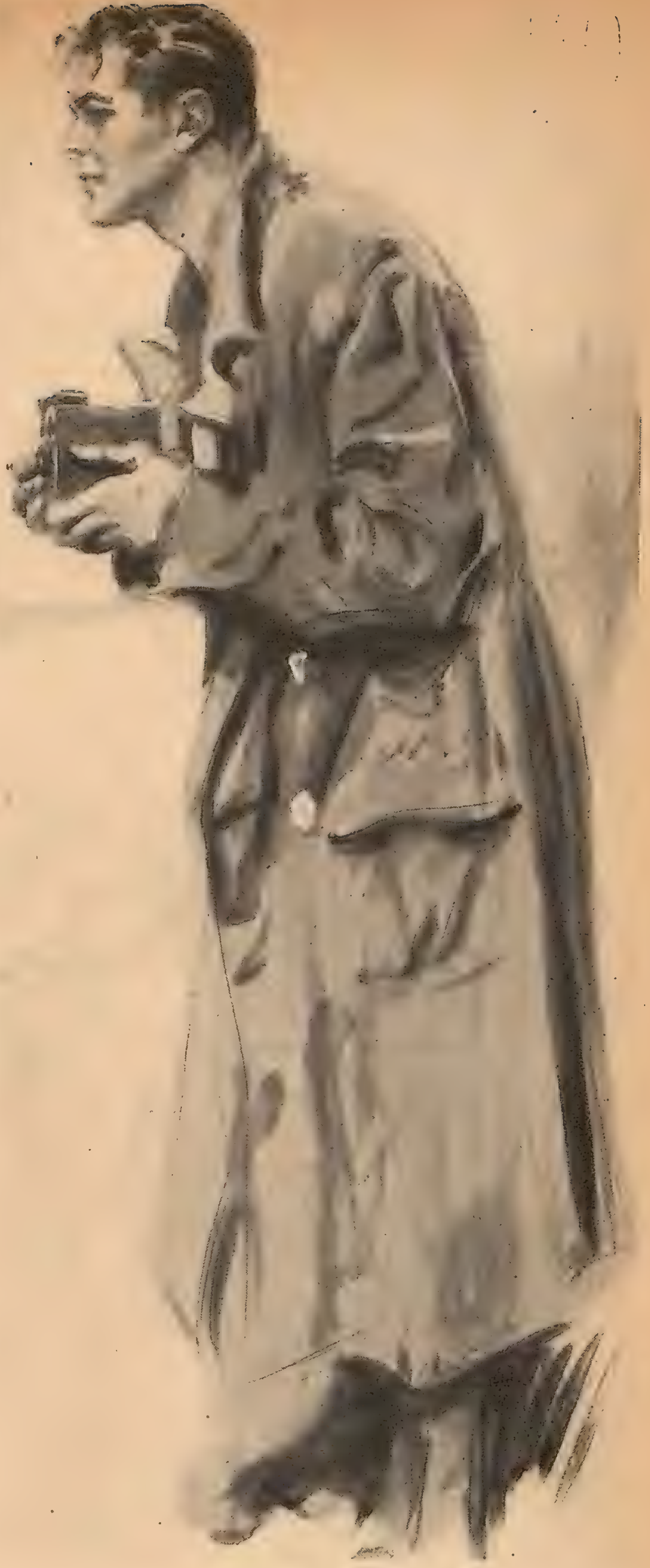
"It's beautiful," he told her. He wanted to say she would marry him there. But that was too inane; he hadn't even kissed her.

When they arrived at the flying field he was amazed that there was actually a two-seater ship waiting for them. He ventured:

"But how?"

She laughed. "There are many very rich people in California," she explained, "and the ones who own planes, I have found, are quite willing to loan them out."

He didn't fly and it didn't occur to him to ask her how well she did. He just climbed in and she handed him a jacket and helmet. Two mechanics helped her, and when she was seated, wearing helmet and goggles, she turned, laughing, and waved at him. Presently the motor was roaring, and in a few minutes he saw the ground going by.



You stood and looked at me. I got a snapshot—remember?

. . . *And in Tijuana we won a little in the Foreign Club. Then we went to a dingy little cabaret that I don't think was meant for tourists at all. I wasn't aware that officers weren't supposed to go into Mexico, and luckily, before entering the cabaret I was cold and put on the leather flying jacket again, covering up my insignia. That little brown man was convinced when you were through talking that I was not in the navy at all. Indeed, I was a conductor on a streetcar in San Diego.*

"I Never Owned Such an Economical Car!"

"With the Savings I Am Experiencing, My Dodge Will Cost Me Less Than the Small Car I Originally Thought of Buying," says Miss Emelie Gingell, Sunnyside, N. Y.

"THE way Dodge saves on gasoline, oil, tires and general upkeep has just amazed me," continues Miss Gingell. "I never owned such an economical car!"...and there are literally thousands the country over who are making the same discovery Miss Gingell has made. In fact, more than 140,000 people have *switched from other cars to Dodge* in the past year. And these are in addition to the thousands of Dodge enthusiasts who regularly repurchase and say they would have no other car but Dodge!

See and drive this new Dodge today! And remember, Dodge now delivers for just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars!

DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia network, every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E.D.S.T.

Switch to DODGE
and Save Money!

Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.

. . . *It was shortly after this that we rented that old flivver that would scarcely run, and drove to Caliente, where you insisted on paying for your own hotel rooms, while I paid for mine. As I think back, it seems strange that I didn't even kiss you good night there in the hall. I hadn't kissed you at all. In fact, it wasn't until the next day at the beach . . .*

Peter looked up suddenly and saw Lieutenant Saunders as he came into the wardroom. He put down his pen. Immediately the *throb-throb-throb* of the Diesel engines came back to his ears; the swish of water against the hull.

Saunders said: "Still mooning?"

Peter looked at the man with the greasy face, the oily cap cocked on the side of his head. He did not like Saunders because he was a chronic whiner. He seldom spoke without complaining about the navy. Sooner or later he was going to marry a "rich dame" and resign on her money, which would be a splendid thing for the service, Peter thought.

"I'm writing a letter," he said.

"Aw, why don't you forget that mush? There's plenty of decent *wahines* in Honolulu, you know." Saunders choked and coughed. "Those engines," he said. "By God, I think they've given me t.b.!"

"You haven't got t.b.," Peter answered angrily.

Saunders' greasy face was livid. "What do you know about it? Stick around these pig-iron crates like I have and you'll know what I'm talking about!" He went to the washbasin, peeled off his shirt, and turned on the water. He turned. "Want to know something, mister? No more undersea cans for little Bill Saunders—I'm getting off this crate! I'm putting in my resignation soon as we hit Pearl Harbor. This twist I've been playing around with for five years is coming over on a liner. She's old Dame Fortune herself, with eyes for nobody but papa!"

SAUNDERS washed, and raved some more when he was finished; but Peter, full of contempt for him, had started writing again:

. . . *Yes, it was on the beach that I kissed you, and a dozen people must have seen me. I'll never forget that first kiss, Micki. We had just come out of the water and we were dripping wet. I turned to you and I said: 'Micki, do you know that I love you?' I recall how you stood there and looked at me. You were a lovely little kid in that white bathing suit, arms hanging limp at your side. (I got a snapshot that way — remember?) And then suddenly you threw your arms about me, and what you said was: 'Peter, you are sweet, sweet, sweet!' So I kissed you.*

After dinner you called your folks long distance, and then we were back in the plane, and this time we hopped all the way to San Francisco, which was quite a hop. It was still a crazy whirlwind romance, and I loved it, every moment of it.

In Frisco we wound up on the tail end of things at the St. Francis, where Ted Fio Rita was playing. You were pretty sleepy then, and you got rooms and retired.

I walked down Market Street to the Ferry Building and watched the harbor. I saw dawn come, like a dusky pearl, and I remembered the funniest little things: like when we left the plane in Oakland and were coming across to Frisco on the ferry. You turned to me suddenly . . .

STEVE FISHER

ran away from military school and joined the navy, where he was tagged "the navy's foremost fiction writer." After his discharge he came to New York to make good. Now, still in his early twenties, he has four novels and three hundred short stories to his credit. Says he'd rather write than do anything else.

Her hair was wild and her eager young face had become very sober. He didn't know why. He thought he saw her lips quiver, although he could not be sure.

PETER," she said, "you are showing me the best time I ever had. That is as it should be."

"But, darling, you are showing *me.*"

She shook her head. "No. We are showing each other. This is the maddest, happiest adventure any two human beings have ever had. And you—you are *so* nice, so sweet." She toyed with one of the buttons on his jacket. "I suppose I owe you an awful lot—"

"Micki! You owe me nothing. All I've done is follow you. I adore you—worship you!"

"Yes, of course. And I—"

But the ferry had bumped against the dock and the spell was broken. She laughed and, taking his hand, they surged through the lines with the rest of the crowd.

. . . *It was noon before we had breakfast the next day, and it was really the first time we had occasion to be embarrassed about wearing evening clothes in daylight.*

It was that afternoon that I began to see the end. You arranged to have the plane brought back by a pilot, and then you insisted that we take a train back to Los Angeles because you wanted it to be a nice long ride. I got chairs in the day coach, saying it would be fun to sit up for eleven hours, and you agreed. But as a matter of fact I was broke and day coaches were all I could afford.

Spectacular is the only word to describe how we must have looked in that coach, you with your gorgeous yellow hair and glistening blue eyes, wearing a black satin evening gown; and I, a young naval officer, wearing a white mess jacket and blue trousers. It was still a lot of fun until you began telling me . . .

Peter looked up and saw the Filipino mess boy with the tablecloth and some dishes in his hand. He was grinning.

"Me lay table now, sir?"

"It's chow-time already, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

Peter gathered up the sheets of paper on which he had been writing and put them in his locker. Saunders had changed his clothing and was lying on one of the bunks asleep. He had the dog watch—from supper until eight, when Peter would relieve him.

Peter left the wardroom and moved into the Center Operating Controls room. It was squarish, with glistening steel bulkheads, the periscope, a ladder that led up into the conning tower—and over in one corner a box-like compartment paneled with glass. A radioman sat inside, earphones on his head.

Peter had been about to start up the ladder for the conning tower for a breath of air, when the captain came climbing down. He was a stocky man with a square jaw and short-clipped hair. He was a senior lieutenant.

"The squall's already started," he said crisply. "Raining like hell. You'll be better off down here."

Peter asked: "Do you think it'll be a bad storm?"

"Decidedly. We may have to dive. Is chow up yet?"

"I think Mendoza is bringing it," Peter said.

The skipper went directly to the wardroom, but Peter went into the after battery. He sat down at the wooden mess table that mess cooks were setting up for the crew, and tried to think. The stormy sea was tossing the sub about violently, and once or twice the light blinked.

PETER at last returned to the wardroom for his supper. The exec was still on the bridge, waiting for Saunders to relieve him. Peter, Saunders, and the captain ate most of the meal in silence. Toward the end, Saunders turned his drawn face to Peter.

"Look. For a sick man, Pete, I can't go up there in that storm. I'll trade you your next watch for—"

"You'll take your watch," the skipper snapped.

Saunders looked at him, his eyes glowing dully. "I won't have to take that from you much longer, Hage. I'm turning in my suit when we reach Pearl Harbor."

The captain looked up. "Good! Why wait? I'll radio the bureau tonight—maybe they'll rush a resignation through for you!"

Saunders reddened. "A lot you people appreciate all I've done for this tub! Go ahead and radio it. I'll quit standing duty right now!"

"Like hell you will. You'll take every watch you have coming to you!"

Saunders just looked at him; then he got up, put on a slicker and his cap. He left the wardroom.

The executive officer came down from the bridge, soaking wet; he put away his slicker and sat down to eat. Peter borrowed a fountain pen from him, took one end of the table, and went on with the letter. He wanted it to be finished before eight.

He wrote:

DON'T LET
THIS HAPPEN
TO YOU

"She loves me, she loves me not"

In the game of pulling petals from the flower, if it doesn't come out "happy ending," you can always toss the stem away, and pluck another posy.

But when the foliage falls from your head, it's a game of another rule. For hair once gone is gone forever, and you have the head for keeps.

Don't let this happen to you!

If dandruff litters your collar, if your hair is thinning at the temples and your comb gathers wool from your crown, if your hair is dry and brittle or too oily, use Kreml morning and night and call for it in the barber shop.

Kreml cleanses, refreshes, stimulates the scalp and growth of hair. Kreml removes every speck of dandruff, and its beneficial oils help maintain a normal oil balance of hair and scalp.

A wonderful dressing, Kreml lends a healthful luster to hair and keeps it obedient to the comb without giving it that greasy, plastered-down look. Women, too, love Kreml for the alluring sheen it gives the coiffure. Ask your druggist for Kreml Hair Tonic.

Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau

KREML *now greatly reduced in price*

REMOVES DANDRUFF • CHECKS FALLING HAIR • NOT GREASY • MAKES HAIR BEHAVE

"Misfit Blades Made My Face And Neck Sore"

— *says Detroit Man*

Now Uses Only Gillette Blades in His Gillette Razor

"After shaving, my face and neck would be quite irritated. Then I found that the trouble was MISFIT blades. Now since I've been using genuine Gillette Blades in my Gillette Razor I get a clean shave and my face and neck don't smart or burn."
S. J. Reardon,
10004 Sussex Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

RETURNS TO GILLETTE BLADES

"After using misfit blades in my razor I switched back to Gillette for cool, clean and comfortable shaves. Now I'm a regular user of Gillette Blades. I find them to be the best."
J. Herbert Hyde, Elmwood, Conn.

WHEN you use a misfit blade in your Gillette Razor there is likely to be too much or too little exposure of shaving edge. The result is a scratchy, painful shave —or a "spotty" shave which leaves unsightly stubble behind. But why risk these discomforts? Play safe by always using a genuine Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor. These two are made for each other. Designed and produced by the same engineers, they fit and work as smoothly together as the parts of a fine watch. Buy a package of Gillette Blades for your Gillette Razor today!

Gillette Blades
Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

. . . It seemed strange that you waited until we were just a few hours from Los Angeles before you told me. But of course, as you explained, you wanted our fun to go on right up to the very last minute . . .

It was dark outside. Black objects that he could not make out, but which must have been telegraph poles, were swishing by. The coach was stuffy, full of smoke. He saw Micki blink and he noticed that her eyes were a little bloodshot. He thought: Poor kid. She's tired out. And it was then that she looked at him, a little grimly.

"You've been good. But of course" —she went on hurriedly—"it's good-by after you take me home."

He was frightened. "What do you mean?"

"I'm being married Sunday."

"This is Thursday," he blurted. "Why, you're—" He was aware of his heart hammering hard against his side. He was sitting up straight now, his body tense.

"Sunday," she said quietly, "in that church on Wilshire. Coco palms and flowers in the yard . . . An organ inside . . ."

He was terribly confused. He could not understand what she meant. "But, Micki," he implored, "you don't know what you're saying! What about us?"

She did not look at him, and he saw there were tears in her eyes. Presently she brushed them away and didn't cry any more.

"Peter, I guess you think I'm pretty awful. I guess I am. Only, I thought you understood. Took it for granted, I guess. That's like me. Flighty. Lightheaded. You see, the man I am to marry and I agreed that each would have one last wild fling. Marriage is something sacred and permanent. We wanted to get all of the wild oats out of our systems so we could settle down. The bargain was that we were each to choose the other's companion. So we went to the Grove, and I picked out a girl I knew for him. He noticed you wandering around alone, so he pointed you out to me. And—well—"

PETER gulped. "My innocent face, I guess. I probably looked dumb enough for him to trust. All right. I guess *I'm* the one who is crazy. I happened to fall in love with you."

"Oh, no!" she said quickly. "You just imagine it. One can't *really* fall in love in three days. You're infatuated, and I'm infatuated—terribly so. But it is not love, Peter. Love is a thing that must grow on one. It is something one cannot mistake."

His face was hot. "Yes, I know. Something you cannot mistake."

"Please let's not be dramatic about this," she said. "We've both had a delightful time. Let's let it end like that. Remember it as beautiful."

"All right." He scarcely knew he spoke. He saw the sleepy porter going down the aisle; saw a child asleep on one of the seats. He saw these things and thought about them because his mind was a muddle. He heard Micki go on:

"Forgive me if I have hurt you, Peter. I didn't mean to—really. I thought, being a sailor and all—"

"It's all right," he kept saying.

Suddenly she looked up at him, and a soft cry—like the Micki he had known these three days—broke from her lips. "Kiss me, Peter. Kiss me!"

He said: "No. I'd rather not."

Her face was strained then; very hurt, very tender. She took his cold hand and hugged it and kissed it. "Oh, Peter, Peter," she whispered, "it couldn't be love. Peter darling, don't you see my point? Can't you understand? You say your ship is leaving for Honolulu Monday. Go there—forget me." She kissed his hand again. "But you can remember me sometimes, if you want. You will, won't you? I will, too. Three days in a great big lifetime that belongs to you and me alone!"

But he did not, could not respond.

WHEN they arrived at the station he put her in a taxi. He saw the pained, startled expression on her face when, instead of getting in, he slammed the door and waved good-by.

He went back to San Diego then, and lucky too, for the S boats had new orders. They were to sail on Saturday instead of Monday.

. . . Perhaps to you, Micki, it was a "fling," a whirlwind romance, amusing and delightful. In a few minutes now you will be married. I hope it will bring all that you expect of it, because you taught me what real happiness is, and though it has been taken from me, and I may never have it again, my life is infinitely richer for having known it.

He put it in an envelope and sealed it, then left the wardroom.

He relieved Saunders at a quarter to eight, because Saunders had spotted the liner and wanted to go below to see the radioman. The rain was coming in a torrent, and the sub was crashing back and forth. Waves leaped angrily about it. The Diesels kept pumping, pumping, pumping. . . .

At five of eight the buzzer rang and the skipper's voice came through: "We're diving."

Peter was the last off the bridge, and when he arrived in the C. O. C. the men were already at their diving stations. Hage was on the periscope. Saunders was in the radio shack; he had sent a message and was waiting for an answer.

Peter looked around him, saw the dungaree-clad sailors, bodies sweaty, faces grim and white. Presently Saunders came out and went aft to his station in the engine room. The Diesels were snapped off, batteries put into use.

Hage snapped his orders. The sub went nosing down, deep into the icy sea. The sleek steel of the bulkheads dripped with beads of moisture; and the warm air had suddenly become thin and cold, so that Peter shivered. Deeper . . . deeper. Tenseness.

Quiet. A chill of death in the air. Peter saw the radioman take a message. Eight o'clock now. In the church on Wilshire a minister was saying: " *Dearly beloved, we are . . .* "

The sub thudded on the bottom. The hull quivered. Then, swinging ominously back and forth, they moved slowly forward.

In a moment Saunders left his post and came into the C. O. C. The skipper glared at him but said nothing. The radioman handed Saunders the message that had just come in. It was in pencil. Saunders stood in the middle of the deck and read it. Peter watched with burning eyes. Eight o'clock, he kept thinking. . . .

He was suddenly aware that Saunders had gone chalk white; that he laughed—hoarsely, shrilly. At last he looked at Peter.

" I picked you out because I thought you were dumb, innocent. That you were a sap a guy might trust. I didn't even tell her I knew you. And afterward, when I saw what a sentimental fool you were making of yourself, I didn't want to tell you that she was my—"

He suddenly thrust the message into Peter's hands, and, his face a bitter mask of hopeless rage and hatred, turned and plodded back toward the engine room.

Peter was trembling. He unwrinkled the message.

REGRET THAT YOU HAVE DECIDED TO RESIGN IMMEDIATELY BUT WISH YOU SUCCESS IN CIVILIAN LIFE STOP IT IS FORTUNATE YOUR SHIP SAILED TWO DAYS EARLY OTHERWISE WE MIGHT BE GETTING MARRIED NOW AND I AM SURE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A MISTAKE STOP EVEN THOUGH WE HAVE KNOWN EACH OTHER FIVE YEARS I DO NOT THINK WE ARE IN LOVE STOP LOVE IS DIFFERENT STOP I LEARNED THAT DURING MY FLING STOP THE BOY I LOVE IS ON SUBMARINES ALSO AND I AM EN ROUTE TO HONOLULU SO I MAY FIND HIM STOP GOOD LUCK BILL STOP MAY YOU BE AS LUCKY IN LOVE AS I STOP

MICKI

Peter's hand closed over the message. He remembered she had spoken of knowing officers; but it was Bill Saunders. Saunders had picked him deliberately, yet he had never told him.

Peter sat down. The skipper looked at him queerly.

" It's my heart," Peter said, and he grinned.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ½ **THE OUTWARD ROOM** by Millen Brand. Simon & Schuster.

A distinguished first novel which begins with a vivid and poignant study of the mind of a woman on the verge of insanity, and ends when love enters her life and crowds out the morbidity in her nature.

★ ★ ★ **A HOME IN THE COUNTRY** by Frederic F. Van de Water. The John Day Company.

Try it—for its peace and human understanding; for its tribute to our neighbors in Vermont, and for its unspoken love-story-after-forty of a man, his wife, and his home.

★ ★ **SON OF HAMAN** by Louis Cochran. The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

A somewhat unconventional love story of the Mississippi delta country just after the Civil War. First of a trilogy giving a detailed and authentic account of the lives of Southern share croppers.

★ ★ **MARCONI: THE MAN AND HIS WIRELESS** by Orrin E. Dunlap, Jr. The Macmillan Company.

His mother was Irish; his father, Italian. The result was Marconi and wireless telegraphy. A story of will power and genius.

★ **DEAD MEN ARE DANGEROUS** by Garnett Weston. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A good enough detective story, though rather spoiled by the Hollywoodian style of writing and Hollywoodian and incredible characters.

As Advertised
STOCK UP NOW!
Popular Sizes
15¢
each
MAZDA LAMPS

NEW 1937 G-E BULBS GIVE MORE LIGHT AT NO EXTRA COST

● To give you more and more light for your money, General Electric is continually improving the efficiency of its MAZDA lamps.

Today, thanks to these improvements, MAZDA lamps made by G-E give more light than ever before in history . . . *at no increase in cost for bulbs or current!*

The sixty-watt lamp of 1937, for example, gives 24% more light than the same size lamp of ten years ago . . . and costs only half as much.

Get a supply of these new and brighter Edison MAZDA lamps . . . and be sure of good light at low cost!

NOW AS LITTLE AS 15¢ FOR 15-25-40 AND 60 WATTS

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A GREEN COUPÉ

By JOEL Y. DANE

GRETA was still drowsy as she came into the living room. Rumpling her yellow curls, she stood just inside the doorway for a long moment before she noticed her husband.

He was in the big chair beside the radio, a dead cigarette between the index and second fingers of his right hand. On his lap the Sun lay open at the stock-market page, but Bill was looking at nothing whatever.

She said, "I didn't hear you come in."

"No?" His chin did not lift from his chest. "I looked in at you. You were sleeping pretty heavily."

She glanced at him, then at the leather-covered clock on the desk. "It's almost nine—do you want dinner?"

"Had it. You were sleeping pretty heavily," he repeated. His lips quivered slightly with suppressed tension as he asked, "Been drinking, Gertrude?"

"No." She looked worried. Gertrude was the name on her birth certificate and on her passport, but Bill never called her anything but Greta unless something was wrong. "That is, you couldn't call it *drinking*. I had a strega after luncheon—with Marjorie and Vee."

"Nice girls, Marjorie and Vee; I like 'em myself. I like strega, too—it's the color of your hair." His words were slurred enough for her to know he had been doing some drinking on his own account. "Was it a late luncheon?"

"Not very. Why?"

"I phoned here after three. No one answered."

"Perhaps I just missed the call."

"Perhaps." He stared at her until she began to fidget. "You're *nervous*, Gertrude."

"Well, yes—a little. But I can't help it. I saw the most frightful thing today; it upset me dreadfully. This girl was driving a green coupé, and a big truck came slam-bang around a corner and crashed into her. The coupé was turned upside down with the girl underneath."

"Was she killed?"

"I don't know. I was so shaken I went right downstairs and took a cab home."

"Downstairs?"

"Yes. I saw it from a window of Vee's apartment."

"Is this true—I mean about the accident being the thing that's got you rattled?" He studied her, making up his mind.

"Of course! Why, it made me go sick all over. That's the reason I was resting when you came home."

"Well, I'll be damned." Bill pitched his dead cigarette across the room toward the fireplace. "You know what I thought, Greta? I figured you might have been seeing Russ again—out drinking with him, or something. I'm glad you weren't. Do you know *why* I'm glad, Greta?"

She began to wonder just how much drinking he had done. "Is it because . . . because you love me, Bill?"

"Um, that too. And because I like myself pretty well." He leaned from his chair, stretching an arm to its fullest length to grasp a knob of the desk drawer. "See what I had for you and Russ?"

The gleaming barrel of the gun turned her eyes to o's of horror. "Bill—you wouldn't . . ."

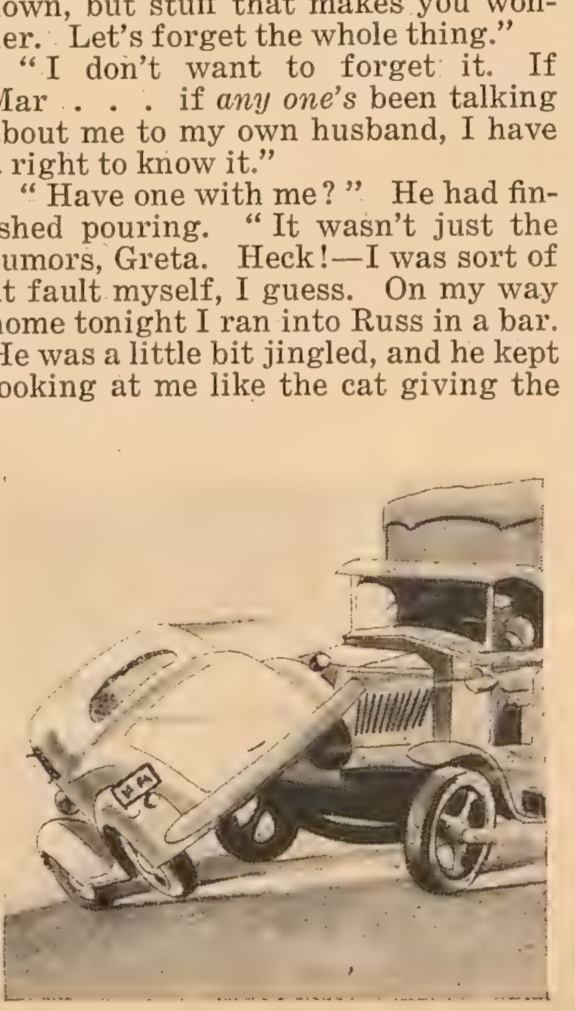
"I wouldn't like to have to." He slammed the door shut. "Shows what a damn fool I am about you, Gret'! What the deuce? A guy shouldn't let himself get such crazy ideas."

"But whatever made you think a thing like that about me? And with poor old Russ, of all men—I haven't seen him in ages."

"You know how it is, honey." He got up and began to fumble with the contents of a cellaret. "Talk goes around, y'know—nothing you can tie down, but stuff that makes you wonder. Let's forget the whole thing."

"I don't want to forget it. If Mar . . . if *any one's* been talking about me to my own husband, I have a right to know it."

"Have one with me?" He had finished pouring. "It wasn't just the rumors, Greta. Heck!—I was sort of at fault myself, I guess. On my way home tonight I ran into Russ in a bar. He was a little bit jingled, and he kept looking at me like the cat giving the canary's brother-in-law the once-over. I thought so, anyway. I tried to talk to him like an old pal, but he kept acting so superior that I began to ask myself questions."



"If that's all it takes to make you doubt your wife, I don't think much of you," Greta sniffed. "Why, I'd be ashamed to admit having so little faith in you."

"I *am* ashamed of myself now, and I apologize to you," Bill said, as the doorbell rang. He moved to answer it. "I owe Russ an apology, too. This ought to be Russ now."

"You invited him here—thinking what you did?"

"Sure." His eyes flickered toward the desk drawer. "I tell you, I was mad clear through. But that's water over the dam—I'm going to apologize to Russ, and, what's more, I'm going to mean every word of it!"

"Fuller Brush Man!" Russ breezed in, burlesquing salesmen's opening lines. "I'm working my way through aviation school by taking subscriptions for life insurance. May I have a minute of your time to demonstrate our patented combination vacuum cleaner and washing machine? It's mighty good!"

Bill shook with exaggerated laughter.

"Sorry if I'm late, people," Russ chattered on. "Ted and Elinore came in after you left the oasis, Bill; and the three of us got involved with a flock of Manhattans."

"Not Ted and Elinore? But how are they?" Greta's interest was as forced as Bill's laugh. "I hardly know who's the greater stranger, Russ—they or you."

"Oh, they're fine." Russ took the drink Bill offered him. "When I said I was coming up here tonight, they wanted to know if we all wouldn't drop over and have a drink with them."

"But grand—I'd love to see them." Greta had always found Ted and Elinore something of a bore, but she turned to her husband eagerly. "What do you say, Bill?"

"Well, you know there was something I wanted to mention to Russ, here; but I guess I can do that on our way over. He can finish his drink while I hop around to the garage and get the car."

"Uh—no car, please," Russ said. "I'd rather go by subway. I'm jittery about cars after what I saw this afternoon. Right in front of my apartment house, a truck smashed into a green coupé and . . ."

There was the sound of a desk drawer opening.

Greta began to scream.

THE END

A GANGSTER AND MR. SHAW

Wars range through two new films to point two varying morals—the downfall of a boy and the triumph of an empire

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ½ THEY GAVE HIM A GUN

THE PLAYERS: Spencer Tracy, Gladys George, Franchot Tone, Edgar Dearing, Mary Lou Treen, Cliff Edwards, Charles Trowbridge. Screen play by Cyril Hume, Richard Maibaum, and Maurice Rapf from the story by William Joyce Cowen. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 94 minutes.

A PACIFIST plea that doesn't jell in celluloid. William Joyce Cowen's story was of a sensitive small-town boy drafted into the army to help make the world safe for democracy. The boy is taught all the fine points in the technique of killing, he wins a medal for wiping out a German machine-gun nest single-handed, and he comes home—to become a gangster. Mr. Cowen's theory is that we gave guns to our boys to kill, trained them to murder, and then expected them to go back quietly to humdrum conventionalities when they got home. The gangster was the answer to the fallacy of our reasoning, theorizes Mr. Cowen.

Anyway, They Gave Him a Gun seems hurriedly made, as well as too long and rambling, running all the way from the World War to gangster killings, a prison outbreak, and a traveling circus. Which is covering a lot of territory, any way you look at it. The boy who goes wrong is Franchot Tone; Spencer Tracy is his army buddy; and Gladys George is a war nurse who becomes the inspiration of them both. A trio of able players; yet not one of the three seems real, chiefly because the story lacks the breath of actuality.

Spencer Tracy and Gladys George in the filming of William Joyce Cowen's story, They Gave Him a Gun.

VITAL STATISTICS: The great god Mars being very sensitive, endless pains had to be taken when writing this antiwar pic not to offend him, fierce dictators, gunmakers, or the army. . . . Local gunsmiths refused to let M-G-M photograph the insides of their factories, so Torified M-G-M bought those opening gun m'f'ring scenes from Russia—of all places. . . . Gladys George became successful only after a lifetime of gruel in stock. Utterly simple, she is utterly unillusioned. Her only desire is to act and not play being an actress. Has had a bumpy passage along the highway of love, has made tabloid headlines, but is now securely fastened to a handsome gent named Prenn. Has had two cracks at Hollywood, leaving it each time in fury; but now, I believe, she's back for good. . . . With M-G-M at first scared to do this because of its pacifistic contents, Spencer Tracy got behind it, urged studio to go through with it. Since playing Father Tim in San Francisco, Tracy's been getting loads of fan mail of the confessional variety from discouraged doctors, preachers, ordinary folk, and atheists. . . . Frank Tone needs ten to twelve hours' sleep a night, where he once took only eight when he first Californigrated. Once hated California; now he dreams a lot about falling into snowdrifts, into icy ponds while skating—then wakens overjoyed to find the famed so-called California sun streaming into his open mouth. Was twenty-five during this. Got an enormous cake with peppermint candles embedded in empty cartridge-shell holders and red, white, and blue icing. Cut cake with a bayonet. Is very antiwar, glad nevertheless that his R. O. T. C. training at Cornell came in handy in this part. . . . Van Dyke took up meg on this when Vic Fleming took sick. Finicky about food on location, Van Dyke insists even movie troops march on their stomachs; fed them on roast beef rare, spinach, mashed potatoes—no beans, hot rolls, and apple turnover: no war diet. Known as Wrecker Van Dyke, he shook down half of M-G-M old sets for San Francisco, and for this studio let him demolish rest of sets about to be discarded in new building program, thus saving studio much wrecking costs. . . . Dynamiter Art Brown did all the shellbursts. In fourteen years of movie warring Brown's never hurt nor lost an actor, extra, or helper. Marks explosion spots with red bags which photograph black and don't show, then directs explosions by number from high place, always being sure nobody is near. Shrapnel bursts he makes with paper-filled rockets; machine-gun bursts are actually charges embedded in walls, made to explode by pulling concealed wires, the camera speeding up during the take. Sound is added thereafter and no real machine-gun bullets are used. War scenes cost $25,000 a day; pic came to around $500,000. . . . As a further argument against war, pic's soldier extras, recruited from San Diego youth, got five dollars a day, a comfortable place to sleep on location, good food, and weren't shouted at, killed. Only hardship was rising at five thirty.

★ ★ ½ THE KING'S PEOPLE

THE PLAYERS: John Drinkwater, George Bernard Shaw, Lady Astor, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mary Clare, Joyce Redman, Freda Bruce Lockhart, Daisy Kennedy, Penny Drinkwater. Directed by John S. Stumar. Produced by E. R. Conne. Running time, 65 minutes.

FLASH! Walter Winchell has a real screen rival. George Bernard Shaw, something of a news commentator himself, walks into The King's People and steals the picture. The white-whiskered old Irishman wrote his own scenes and he plays them to the hilt.

John Drinkwater, the English playwright, biographer, and poet, prepared this cinematic eulogy of the British Commonwealth of Nations in honor of the coronation of George VI. Unfortunately, Drinkwater did not live to see the coronation.

This is a panorama of what Drinkwater called the stamina and tolerance of England through the newsreels of the years, past the reigns of Queen Victoria, Edward VII, and George V, studded with comments by Shaw, Drinkwater, the late Sir Austen Chamberlain, Lady Astor, and others. You see the end of the Boer War, the triumph of suffrage, the war that was to end wars, the Irish rebellion, the after-war struggle for economic existence, the emergence of the British Commonwealth.

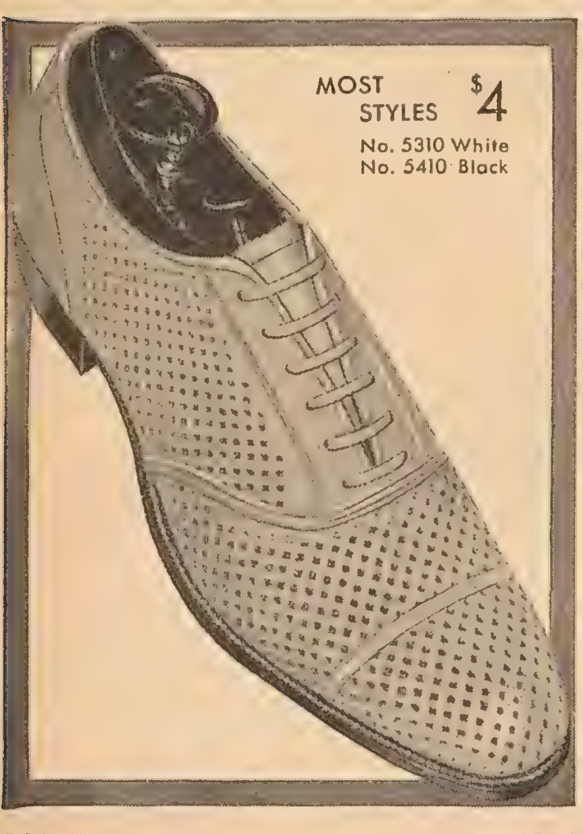
Shaw walks off with the film as himself. He prods the British, laments the fact that Ireland is now free and forgotten, having gained its independence but lost its splendid publicity.

You may find all this highly interesting. Of course, if you must have Hollywood romance, this is not for you. It is a historic document—and a splendid insight into British worship of British superiority and stamina.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ulster's whiskered beauty, George Bernard Shaw, the world's greatest press agent for himself and Ireland's revenge on England, ducked the last coronation as he did the 1911er. Otherwise he takes a daily anteprandial plunge at the Royal Auto Club, swims in the entire nude, looks like a pink-and-white frog as he does, his whiskers floating proudly on the water's surface. Afterward he stands for ten minutes patting himself all over to restore circulation, combs that beard with a special beard comb, has his breakfast, and goes for a walk in London's version of Gramercy Park—i. e., in Green Park, off St. James's Square, which is off

Try this Coolator
FOR AIRY STYLE

STYLE SPECIFIED with white flannels, palm beach—any informal summer clothes. Your feet feel as cool as they look in this ventilated, Daniels patent, bal oxford with the trim straight-tip. It keeps its smart appearance because it's built to Fortune's 5 high style and quality specifications.


MOST STYLES $4
No. 5310 White
No. 5410 Black

FORTUNE SHOES NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

FORTUNE SHOES

SEE THE SIGNED O. K. CERTIFICATE PACKED WITH YOUR FORTUNE SHOES

WORM YOUR DOG

AT HOME

EASY HOME METHOD RIDS DOGS OF TAPE, ROUND AND HOOK WORMS

With the "No Guess" Pulvex Capsules, you need know nothing about worms, yet you can easily worm your dog at home . . . positively free him of tape, round and hook worms . . . without gassing, gagging or harmful effects.

Protect your dog against incomplete worming or your unfamiliarity with worms; use Pulvex Capsules, the only complete treatment in one package that expels all three types of worms. In puppy or adult size, 75c. At all pet, drug and dept. stores.

PULVEX Combination Treatment WORM CAPSULES

Piccadilly. Largely a political moralist of an old maid, he offends by telling the truth, when the truth is the last thing any one wants to hear. . . . Lady Astor was one of the breathtakingly lovely Langhornes, F. F. V., and is also a viscountess. Her sister's married to Charles Dana Gibson, and between them they tied up masculine adoration back when your paw was a pup. Lady A.'s been twice married. Divorced Robert Shaw back in 1903. Since then she's been waving the chemise of women's rights and was largely instrumental in putting over distaff franchise. The first woman to serve in Parliament, she was one among 614 men. Started as a Laborite; has grown Conservative. . . . After fifty years of running England in one ministerial capacity or other, Sir Austen Chamberlain passed away peacefully at seventy-four. Born to a Rt. Hon. father, Sir Austen had the usual Rugby and Cambridge education; never wavered from his Conservatism all his life. Picture contains last speech he ever made—he died four weeks after appearing in this. . . . This would be the last work of John Drinkwater, who also passed away after finishing it, at fifty-five. His biggest success was the best play about Abraham Lincoln ever. Turned his London house into a studio for this, and threw in the services of his wife Daisy (the violinist) Kennedy and their eight-year-old daughter Penny (Penelope) Drinkwater as actors. Those are real newsreel shots of Queen Victoria's funeral he dug up from the yellowed film files. . . . Mary Clare was the lead of Cavalcade on the London stage; was once the musicomedy queen of the West End. . . . Joyce Redman's always wanted to play Queen Victoria as a girl, and now has her chance. She's of the new drama and pulchritude crop.

★ ★ ½ TALK OF THE DEVIL

THE PLAYERS: Ricardo Cortez, Sally Eilers, Basil Sydney, Randle Ayrton, Charles Carson, Antony Holles, Frederick Culley, Gordon McLeod, Quenton McPherson. Scenario by Anthony Kimmins from a story by Mr. Kimmins and Carol Reed. Directed by Carol Reed. Produced by Gaumont British. Running time, 71 minutes.

THIS polite British-made melodrama has a neat and engaging idea. A young American has a remarkable gift of mimicry. Hearing any voice once, he can duplicate it with unfailing accuracy. An unscrupulous Englishman uses this gift—the American walks innocently into the trap—in an endeavor to make a killing in the stock market. Suicide and destruction follow in the wake of the trick.

Ricardo Cortez went to England to play the Yankee; Sally Eilers crossed the Atlantic to portray the girl loved by both the American hero and the British scoundrel; while Basil Sydney is the bad boy who stops at nothing.

This will hold your interest all the way, although it does seem inclined to pull its punch. However, the British are learning how to make pictures. As soon as they can afford to take the time and spend real money on them, Hollywood will have a practical competitor.

VITAL STATISTICS: First thing ex-Mack Sennettrix Sally Eilers did on reaching deah ol' Lunnon, which she hadn't seen since '33, was to mosey down Piccadilly, unwittingly attracting large swarms of British matrons who envied her hands, shoes, stockings, and general Hollywood decor. On rubbernecking trips she grew chummy with bus drivers, bobbies, hoi polloi; bought first editions of kid classics for her two-year-old son Harry Joe Brown, Jr. . . . Rikki Cortez loved England whenever he got a glimpse of it through the fog; was recognized only when he wandered through Petticoat Lane ghettos, because of his work in Symphony of Six Million. This is his second trip to England's studios. Intends to retire from acting to megging. Likes clothes, quietness, polo on anything but a bronco; played opposite Garbo in her American firstie, The Torrent. Got $10,000 for this. Is really Yacob Krantz of Vienna; was married to the ill-starred Alma Rubens; is a big beach fanatic, has a large gym in his house. . . . Charles Carson's a Londoner, a traveler, a grad of Heidelberg and M. I. T., where he mastered engineering in preparation for a London stage career. Still dabbles in motorboating. . . . Stafford Hilliard was a stationary character in The Wandering Jew, made by Britain's quickie factory, Twickenham. . . . Pinewood headman Captain Jack Norton has good connections in the City, London's Wall Street. He built these studios back in the days when they wrapped the British flag around Britain's budding film industry and sold its financing to the banksters. Bankers have since rued their emotionalism.

★ ★ ½ TURN OFF THE MOON

THE PLAYERS: Charlie Ruggles, Eleanore Whitney, Johnny Downs, Kenny Baker, Phil Harris, Ben Blue, Marjorie Gateson, Grady Sutton, Andrew Tombes, Romo Vincent, Franklin Pangborn. Screen play by Marguerite Roberts, Harlan Ware, and Paul Gerard Smith from a story by Mildred Harrington. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 75 minutes.

HERE you have a mild musical-comedy yarn more concerned with song-and-dance interludes than plausibilities. Charles Ruggles is a department-store owner who is a nut about astrology—and who plays with the lives of those about him in order to make true the destinies indicated by the stars.

The comedy runs pretty thin and, although girls and chorus numbers are tossed in with a fairly prodigal hand, the result is just a so-so musical. Best event of the proceedings is the appearance of Kenny Baker, young air vocalist for Jack Benny, along with Phil Harris and his orchestra from the same ether interlude.

Ruggles is passably amusing; the rest work terribly hard. Hardest laborers for their alma mater, Paramount, are Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs, youngsters with zest and some possibilities.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture was produced by Miss Fanchon, of Fanchon & Marco, otherwise Wolf—the fambly name—making her debut as the only woman producer in Hollywood. Miss Fanchon was born to Los Angeles poverty-in-the-sun. Struggled her way desperately with her brother via a mediocre vodvil act to a fortune made entirely out of movie theater prologues. Miss F. wants to make Showwomanship an accepted thing in the movie business, for women have been few and failures thus far as producers. . . . This is Johnny Downs' sixth pic with Eleanore Whitney. They have drawn plans for a honeymoon cottage. . . . Charlie Henpeck Ruggles has screen phffted with Mary Boland (they never did get along very well on the set); takes up mismating with Marj Gateson. Owner of Hollywood's Dog Store No. 1, Chollie throws cocktail parties in his kennels, the Taj Mahal of the dog world. . . . John Morey Downs is of Brooklyn, twenty-four years old, an old Our Gangster and veteran of the Winkler kiddy comedies. . . . Kenny (High Seas) Baker flew back and forth to New York from the Jack Benny program to do his two songs in this.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion, Winterset.

★★★½—Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run.

★★★—Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah.

Will these *Mysterious Crimes* ever be *Solved?*

No. 4—THE GHOST OF CHARLIE BECKER

By FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

DEATH looked over his shoulder as he wrote. He began the last paragraph of the letter:

> I am innocent as you of having murdered Herman Rosenthal or of having counseled, procured, or aided his murder, or having any knowledge of that dreadful crime. Mark well, sir, these words of mine. When your power passes, then the truth of Rosenthal's murder will become known . . .

He signed the letter and put it into an envelope addressed to the Governor of New York.

When O'Toole, the death-house guard, came in with a knife, the big man shrugged and stood up. The guard slashed the cloth of his right trousers leg from cuff to knee.

Then abruptly—for he had grown to like this prisoner—the guard turned away, red-faced, to go out and tell them that Charlie Becker was prepared for the walk to the chair.

: : : : :

Lieutenant Charles Becker of the New York City Police Department, twice convicted of the murder of Herman Rosenthal, gambler, went to his grave. And one of the most sensational murder cases in the history of New York officially was marked solved.

But was it solved?

Nearly a quarter of a century has passed, as you read this, since Rosenthal was murdered, July 16, 1912. Today, the charge of Becker's friends that he died innocent of that murder is stronger than ever. Amazing and sensational new evidence is in the hands of those who fight to reopen the case.

I have obtained permission to make much of this evidence public for the first time. Based on statements and affidavits, it charges:

That the four gamblers who testified that Becker had induced them to hire gunmen to kill Rosenthal said, separately and together, after the trial, that Becker knew nothing of the murder in advance.

That, after his first conviction, these witnesses constantly referred to the "framing" of Becker.

(This affidavit, taken on December 3, 1936, was signed by Isidor Fischman, an intimate of the four gamblers. It supports many earlier affidavits.)

That an attorney for one of the gamblers who testified against Becker was told by that gambler that the original intention was to kidnap, not murder, Rosenthal.

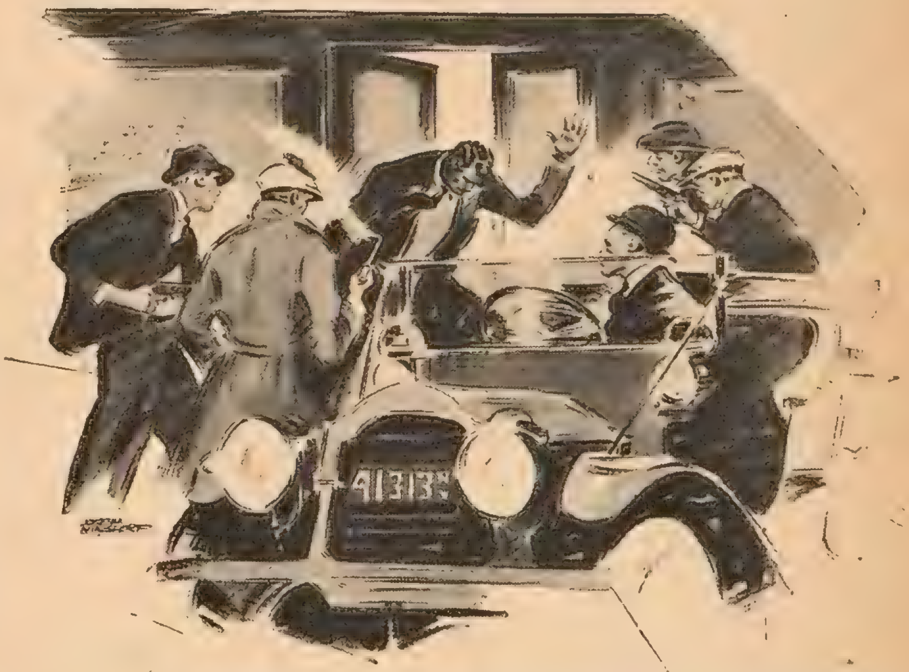
That, after the first trial, one of the four gamblers offered testimony that would prove Becker innocent provided he, the gambler, were guaranteed immunity.

That in 1934 a private investigator for the district attorney's office at the time of the murder swore that two of his fellow officers ordered out of New York State a witness whose testimony might have saved Becker.

In addition, there remains evidence to show:

That neither the four gunmen nor Becker, who were electrocuted for the murder of Rosenthal, actually committed the murder.

☆ **Did an innocent man die in the chair for New York's most sensational murder?**



A spurt of gunfire, and he collapsed, dead and bleeding.

That Rosenthal was murdered by two shots fired by Harry Vallon, gambler, today living in Brooklyn.

That Becker's failure to take the stand in his own defense at his trials grew from his bargain to protect a highly placed man, a former senator in Washington.

More of these things later. Let us go back to the pre-prohibition, pre-World War era. Dutifully smashing down the doors of hoodlum hangouts, gambling joints, and perfumed bawdyhouses in those days was Lieutenant Charles Becker of the Strong-Arm Squad. Becker liked his work. Down the throats of those who complained of his raids he knocked backtalk and teeth with a single blow of his huge fists. That those same fists opened often to be crossed with silver is a charge that still persists—and probably contains truth.

On April 15, 1912, Becker and his hard-boiled stalwarts closed a gambling establishment at 104 West Forty-fifth Street. That gambling house belonged to a Jewish gambler named Herman Rosenthal.

When Becker closed the gambling joint, Rosenthal's income stopped. And he did a desperate thing. He squealed.

In an affidavit published in the New York World on Sunday, July 15, he charged that Lieutenant Charles Becker was his partner in the Forty-fifth Street gambling house—had bought a 20-per-cent interest for $1,500.

In an interview, he threatened to expose the whole rotten "system" of graft and corruption in the Police Department, supplying dates and naming names, before the grand jury. District Attorney Charles S. Whitman, before whom Rosenthal had laid his information, announced that "the trail leads to high places."

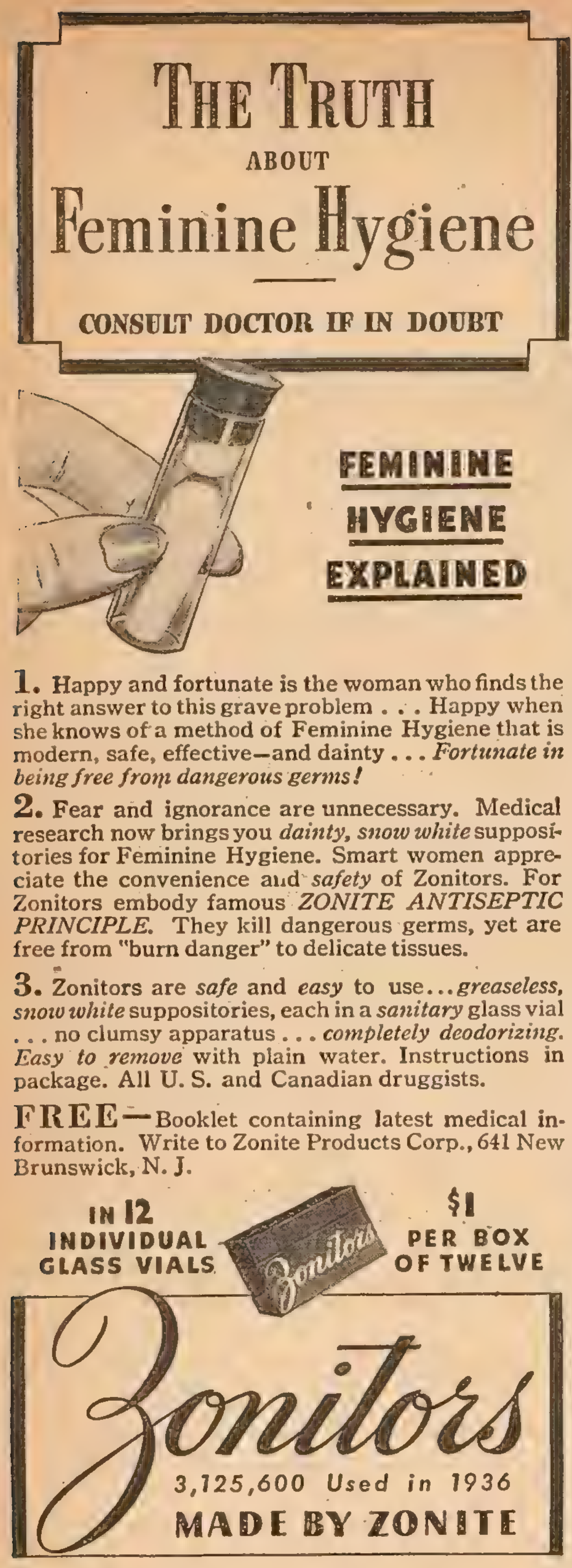
Stark terror struck a threefold blow—among the police, among the politicians, and among the gamblers.

The stage was set for disaster, and Charlie Becker stood in the explosive center of things.

Herman Rosenthal, in the hot early-morning hours of July 16, 1912, sat in the café of the Hotel Metropole on West Forty-third Street, drinking a tall cool drink. It was nearly two o'clock.

In the street outside, a gray touring car came down the block from Sixth Avenue, turned, stopped near the hotel. Its four passengers got out.

Inside the café a man walked over to Rosenthal's table.


THE TRUTH ABOUT Feminine Hygiene

CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT

FEMININE HYGIENE EXPLAINED

1. Happy and fortunate is the woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem . . . Happy when she knows of a method of Feminine Hygiene that is modern, safe, effective—and dainty . . . *Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!*

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now brings you *dainty, snow white* suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and *safety* of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody famous *ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE.* They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are *safe* and *easy* to use... *greaseless, snow white* suppositories, each in a *sanitary* glass vial . . . no clumsy apparatus . . . *completely deodorizing. Easy to remove* with plain water. Instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists.

FREE—Booklet containing latest medical information. Write to Zonite Products Corp., 641 New Brunswick, N. J.

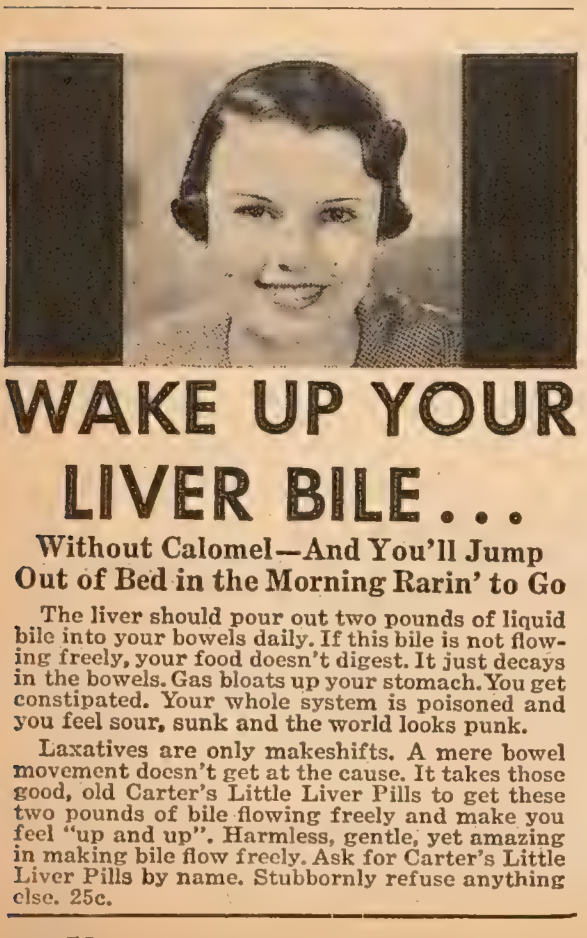
IN 12 INDIVIDUAL GLASS VIALS

$1 PER BOX OF TWELVE

Zonitors

3,125,600 Used in 1936

MADE BY ZONITE


WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

“Some one outside wants to see you, Herman,” he said.

Rosenthal hurried out, stood for a split second beneath the canopy. A spurt of gunfire, and he collapsed, dead and bleeding, on the sidewalk. The gray car roared off.

Within an hour and a half District Attorney Whitman, roused from his slumbers by the press, was on the scene. One of his first pronouncements was this: “I accuse the Police Department of New York, through certain members of it, of having murdered Herman Rosenthal.”

These words gave the gamblers of New York, it is claimed, their cue. The district attorney “wanted a policeman.” It was up to them to give him one.

First, however, came a routine investigation. A witness furnished the license number of the murder car—41313. Its driver was arrested and named as the man who had hired his car to a naked-skulled gambler known as “Billiard Ball” Jack Rose.

Rose offered a weak alibi and denied that the gray touring car had been hired by him for an errand of murder.

“Bridgie” Webber, proprietor of a gambling joint at Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue, was next arrested; then Jacob Reich, known as the “King of the Newsboys,” and Sam Paul, well known in gambling and political circles. Both had been at Bridgie Webber's gambling house just before Rosenthal's murder.

Police were searching, too, for Harry Vallon, a gambler, intimate of Jack Rose and partner of Webber. Vallon walked into Police Headquarters on July 23 to offer, like Webber and Rose, a thin alibi.

At the end of that day District Attorney Whitman was quoted as announcing:

“I want to get the big fish, not the small fry. I'll give them all immunity, even Rose . . . if they will help me show how far they were aided by influences . . . outside of their own circles—by the police, for example.”

JUST before midnight on July 29, Lieutenant Becker was arrested, charged with causing the murder of Herman Rosenthal. Rose, Webber, and Vallon had just testified before the grand jury that it was Becker who had demanded that they have Rosenthal murdered.

District Attorney Whitman now had his policeman.

Becker was indicted for murder. The gamblers, Rose, Webber, and Vallon, got a bath of immunity for turning him over. They had merely arranged the murder, they said. The actual murderers had been four hired gunmen.

These young thugs, “Lefty Louie,” “Dago Frank,” “Whitey Lewis,” and “Gyp the Blood,” were quickly rounded up.

The first trial of Lieutenant Becker began on the morning of October 7, 1912. The three informers testified that early in June, Lieutenant Becker had ordered them to murder Rosenthal or themselves be framed by Becker and sent to prison. They swore that a meeting took place in a vacant lot at 124th Street. At this meeting, known as the “Harlem conference,” Becker supposedly urged the gamblers to arrange Rosenthal's slaying.

All three of the gamblers—Rose, Vallon, and Webber—testified that they attended the Harlem conference and said that a fourth gambler, known as Sam Schepps—a friend of Rose—also was there. Schepps, however, they swore, stood some distance away, where he could *see* but not *hear*.

The stories Rose, Vallon, and Webber told on the stand were much the same. On the morning of the murder they and the four gunmen had gathered at Bridgie Webber's poker club on Forty-second Street, one block from the Metropole Hotel. When Webber came in, and announced: “Rosenthal is in the Metropole now,” there was a rush for the door. Webber, Rose, and Vallon said they remained behind, although Vallon admitted that, soon after, he hurried over to the scene to watch.

HERMAN ROSENTHAL

The insufferably pompous Sam Schepps took the stand to confirm the previous testimony to the effect that Becker had been present at the Harlem conference.

With a murder indictment hanging over his head, only one man, Jacob Reich, “King of the Newsboys,” stood squarely behind Becker. He declared that the whole thing was a frame-up.

Becker's failure to take the stand undoubtedly damned him in the jury's eyes. But his attorneys felt that, since he was protecting men higher up, they would get him out of his temporary trouble.

On October 24, 1912, the jury retired to consider, for ten long hours, the testimony of a fine lot of assorted rascals.

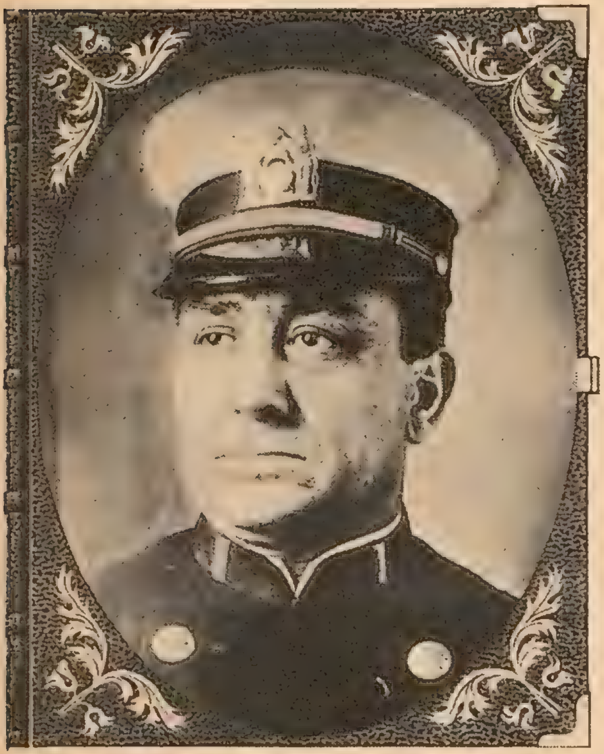
They returned a verdict of guilty.

That verdict was promptly thrown out by the Court of Appeals, which in its decision attacked the credibility of Schepps as a corroborative witness. The Harlem conference story, on which Becker's conviction hinged, was termed "incredible."

The four gunmen meanwhile were tried and convicted. Meanwhile, too, on the strength of the Becker conviction, District Attorney Whitman was on his way to the governorship of New York State.

At Lieutenant Becker's second trial, which opened on May 6, 1914, Rose, Webber, and Vallon repeated their charges against Becker.

Schepps, useless since the attack upon him in the Court of Appeals decision, was replaced by a new corroborating witness, James Marshall, a colored vaudeville hoofer, who swore he had been employed by Becker as a stool pigeon and that he had witnessed the Harlem conference. Nine months later, in an affidavit, Marshall was to retract his entire testimony. Still later, he retracted his retraction.



LIEUTENANT CHARLES BECKER

Once more Becker gambled everything. He did not take the stand at his second trial. He was again convicted of murder and sent to the death house.

From that moment Becker was a dead man. Pleas for a new trial were denied. And presently there was no hope for him in the condemned man's customary court of last appeal—the governor's office at Albany. Occupying the gubernatorial chair, after January 1, 1915, was Charles S. Whitman—the man whose prosecution had put Lieutenant Becker in the death house.

But opinion by now was more sharply divided than ever concerning Becker's guilt or innocence. It is true that he was convicted within the rules of evidence. But it is likewise true that the sworn testimony that convicted him came largely from the lips of as scabious a collection of rats as

"I'd like your cheek Old Boy—

. . . if you had a Barbasol Face"

No woman likes to see a man's face getting old and wrinkled when he's still in his prime.

What has this got to do with Barbasol?

We'll answer that with another question. Why do men in the tropics look old at forty?

It's the sun—the hot sun drying out the skin, making it wrinkled and old looking.

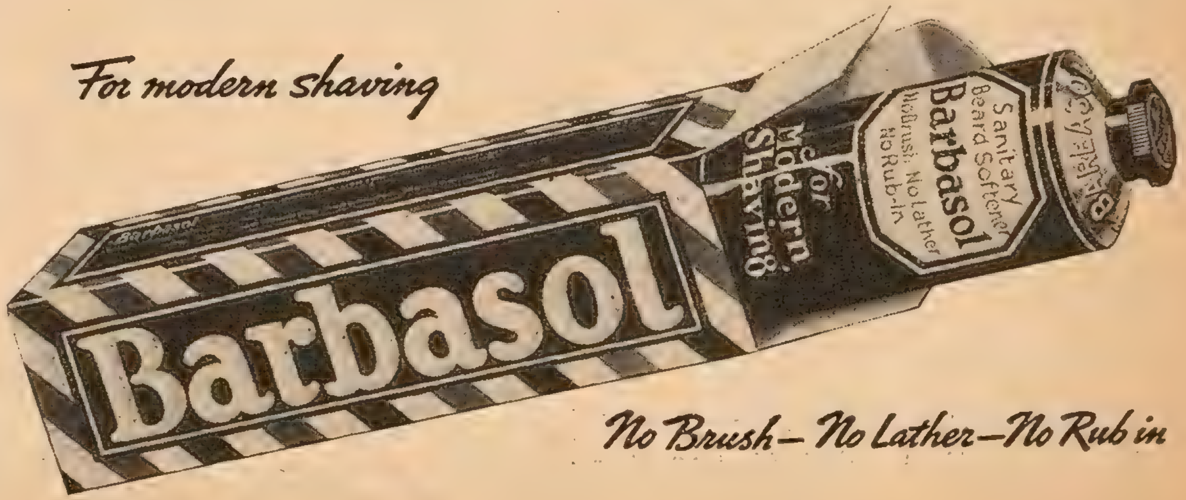
Old-fashioned shaving methods work the same havoc with skin. Containing alkalis, they tend to bite, dry and wrinkle it.

With Barbasol, it's an entirely different story. Being a cream, Barbasol soothes and refreshes and leaves the skin feeling soft, looking young, after every shave.

Get a tube of Barbasol today, try it for two solid weeks, and see how much smoother and younger your face looks. Get yourself a Barbasol Face and keep the ladies happy.

What need to mention that Barbasol gives the finest, cleanest, sweetest shave a man ever had! The fact that it is America's largest-selling shaving cream speaks for itself. Large tube, 25¢; giant tube, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. And five scalpel-sharp Barbasol Blades for 15¢. At all drug stores.

For modern shaving



No Brush—No Lather—No Rub in

TUNE IN— TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

Unless you are already a listener-in on the True Story Court of Human Relations, sponsored by True Story Magazine, you are missing one of the most absorbingly interesting broadcasts on the air.

Each Friday night the True Story Court of Human Relations brings to its listeners a radio drama filled with thrills; drama, suspense. Broadcast over the NBC Red Network, a turn of the dial will bring into your home this wealth of wholesome, highly enjoyable entertainment. Tune in on Friday night without fail.

City	*Station*	*Local Time*
New York	WEAF	9:30 PM EDT
Boston	WNAC	9:30 PM EDT
Hartford	WTIC	9:30 PM EDT
Providence	WJAR	9:30 PM EDT
Worcester	WTAG	9:30 PM EDT
Portland, Me.	WCSH	9:30 PM EDT
Philadelphia	KYW	9:30 PM EDT
Baltimore	WFBR	8:30 PM EST
Washington	WRC	8:30 PM EST
Schenectady	WGY	9:30 PM EDT
Buffalo	WBEN	9:30 PM EDT
Pittsburgh	WCAE	9:30 PM EDT
Cleveland	WTAM	8:30 PM EST
Detroit	WWJ	8:30 PM EST
Chicago	WMAQ	8:30 PM CDT
Minn.-St. Paul	KSTP	7:30 PM CST
St. Louis	KSD	7:30 PM CST
Des Moines	WHO	7:30 PM CST
Omaha	WOW	7:30 PM CST
Kansas City	WDAF	7:30 PM CST
Denver	KOA	9:30 PM MST
Salt Lake City	KDYL	9:30 PM MST
San Francisco	KPO	8:30 PM PST
Los Angeles	KFI	8:30 PM PST
Portland, Ore.	KGW	8:30 PM PST
Seattle	KOMO	8:30 PM PST
Spokane	KHQ	8:30 PM PST
*Cincinnati	WLW	6:30 PM EST

*Sunday

TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE STATIONS

Every FRIDAY Night

ever scampered onto a witness chair determined to save their own skins.

The testimony of at least two of them—Billiard Ball Jack Rose and Bridgie Webber—might have served a twofold purpose, for both detested Herman Rosenthal. Six weeks before the murder, Jack Rose and Rosenthal quarreled bitterly in Jack's restaurant. Rosenthal called Rose a pimp, and Rose had returned the compliment.

The accusation that Rosenthal was a panderer is, incidentally, of interest. On the night before the murder who had an interest in Herman Rosenthal's gambling house was Timothy D. ("Big Tim") Sullivan.

Big Tim's rise from street gamin to newsboy to saloonkeeper to the Congress of the United States, of which he was a member when he died, was meteoric. At the time of the Becker-Rosenthal case he was the second most powerful Tammany Hall politician in New York City. He could grant or demand favors, make or break men. He was worth millions.

When Rosenthal made public his affidavit against Becker in the World,—when Rosenthal had already accused Becker, Lieutenant Becker was busily engaged in obtaining an affidavit from a woman with whom—and off whose earnings as a prostitute—Herman Rosenthal once lived. With the affidavit he planned to discredit Rosenthal before the grand jury. In addition, he had already retained an attorney to institute criminal libel proceedings against Rosenthal.

In other words, Becker was busily engaged, just before the murder, in smashing Herman Rosenthal by *legal* means. Why should he bother with such tasks at all, if he had already arranged Rosenthal's assassination?

Why, too, if Lieutenant Becker had a 20-per-cent interest in Rosenthal's gambling house, did Becker raid it and keep it closed for many weeks after that raid?

Today, the commonly acknowledged version, supported at least partially by sworn affidavits, is that the man Big Tim was panicky. He had personally requested Lieutenant Becker to lay off Rosenthal's place. Now, with Rosenthal and Becker growing more angry with each other by the minute, his name might be mentioned in the heat of countercharges.

On the morning before the murder, Becker was called to Big Tim's office. Sullivan was obviously worried.

"Whatever happens in this row between you two," he told Becker, "I want you to promise me that you will never mention the fact that I spoke to you about letting Rosenthal open."

Becker promised that he would not bring Big Tim's name into the case. That promise sealed his doom.

At part of that conference with Big Tim, Billiard Ball Jack Rose was present. He was present when Big Tim said: "I would give five thousand dollars—yes, twenty-five thousand—to have prevented this thing, or to stop it now if I could."

Again! LIBERTY WILL PAY $2,000 IN BONUSES

(*in addition* to the regular purchase prices) to the authors of the best short short stories published in its pages in the next seven months.

FOR THE BEST SHORT SHORT **$1,000** FOR THE NEXT BEST **$500** FOR FIVE MORE **$100** EACH

Similar awards to the authors of seven recent short shorts were announced in Liberty for April 17. These are new bonuses, for the period from June 1 to December 31, 1937. As before, stories will be bought and paid for on acceptance as usual; on publication in any issue of Liberty within the time designated each author will become automatically eligible for a bonus. Authors will be designated for this honor by the editors of Liberty upon the basis of the interest, originality, and unexpectedness of denouement of their stories. This is not a contest.

All writers are eligible. Amateurs and inexperienced authors are cordially invited to enter the lists, but so-called "professionals" are not barred. $1,000 for a thousand words is "tops" in prices—and when you add Liberty's regular purchase price it becomes a sizable sum. Seldom has a higher rate been paid to any author.

Manuscripts should be addressed to Short Short Editor, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. They will be bought on their merits. Manuscripts cannot be returned unless a self-addressed and stamped envelope is attached.

And there, Becker's friends claim, is the answer to why Herman Rosenthal at almost two o'clock in the morning of his murder was sitting in the Café Metropole. He was waiting for the gamblers who feared his testimony to raise a fund so that he could flee New York City.

He did not receive the money, because it was not raised. Instead, the gamblers had hired Whitey Lewis, Dago Frank, Lefty Louie, and Gyp the Blood to *kidnap* Rosenthal to prevent his debut before the grand jury.

Gyp the Blood and Bridgie Webber later told what happened in front of the Metropole. Harry Vallon, who was riding with the others in the gray touring car when they went to the Metropole, was very drunk.

"You guys call yourselves guerrillas?" he taunted. "Why, if I had a gun, I'd go in there and kill the —— —— myself."

Whitey Lewis, grinning at this sudden bravery, handed Vallon his gun, saying, "All right. Let's see what you *will* do."

Rosenthal was summoned outside. Vallon, standing close to the entrance, fired the moment he stepped out. That first shot, fired at close range, was the fatal one. Herman Rosenthal was dead when Gyp and Lefty, drunk and coked, forgot they had come to kidnap, and opened fire, too.

Since Becker's death many witnesses have come forward to picture, partially or entirely, the foregoing account as the single accurate version of how Rosenthal died.

BIG TIM SULLIVAN had a conscience—and it is said it was his undoing. Only forty-nine years old at the time of the murder, his mind began to crack. Within three months of the day that Charles Becker first was sentenced to die, Big Tim was committed to a sanitarium. Some months later he was removed to his brother's home in the suburbs of Williamsbridge, where he was placed under the care of three brawny male nurses.

One night, when his brother was absent, Big Tim disappeared from the Williamsbridge retreat. His body was found on the New Haven Railroad tracks in Eastchester, the Bronx. It lay across a pair of rusted tracks on which no train had run for several weeks.

The testimony of the engineer and conductor who found him—and whose train supposedly had killed him—indicated that his body had been cold when they lifted him from the tracks. The back of his head was crushed, and police theory had it that this injury had been made by the cowcatcher of the train.

On September 14, 1913, Big Tim was given an elaborate funeral from St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, before being taken on a last drive through the East Side, where he had once peddled newspapers.

Not until after his second trial and Big Tim's death did Charles Becker disobey the big fellow's injunction,

I'M A GONER IT'S Bug-a-boo!

A bane to pests—a boon to man
This instant end from out a can.
What is this stuff they ballyhoo?
A super-spray called Bug-a-boo.

Ends Pests

QUICKLY AND POSITIVELY!

BUGS can't stand Bug-a-boo. A few strokes of the Bug-a-boo Spray Gun spells their end.

So don't be pestered with insects. There's no need for you to tolerate their buzzing and biting. There needn't be a sign of one about the house. For Bug-a-boo rids you of the nuisance, restores your comfort, stops insects from ruining your peace.

Only insect pests need fear Bug-a-boo. It is harmless to everything else. You can use it freely about the home. It doesn't spot or stain furniture, walls or draperies.

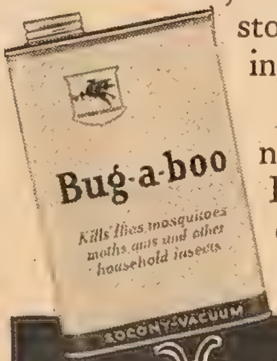
Being so effective and powerful, you might expect Bug-a-boo to have a strong chemical odor. But no! Instead, it has a pleasant fragrance.

Just try Bug-a-boo. You'll never want to be without it. Prices are lower this year than ever. Go to your dealer. Get some today.

Guaranteed by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING as Advertised therein

KILL MOTH WORMS WITH BUG-A-BOO MOTH CRYSTALS

These powerful crystals, pleasantly pine-scented, give off a saturated air which kills moth worms that damage clothes. Get Bug-a-boo Moth Crystals where you buy Bug-a-boo.


Bug-a-boo
Kills flies, mosquitoes moths, ants and other household insects
SOCONY-VACUUM

G'BYE BOYS! IT'S Bug-a-boo

SOLD BY LEADING STORES AND MOBILOIL DEALERS

KILLS FLIES • MOSQUITOES • ROACHES • ANTS • MOTHS

"Don't bring my name into this mess." And then it was too late.

Lieutenant Charles Becker was put to death on the night of July 30, 1915. His last words were: "I have been sacrificed for my friends." In all of the history of New York City's crime, there has been no more restless ghost. Did Becker die an innocent man, the victim of a frame-up, or was he guilty?

That Rosenthal and Becker should have died are, in the last analysis, comparatively unimportant matters. So, at least, thinks Henry H. Klein, former newspaperman, investigator, and First Deputy Commissioner of Accounts of the City of New York, today in private practice as an attorney. Klein knew both men.

What is important is this: If Charles Becker was "framed" into the chair, then judicial murder was committed—and remains unpunished.

For years Klein has been fighting to reopen the Becker case. For years he has been collecting affidavits. He has thirteen to prove that Harry Vallon shot and killed Herman Rosenthal, and that Becker, though twice convicted of the crime, was innocent.

Klein charges that the testimony of the four gamblers—only Billiard Ball Jack Rose and Harry Vallon are alive today—was perjured. This breaks the immunity agreement between them and District Attorney Whitman, which was contingent on their telling the truth. Klein charges that Vallon fired the shots that murdered Rosenthal.

Should the present district attorney feel that the evidence submitted in the form of letters, manuscript, and affidavits indicates that Rose and Vallon did violate the stipulations upon which they were granted immunity, it is entirely possible that both men might be rearrested and tried for the murder of Herman Rosenthal.

It is entirely possible, too, that the district attorney may decide that the new evidence submitted to him by Klein does not justify action.

But the fight goes on. Witnesses have died, scattered. But there are many still around. And from them Klein seeks new affidavits. Often he gets them. The accumulated evidence has already become impressive.

The present district attorney may, in entire sincerity, refuse to take action. But there will be other district attorneys. And Klein will have more evidence to present to them.

If, after examining that evidence, one of them feels—as Klein and many others feel today—that Charlie Becker was framed, then the Becker-Rosenthal case of twenty-five years ago will again be on the front pages of every newspaper in America.

THE END

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

To Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt, fiction's famed criminologist, one of the most interesting features of the case of Lieutenant Becker is the subsequent conduct of the three gamblers—Jack Rose, Bridgie Webber, and Harry Vallon—who won immunity for their part in planning the Rosenthal murder by implicating Lieutenant Becker.

Before the crime, these three belonged to the scum of Broadway. In the language of the more recent gangster era, they were not "good men," they were "punks." They were just the kind of hangers-on that the policeman Becker or the politician Sullivan or any "big shot" might have turned to as middlemen in a crime project.

No one of them would have been credited with the brains to initiate a first-class murder or the nerve to execute it. "Fixers"—that, and no more.

But *after* the crime—well, for a quarter of a century, until his death last year, Bridgie Webber lived a useful, industrious, and prosperous life as vice-president of a commercial concern in New Jersey; Jack Rose still operates successfully a large string of lunch counters and cafeterias in Connecticut, and Harry Vallon lives quietly—and, it is believed, lawfully—in Brooklyn.

"What," asks Thatcher Colt, "do you make of that?"

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

TUNE IN AT HOME OR ON YOUR CAR RADIO.

The known facts of another mysterious crime that still defies solution will be put before you in an early issue.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

1—Sara Delano Roosevelt's son, Franklin.

2—March.

3—The Little Three.

4—Marcus Porcius Cato the Elder (234-149 B. C.), Roman statesman, who thus concluded each speech he made in the Senate.

5—In California, where renowned evenness of climate makes prophecy easy. In the eastern states, the weatherman is right but 80 per cent.

6—Hors d'oeuvres.

7—Ice.

8—British Columbia, which will become the second largest province when it embraces the Yukon Territory.

9—Belgium.

10—A four-striper.

11—Ten years, according to a survey among servicemen and dealers.

12—George Bernard Shaw.

13—William Ewart Gladstone (1809-98), who was Prime Minister four times in all.

14—"In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers . . . The rings, and nose jewels . . . The glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the vails."—Isaiah 3:18-23.

15—That of pitching the greatest number of consecutive victories—nineteen—in one season. Both Keefe and Marquard played for the Giants.

16—That of Sir Henry Bessemer (1813-98), whose discovery was made at the age of twenty, although he did not lodge his first patents until 1855-56.

17—Ordinary shares (Threadneedle Street being in London, England).

18—Pumpernickel. Rye bread is usually made from a mixture of wheat and rye flours; often a loaf of rye bread will contain more wheat than rye flour.

19—To warm themselves, according to Professor Victor A. Rice of the Department of Animal Husbandry, Massachusetts State College.

20— H. Cavendish

For Men & Women
X-ER-VAC
TREATMENTS
-to restore*and revitalize falling, lifeless, lustreless hair
Now Available in your Home, Barber Shop, Beauty Shop and Local Hair-Growing Salon

● Therapeutic Method for Hair Growth Developed by Dr. Andre A. Cueto, M. D. Manufactured under patents issued and pending solely by The Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati, O.

Many thousands of men and women have found the X-ER-VAC effective in the successful treatment of baldness, falling or lifeless hair. See your barber, beauty shop operator, or local Crosley radio and refrigerator dealer. If you prefer, write The Crosley Radio Corporation stating whether you desire (1) to purchase the X-ER-VAC for home use; (2) to make money by giving commercial treatments as a barber or beauty shop operator; (3) to obtain X-ER-VAC treatments—in which case send us the name of your favorite barber or beauty shop.
Licensed exclusively under Taylor Instrument Companies Letters Patent No. U. S. 2055128—Other patents applied for.
*Except in cases where all the hair follicles have been destroyed—which cases are rare.
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Dept. 637-B, CINCINNATI, OHIO © 1937, The C. R. Corp.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, well known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: "The chief way your body cleans out acids and poisonous wastes in your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs." If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances.
Druggists now have a scientific doctor's prescription called Cystex for these troubles. Helps nature in 48 hours. Guaranteed to fix you up in 8 days, stimulate vigor and make you feel years younger or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) today.

Dr. T. J. RASTELLI
London Physician

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT
Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 631-HA, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1350 C. P. A.'s

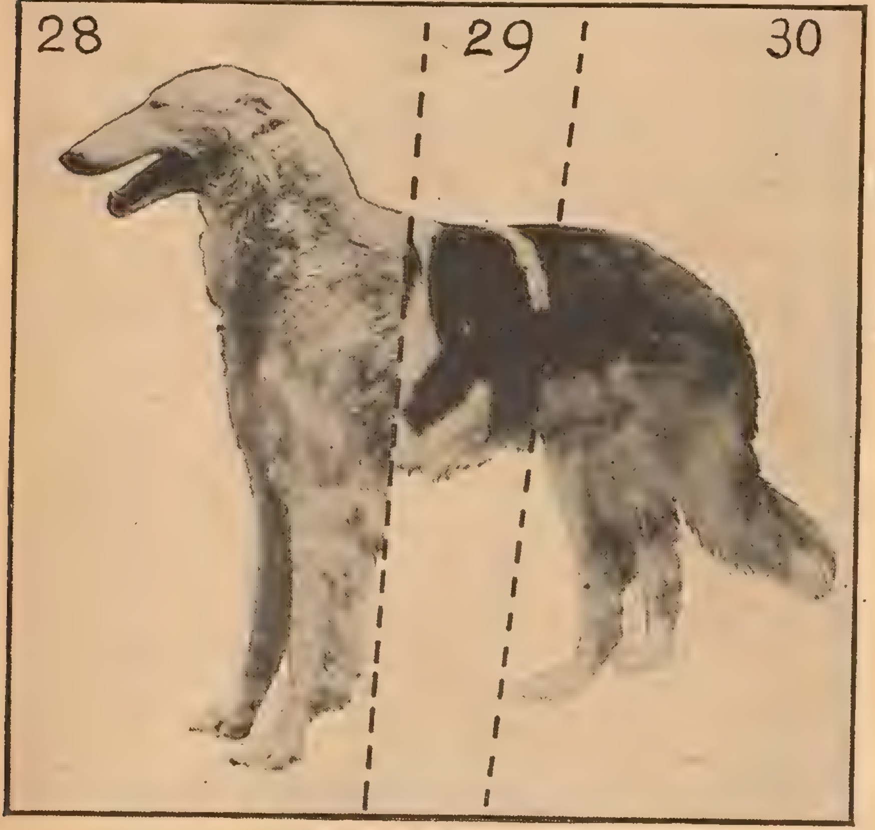
ROLL 8 GUARANTEED PRINTS 2 PROFESSIONAL ENLARGEMENTS
Developed Quick Service Expert Work 25c
PERFECT PHOTO SERVICE, La Crosse, Wis.

WIN A PEDIGREED DOG

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN ONE OF LIBERTY'S 25 THOROUGHBREDS IS EXCELLENT!

BEGIN YOUR ENTRY NOW

YOUR chance to win one of Liberty's prize dogs is still excellent, even though you may have delayed beginning an entry until this fourth week of the contest. Start your claim to one of these twenty-five thoroughbred pets now by solving the composite pictures on this page and identifying the breeds represented by your solutions. Do not mail any solutions at this time. File them in a convenient place until your entire entry is completed at the end of the contest. Of course by this time you will have read the brief rules thoroughly in order to understand the conditions safeguarding your interests in the competition.



Now, if yours is a delayed start, you will need to solve the first nine composites in order to make up lost ground. If you have given away or mislaid the three issues of Liberty in which these were published, you can obtain reprints upon written request to the address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling. When you receive this late-entry material you can solve the composites, make your identifications, and be on an equal footing with your competitors. The fifth set of composites will appear next week.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, beginning with the issue dated May 29, Liberty will publish three composite pictures in which three well known breeds of dogs are represented.

2. To compete, cut each week's pictures apart and reassemble the pieces as you think they should go. Under each completed picture identify the breed of dog it represents.

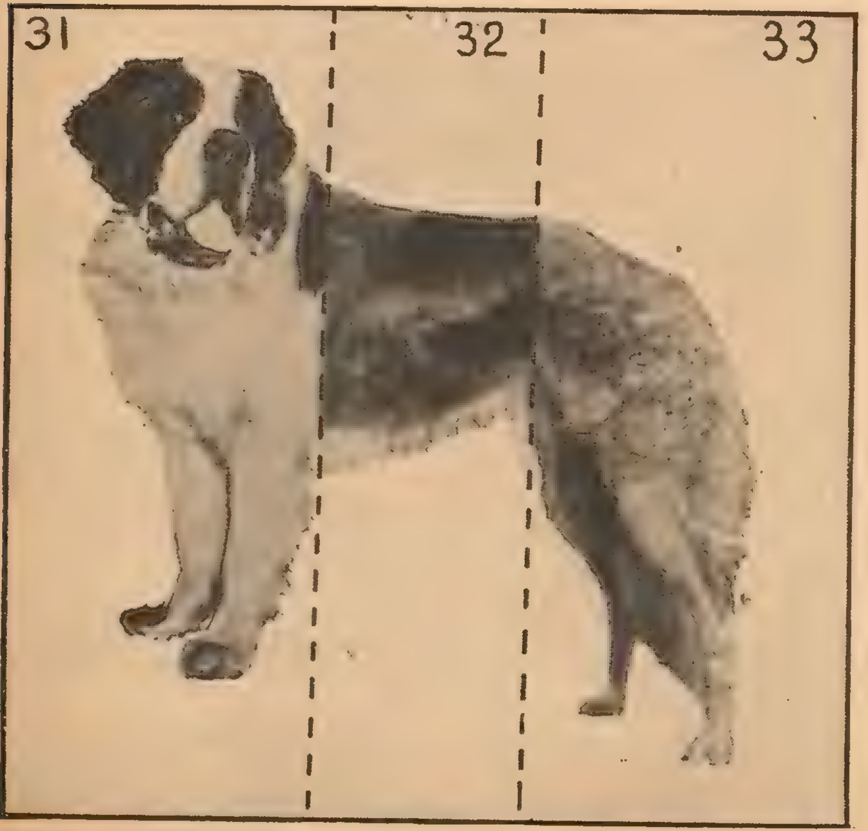
3. Do not send in separate solutions. Wait until the end of the contest, when your set of thirty will be complete, and then send them in as a unit, all at the same time, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of the various breeds you would most like to own and why.

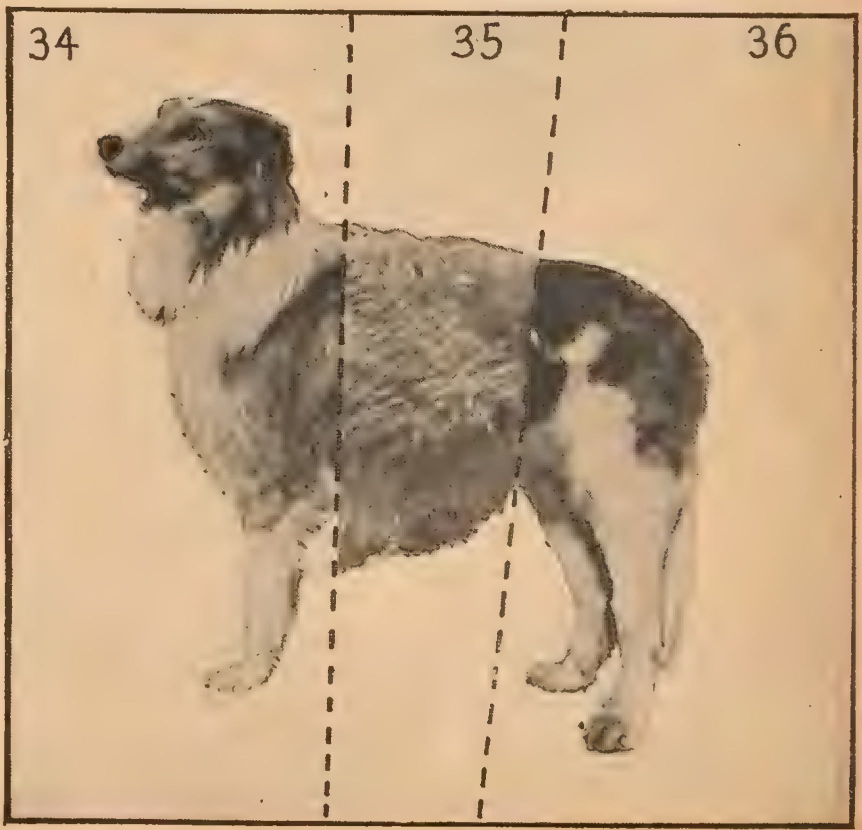
4. For each of the twenty-five sets of most nearly accurate solutions accompanied by the most convincing and sincere statements of preference, Liberty will award a pedigreed dog. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be made. Every effort will be made to award a dog of the breed specified in the winner's statement, but Liberty cannot guarantee this in all instances. Prize dogs will be shipped, prepaid, direct from the kennels to winners.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, August 11, 1937, the closing date of this contest. All prize-winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for publication in whole or in part, as they may desire.

6. Send entries by first-class mail addressed to DOG CONTEST EDITOR, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into any correspondence relative to any entry.





Vox Pop

Young Graduate Tells Us What Makes Communists

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—We want a chance. We want to be heard. We're not Communists now; but Heaven help us if we're not tomorrow. We are the youth of the United States of America. We're not the politicians and financiers of this country. We're kids just out of school and college. And in our classes and in our homes we've been given glorious encouragements and opportunities.

Now we must face the world, a disillusioning, disgusting universe full of selfish, hateful, and lying individuals. To meet a world of this sort bitterly destroys our faith and love of humanity. But we know full well what has shattered our visions and hopes of modern civilization.

We have learned that there are three classes: the great men; their assistants; and we, the youth of America. The truly great men, the leaders of professions and the builders of industry, we never meet.

Our dealings are with their assistants —selfish men who, for fear of losing their own jobs, slam the door in our faces. These men are cowards. They're afraid to give us a chance for fear we can do better than they.

When a youth, with new ideas and energy to carry them out, stands before a hard-boiled middle-aged assistant, the elder man, rather than accept something not his own, quickly and rudely gets rid of the boy. The youth, his temples pounding with hot rage, is desperate. No one will listen to him or give him a chance. That's what makes Communists!

We're not dissatisfied with anything except the selfishness of those nearsighted people who cling to their petty jobs and refuse to see youth and new ideas. Could they but glance ahead—could they but see that our combined enforced power would be much more profitable—could they but realize that their ideas are stale and ours are fresh!

Our souls are burning, our hearts are eager. We must be free to carry out our plans. We have a problem more involved, more intricate, more delicate, and more distasteful than has ever been met in this land. Our elders, all those but the unseen leaders, have given us the impression that we're not wanted, that the world can carry on without us. And it is horrible and maddening to have ringing in our ears, "You're not needed! You're not wanted!"

Civilization must let us in. They can't keep us out any longer. We want to work. They must give us a chance. Now! For if the door continues to slam in our faces, there is one solution—one solution which we are not eager to set forth; but we'll do it if we're forced, if there is no other possible way. . . . If we haven't a chance in this country as it is, we'll be selfish also. We'll make a new United States of America where we can at least have an opportunity to participate in life.

Vehemently we cry: Awaken, America—oh, awaken and save us from Communism!—*Stephen Ash.*

LET CATS HAVE A CLUB TOO

ALEXANDRIA, LA.—I can't say that I blame the Messrs. Meyer of Duluth, Minnesota (April 24 Vox Pop) for being overcome by the colossal response they have evidently received. Personally, I like the idea of the Dog House Club. Just another instance of the fun we gals miss.

But I was just wondering: if the Dog House Club receives such an open-arm reception, what would happen if some one should have the audacity to start one along similar lines for the opposite sex —for the cats?

All ribbing aside, dogs—stick to your posts. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is just around the proverbial corner.—*E. Lassiter.*

OUR FREDERICK WEEK

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.—What was May 1 Liberty—Frederick week?

Out of seven article writers, four of them were Fredericks. Smart fellers too, all of them. Good articles. I'd rather read a Frederick Collins article than a letter from home. And your Frederick Lewis handled the subject of Edward and Wallie—if I may get chummy too—most admirably.

Now, shall I name my next offspring Frederick if I want him to be a writer, which was always my smothered ambition?

Do you think they became good writers because they were named Frederick, or do you suppose their mothers named them Frederick while they were only the love light in their fathers' eyes? I would really like to know about this. Somebody in our family should be a writer. Possibly having a Frederick would do the trick.—*Hazel Utley.*

HE ASKS FOR A DATE

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.—When are you going to put the date of publication on each page of Liberty? If you do not care to do this, won't you please date the index page?

It would be a great convenience to all of us.—*C. Timmerman.*

PRAISE AND CENSURE FOR DR. SHELDON

WEST NEW YORK, N. J.—I have just finished reading the article written by the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon (May 8 Liberty). It was the best Liberty has printed as long as I can remember. There should be more articles written by men like Dr. Sheldon who are not afraid to tell the truth. I heartily agree with Dr. Sheldon, and know that if there were many more like him in this world it certainly would be a much better as well as healthier world to live in.—*Robert Rice.*

PRESCOTT, ARIZ.—It is hard to understand how a learned man like the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon could write such an article as What Would Jesus Teach About Social Hygiene? There is certainly nothing in the Bible that would substantiate his beliefs.

Jesus cured disease by telling the people they were cured; he cured disease because he did not recognize it; he raised people from the dead because he did not believe in death.

Dr. Sheldon says, "The cause of syphilis is sin against one's own and others' bodies." Supposing a husband contracts syphilis from an infected drinking glass, then transmits the disease to his wife, she in turn to the unborn child—can this be considered sin against their bodies? —*Carlos Wilson.*

PRINCESS WRITES BEST PAGE

NESS CITY, KAN.—I have been wondering for a long time, and I still wonder, if the Princess Alexandra Kropotkin eats all the different concoctions that she "recipes" in the page To the Ladies. Of course the Princess writes the best page in Liberty, and no doubt more men than women read her page.

Vox Pop is amusing, and sometimes something that is intelligent is permitted to creep into it.

But how does Liberty manage to get by with so many bum stories and articles? Of course there are exceptions, but the editors seem to shun intelligence. —*W. E. Ruff.*

YOU MUST DECK 'EM WITH FLOWERS

GLENDALE, CALIF. — What's wrong with the picture on the cover of Liberty's May 1 issue? I'll tell you. There's just about five dollars wrong with that scene. Either Mr. Arthur Smith ran out of paint or else he's an old fogy who is absolutely unacquainted with a custom that is grasping the young suckers of this part of the country by the inside of their hip pockets and keeping them cleaned.

Last night I attended a formal sorority dinner dance with my best girl wearing a dollar-and-fifty-cent corsage that seemed to me to be quite in style. But what a shock I got! The style seems to be to "deck" your lady out like a walking hothouse.

Fit that peeved but pretty young lady on your May 1 cover with a long string of gardenias or something better draped down a shoulder or along an arm, then cover her hair with a bunch of other plants, and you will have her properly dressed.

Who knows—in another year or so maybe the fellows will be carrying watering cans!—*Ned Lee Broyles.*

WHO IS LORD STRABOLGI?

LOUISVILLE, KY.—If you publish anything further from the pen—or typewriter—of Lord Strabolgi, would it not be worth telling your readers something about him? He certainly has a foreign-sounding name so far as Great Britain is concerned. I think your readers would like to learn something about him and his family. He evidently can handle the English language satisfactorily.

Also, I am asking if you would get Lord Strabolgi to give the American public some information regarding the inside workings of the English Labor Party.—*James C. Moffet.*

[The Right Honorable Lord Strabolgi had a very brilliant war record, became a member of the Labor Party, went to Parliament, and served as Minister of Air Service. He is a descendant of David de Strabolgi, a famous soldier, who was summoned to Parliament in 1318. The Strabolgi family have the blood of King John and Robert Bruce in their veins. As to the title, it is derived from Aberdeenshire, Scotland, district of Strathbogie in the valley of the Bogie River. Strathbogie Castle was the seat of the Earls of Athol and the Lords of Strabolgi.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

STORIES ABOUT GEE-GEES

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why doesn't Liberty ever print any stories pertaining to horse races? A lot of romance and adventure are certainly born at the race tracks, and for 50,000 people to witness a race, as happened at Santa Anita last Saturday and the week before, rather proves that 50,000 Americans can't be wrong!

I am writing this for myself and two other friends, and am sure many of your readers will agree with me that frequent stories in this respect would be welcome.

Several weeks ago you had an article by Clem McCarthy which he must have written coming over on the ferry—it was terrible.

Yours for some stories about gee-gees.—*B. Bronte.*

AS A POULTRY BREEDER SEES OUR BLUNDERING TAX SYSTEM

GRAFTON, MASS.—May I call attention to an error in Bernarr Macfadden's editorial of May 8? In the sixth paragraph appears the following: "The farmer adds them [taxes] to the price of his eggs, milk, vegetables, and other products."

The real facts are that the farmer has no more control over adding taxes or anything else to the price obtained for his products than he has over the rental of offices in the Empire State Building. He sells at wholesale at prices fixed by the merchandising ring, and makes his own purchases at retail prices also fixed by the same fixers.

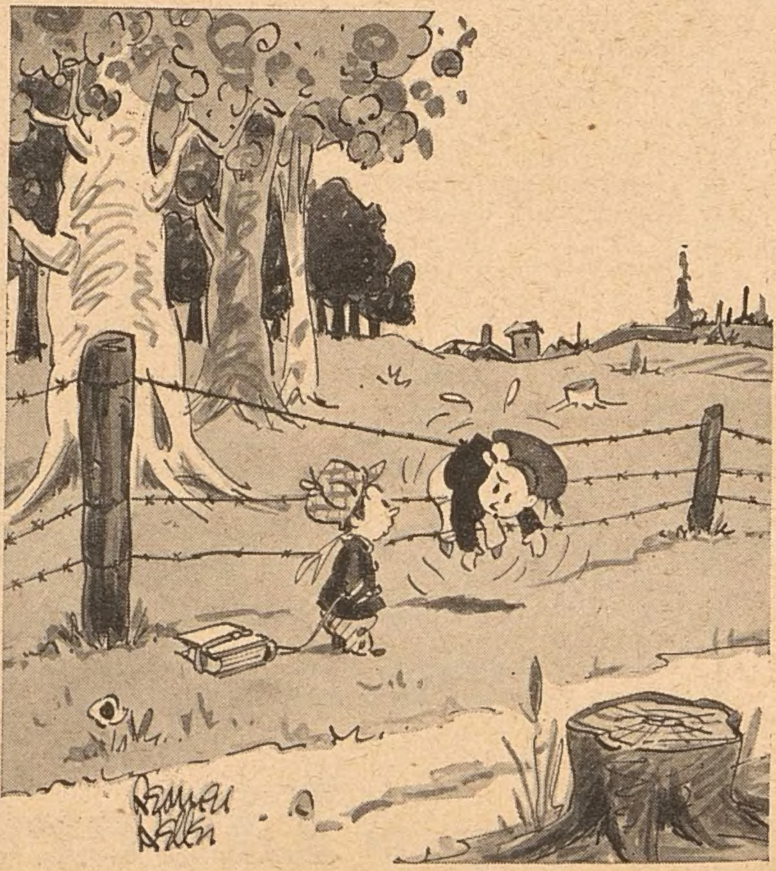
Having been a poultry breeder for twenty-five years, I can speak with authority when I say that today, under the present cockeyed egg-feed ration, no flock of poultry, regardless of careful attention or the best of scientific production breeding, can pay the feed bill, to say nothing of any labor income for the owner; or taxes; or living for the owner; or overhead; or depreciation.

Something is rotten somewhere which prevents a person getting a self-supporting income from the production of the necessities of life.

We do enjoy Mr. Macfadden's weekly editorials so much that we cannot allow a misleading suggestion to stand unmentioned. — *H. A. Daniels.*

"HARDTACK"

By Reamer Keller

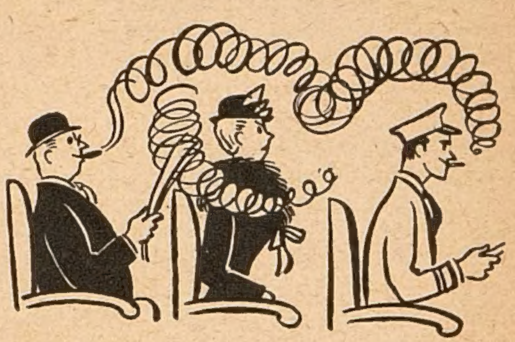


"The teacher was asking about you today."

SMOKE GETS IN HER EYES

TILLAMOOK, ORE.—Who are the most selfish people in this country? Why, of course, the smokers. They don't ask whether you want them to blow smoke in your face, down your back, in your hair and ears and into your food.

They just do it and you've got to like it, no matter where and when it is done.



We, the vanishing Mid-Victorians, are grateful that we can ride on most public conveyances with a chance to breathe, but we are going to boycott the interurban, interstate busses because they are merely smokers! Formerly the drivers did not smoke and one could sit behind them and breathe; but now *they* smoke.—*Mid-Vic.*

REJECTS TWO HALF-A-LOAFERS

DALLAS, TEX.—Who the devil are Raymond L. Bu(e)ll and Robert M. Field, the two gentry who counsel that Half a Loaf Is Better than None with reference to the war debts? (April 17 Liberty.)

"Negotiate a new settlement," they say. What for? We've reduced our original amount twice. They howl for more liberal terms. They never really meant to pay at all. Every time we "negotiate" with Europe we lose our shirt anyway. Our last conciliation—which Europe has changed to cancellation—renounced our just claims to practically all the money lent during the war itself and concerned itself only with the postwar loans. In other words, we are trying to collect the money loaned after the war ended—yet they sneer that "Uncle Shylock wants his war debts."

So I refuse to accept your two "half-a-loafers" as debt collectors on my staff—they're too prone to overlook the American side of the question in favor of their welshing confreres across the pond.—*James Lee Hyles.*

IT TAKES A POET TO KNOW IT

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—
I like to read the Vox Pop page—
It helps to fill the day;
The writers say such *little* things
In a pretentious way;
They make me think of boys and girls
All busy at their play!
—*E. C. Baird.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

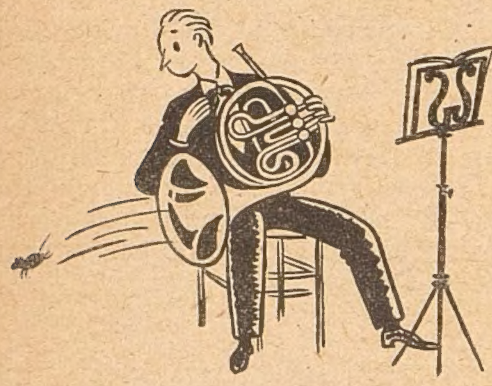
PEORIA, ILL.--Betty Boop will have to get a bathing suit before Walter Elger may join the navy, a recruiting officer ruled.

Betty, in the nude, was tattooed on Elger's arm. The recruiting officer said the United States navy has a ban on "objectionable tattooing."

ELLINWOOD, KAN.—The band was rehearsing the Mickey Mouse March. E. Thomason, French-horn player, tried to blow his piece, but got only a squeak.

"H'm-m-m," said the director. "Let me try." Another squeak.

Then they put air pressure to the horn—and out came a mouse.



FLORENCE, ARIZ.—Dave Garcia brought his Arizona lightweight championship with him to the state prison. While working as a trusty on the prison farm, he failed to answer the evening roll call.

Guards began a search.

Soon Dave ambled in, explaining that he had only been doing his road work.

His trusty privileges were revoked.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Arthur Williams, charged with vagrancy, told the judge: "Sure I'm an American citizen. I used to be in the United States navy."

"Who was Admiral Perry?" the judge asked.

"Darned if I know," said Williams. "I was stationed on the West Coast all the time."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign near a railroad crossing in California:

"*Better Stop a Minute Than For Ever.*"

Sign outside a Vermont furrier's:

"*Mr. Smith, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins.*"

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING

Bargaining is O. K. with me, my wife Mable is all of the time doin it. But the colective part is what I do not like—I got enough colectors on my tail right now. —EZRA DILL.

CONTENTS

Editorial Fundamental American Principles Should Guide Us —Bernarr Macfadden 4

Short Stories
No More Music....Helen Welshimer 18
Jane Makes Up Her Mind....Walter Brooks 46
One Last Wild Fling....Steve Fisher 48
A Green Coupé—Liberty's Short Short....Joel Y. Dane 54

Serials
Master Villon Tries to Slip Between Dangers....John Erskine 9
In two parts—Part I
Beginning—
Flight into Hell....Edwin C. Parsons 13
Family Scandal—Part II....Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 23
Alias Emerald Annie—Part VI..Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot 37

Articles
What's Ahead for Industry and Labor? (as told to William L. Stidger) Governor Frank Murphy 7
Why California Produces Tennis Champions....Alice Marble 33
Will These Mysterious Crimes Ever Be Solved?....Fred Allhoff 57
No. 4—The Ghost of Charlie Becker

Features To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 22; Crossword Puzzle, 32; Twenty Questions, 36; Comers by Ed Sullivan 45; Good Books by Oliver Swift 53; A Gangster and Mr. Shaw—Movies—by Beverly Hills 55; Contest for 25 Pedigreed Dogs, 63; Vox Pop, 64; It Happened In—, 66.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS

THE BIGGEST JOB FACING THE PRESIDENT

What is he going to do about reorganizing the federal administration? Any attempt to combine departments, to cut out duplicating ones, means, first and foremost, firing federal employees. And firing employees means that representatives and senators probably will not rest easy under the Presidential whip.

Will this resistance on the part of Congress amount to actual revolt? Will Roosevelt's opponents charge that in gaining his wishes he will take his place alongside Hitler and Mussolini as dictator?

Even with his theoretical majority in Congress, President Roosevelt now faces the biggest job of his career—a job which is expertly analyzed for you by Will Irwin in Liberty next Wednesday.

HOW JANET GAYNOR SMASHED THE HOLLYWOOD JINX

Ten years ago Mary Pickford predicted that the little Gaynor girl would be the next "America's Sweetheart" and "the greatest tragedienne of her time." Five years ago "little Gaynor," biggest star of Fox Films, had fulfilled the first part of Mary's prediction and seemed destined to make good on the second. Then—something happened!

Were the stories bad? Was she growing up? Whatever it was, Janet Gaynor was definitely not "box office" any more. And very definitely, Hollywood said, she was through. But Hollywood was wrong! Janet Gaynor now is on her way to new heights, new glories on the screen. How she has done it, and why she has succeeded, make one of the most intriguing and thrilling stories you've read in years. This is something you'll not want to miss in Liberty next week!

Other articles and stories by John Erskine, Sylvia Fuller, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Roger Garis, and others.

Janet Gaynor

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE JUNE 16

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

You've Got To Give Them *Credit*

THE OLD LADY who lived in a shoe had an advantage over millions of young married couples of this generation. *They* start on a *shoestring*. But they won't long be denied. They know what they want. They know Commercial Credit Company makes possible the fulfilment of many needs and many desires. Their families enjoy modern comforts that no other nation boasts in such abundance.

Two families out of every three in America have automobiles. Most of them buy their cars "on time." They pay as they go. The nice thing about it is, they pay a *little* while they go a *lot*, enjoying fair-weather recreation...stormy-weather protection.

Automatic refrigerators, oil-burners, washing machines and many other home-appliances are also bought largely on the deferred payment plan. If folks had to pay cash for such things, these would be pigmy industries. With credit, these industries are booming. And the youngsters of today are not going to be satisfied with less when *they* are the providers and *their* children's welfare is the issue. They'll buy new things, more things and better things in the same easy "time payment" way.

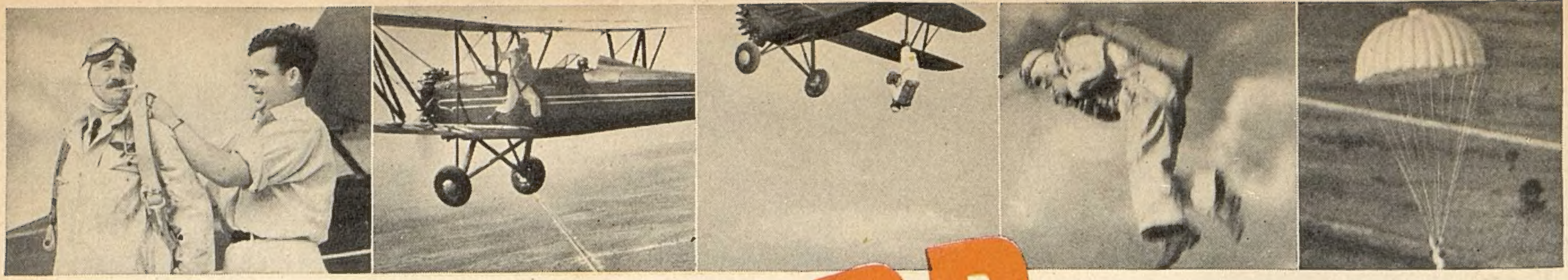
Commercial Credit Company has for years helped to promote family welfare by providing time payment financing at low cost. When you want to buy with maximum convenience and safety, tell your dealer you want Commercial Credit Company financing.

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

COMMERCIAL BANKERS

1912 1937

ERVING MANUFACTURERS, DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS THROUGH 179 OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

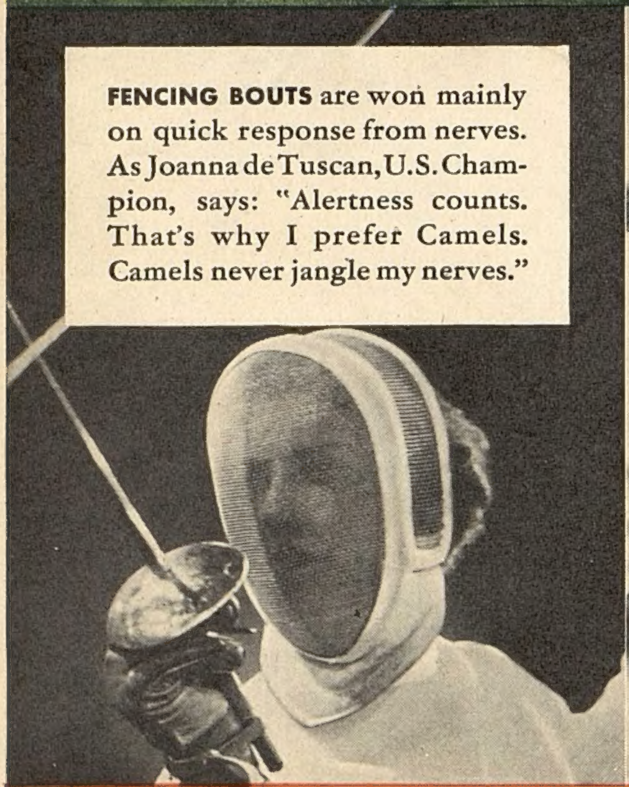


MAN OVERBOARD

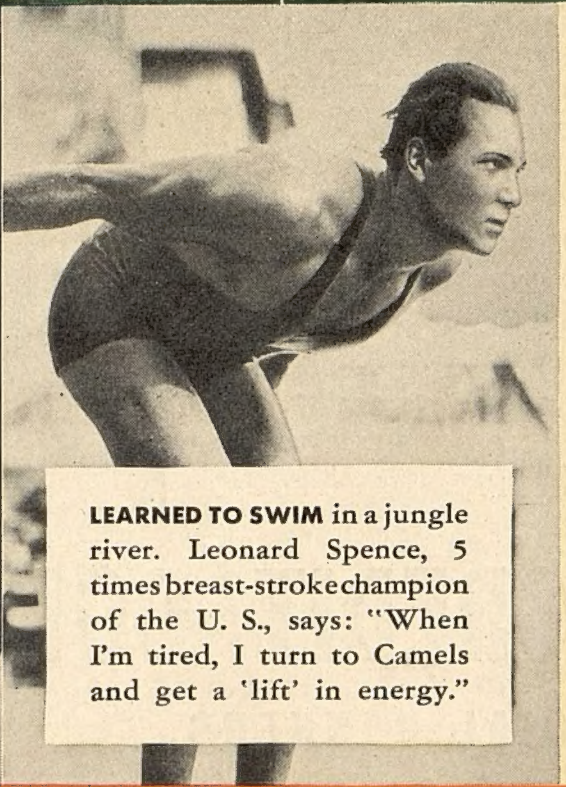
FLOYD STIMSON—OFFICIAL PARACHUTE TESTER—BAILS OUT FOR THE 1060TH TIME

Dangerous work—yes—but with Floyd Stimson healthy nerves are a matter of course

HE'S stepped out into empty air over 1000 times—had 'chutes rip into shreds—yet landed right side up every time. Since his first jump, Floyd has been smoking Camels. "My order is 'Camels' every time," he says. "They're so mild I can take healthy nerves for granted. It seems like there's no bottom in sight when I bail out—and my stomach knows it," Floyd continues *(right)*, commenting on how much he enjoys Camels at mealtime. "After jumping, Camels ease me off—set me right!"



FENCING BOUTS are won mainly on quick response from nerves. As Joanna de Tuscan, U.S. Champion, says: "Alertness counts. That's why I prefer Camels. Camels never jangle my nerves."



LEARNED TO SWIM in a jungle river. Leonard Spence, 5 times breast-stroke champion of the U. S., says: "When I'm tired, I turn to Camels and get a 'lift' in energy."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Copyright, 1937,
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES